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KOTTABOS.

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KOTTABOS.

[A college miscellany]

EDITED BY

ROBERT VELVERTON TYRRELL,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

SECOND VOLUME.

Πολὺς δὲ κοττάβων ἀραγμὸς
. . . ἀχρεὶ μέλος ἐν δόμοισιν,

Eur. *Pleïsth.*

635.10
18/1/05.

✠ DUBLIN:

WILLIAM M^cGEE, 18 NASSAU STREET,

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

1877.



KOTTABISTAI.



A.	...	SAMUEL ALLEN.
R. A.	...	ROBERT ATKINSON.
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B.	...	T. J. B. BRADY.
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L. W. K.	...	LUCAS W. KING.
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R. F. L.	...	R. F. LITLEDALE.
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T. M.	...	THOMAS MAGUIRE.
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W. C. K. W.	...	WILLIAM WILDE.
G. W.	...	GEORGE WILKINS.
W. W.	...	WILLIAM WILKINS.

CORRIGENDA IN VOL. II.

PAGE	LINE		
7	... 15	<i>For ἀποκεκριμένην.....</i>	<i>read ἀποκεκριμένην.</i>
35	.. 13	„ ὄξου.....	„ ὄξους.
38	... 23	„ I could not swear.....	„ I could swear.
43	... 23	„ dulcedire.....	„ dulcedine.
45	... 10	„ supervacancum.....	„ supervacaneum.
71	... ^{under} heading	„ nothnig.....	„ nothing.
77	... 11	„ numera.....	„ numina.
79	... 5	„ carreer.....	„ career.
93	... 20	„ sine.....	„ sive.
93	... 21	„ sive.....	„ sine.
171	... <i>extr.</i>	„ who makes his dwelling place	„ whose chosen temple is.
239	... 20	„ knew.....	„ know.
286	... 12	„ dythyrambic.....	„ dithyrambic.
287	... 25	„ peunis.....	„ pennis.
290	... <i>extr.</i>	„ scull.....	„ skull.
293	... 4	„ quiden.....	„ quidem.
293	... 9	„ Hand.....	„ Hand.
293	... 14	„ hand.....	„ haud.
293	... 22	„ inbebas.....	„ iubebas.
296	...	<i>Transpose the two couplets by Schiller.</i>	
296	... 1	<i>For urtheil.....</i>	<i>read Urtheil.</i>
296	... <i>extr.</i>	„ mann.....	„ Mann.
301	... 29	„ your.....	„ you're.
304	... 12	„ hypocondriacal.....	„ hypochondrical.
305	... 27	„ custor.....	„ custos.
305	... 28	„ suam.....	„ suum.
307	... 13	„ Apicus.....	„ Apicius.





Heliodora.

(FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.)

W HERE 'neath the sod thy lowly couch is spread,
I give thee tears—I cannot give thee more—
'Tis all that's left for Love to give the dead—
Tears that are wrung from out my very core!
And on thy much-lamented tomb I pour
Libations drawn from Sorrow's fountain-head,
In memory of the love thou gav'st of yore—
Love that still haunts my soul tho' thou art fled!
Piteously, oh piteously, for thee
I make my moan—vain tribute to thy shade!
Where, where is the young branch that deck'd my tree?
Death pluck'd it—pluck'd it! Low my flower is laid—
Laid in the dust! Oh, softly let her rest
Within thine arms, O Earth, and clasp her to thy breast!

W.

Epitaph

ON AN "AIR WITH VARIATIONS."

S PARE, EXECUTION! spare thy Victim's bones,
Composed by Mozart—decomposed by Jones.

J. M.

Prolog im Himmel.

DIE DREI ERZENGELE TRETEN VOR.

RAPHAEL.

DIE Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
 In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
 Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
 Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
 Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
 Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
 Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
 Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
 Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
 Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
 Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht;
 Es schäumt das Meer in Breiten Flüssen
 Um tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
 Und Fels und Meer wird Fortgerissen
 In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
 Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
 Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
 Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher;
 Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
 Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags:
 Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
 Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

ZU DREI.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
 Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
 Und alle deine hohen Werke
 Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GOETHE.

Prologue in Heaven.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS ADVANCE.

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun, in the old song of wonder,
 Makes music with his brother spheres,
 And speeding with a foot of thunder,
 Runs his forewritten round of years.
 His aspect gives the Angels vigour,
 Though fathom it no creature may,
 And the high works no thought may figure
 Are fresh as on the primal day.

GABRIEL.

And with a speed that thought outspeedeth
 Round spins the Earth in its delight;
 To paradisal day succeedeth
 The awful, melancholy night.
 In foaming waves the Sea is leaping
 High up the crags from deepest base,
 And crag and sea are onward sweeping
 For ever in the spheral-race.

MICHAEL.

And Storms, a war of uproar waging
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 Form, round about, amid their raging,
 A chain of deepest potency.
 Before the thunder-crash careering
 There flames a desolating blaze;
 But, Lord, Thy messengers revering
 Mark the soft gliding of Thy days.

THE THREE.

Thy aspect gives the Angels vigour,
 Though fathom it no creature may,
 And the high works no thought may figure,
 Are fresh as on the primal day.

Scene on the Lake of Brientz.

WHAT know we of the blest above,
 But that they sing, and that they love ?
 Yet, if they ever did inspire
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
 Now, where these harvest damsels float
 Homeward in their rugged boat,
 While all the ruffling winds are fled,
 Each slumbering in some mountain's head ;
 Now surely hath that gracious aid
 Been felt, that influence display'd ;
 Pupils of heaven in order stand
 The rustic maidens, every hand
 Upon a sister's shoulder laid,
 To chant, as glides the boat along,
 A simple but a touching song,
 To chant, as angels do above,
 The melodies of Peace in Love.

WORDSWORTH.

Epigramma

DI GIOVANNI STROZZI SOPRA LA STATUA DELLA NOTTE.

“ LA notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
 Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
 In questo sasso, e, perchè dorme, ha vita ;
 Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti.”

Non sine Dis.

QUID datur hic nobis de caelite nosse caterva?
 Illam nempe iuvat cantus, amorque comes.
 At, si quando deus vati praeceperit artem,
 Gratave mortalis finxerit ora chori;
 Nunc, ubi labuntur congesta messe puellae
 Quas vehit ad parvos rustica cymba Lares,
 (Scilicet oppositi cessarunt flamina venti
 Nescio quo montis condita muta iugo)
 Nunc saltem auxilium datur his sentire benignum,
 Pectora cunctarum spiritus ille movet;
 Astant Dis monitae stantesque sororia colla
 Alterna tangunt, rustica turba, manu,
 Et cantant rapido per aquas labente phaselo
 Quale movet pectus simplicitate melos,
 Cantant caelicolum procul ingeminanda catervis
 Quae cithara Pacis carmina reddit Amor.

H. B. L.

"Saith the Poet."

THIS Sleeping Night, so calm, serene, and meek,
 Was by an Angel's sculptor hand created;
 See! breathing life is with the marble mated;
 Wake her, if you believe not; she will speak."

W. C. K. W.

Division of Labour.

AS it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase, that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labour. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds, a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that he can, in this manner, get more cattle and venison than if himself went to the field to catch them. From a regard to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armourer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or moveable houses. He is accustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbours, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house-carpenter.

ADAM SMITH.

Risposta

IN PERSONA DELLA NOTTE, DI MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTI.

“GRATO m’è ’l sonno, e più l’esser di sasso
 Mentre che ’l danno, e la vergogna dura
 Non veder, non sentir m’è gran ventura;
 Però non mi destar, Deh! parla basso.”

Cum Variae venere Artes.

Καθάπερ οὖν ξυμβολαίοις καὶ μεταλλαγῇ καὶ ἐμπολῇ χρώμενοι, παρ' ἀλλήλων, ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺν, εὖ πάσχομεν, ὧν ἂν τις ἐκάστοτε δεόμενος τύχῃ, οὐκ ἄλλως τούτου τις ἂν θείῃ τοῦ πρὸς τὴν καπηλικὴν κατοκωχίμου τὸ εἰς τέχνας κεχωρισμένας ἄλλους ἄλλας τὸ πρῶτον ἀφωρίσθαι. παρὰ γοῦν τοῖς τὴν θηρευτικὴν νομίζουσι καὶ τὴν τῶν ποιμνίων νομὴν, τῷ τόξῳ ποιεῖν, καὶ οἰστοῦς, καὶ ὅτι δὴ τις ἂν τύχῃ, διαφέρει ὁ μὲν τις τῶν πλησίον εἰς ὑπόγειον ἐργασίαν· ἀνθ' ὧν θαμὰ πρόβατα καὶ ἐλάφεια μεταλαμβάνει ξυμβαίνει ὧδε ἔχειν τὴν γνώμην ὡς οὐ πλείω ἀλλὰ ἐλάττω κερδαίνειν μέλλων τῷ αὐτὸς θυραυλεῖν τε καὶ θηρεύειν. πρὸς ταῦτ' οὖν, ὡς τὸ ἑαυτοῦ σπουδάζων, τοξοποιῶν ἐπασκεῖ, καὶ οὕτω δὴ ὅπλοποιϊκός τις κατέστη. ὁ δέ τις περὶ τὰ τῶν καλυβῶν καὶ τῶν οἰκιδίων τῶν εὐβαστάκτων φράγματα καὶ παραρρύματα δεινὸς ὢν, καὶ οὕτω τοὺς ξυγγυνομένους εὖ ποιῶν, τοὺς γε δὴ τὰ πρόβατα καὶ τὰ ἐλάφεια ἀντιδιδόντας, τελευτῶν ἐπὶ ταύτην ἀποκεκριμένην δίαιταν τραπόμενος, τὴν περὶ οἰκίας χειροτεχνικὴν νομίζει.

T.

“Nighť maketh Answer.”

“**W**HILE bitter Shame endures, and Wrong, and Woe,
’Tis sweet to sleep,—still better be of stone,
To see not, feel not, hear no human moan;
Therefore awake me never, Hush! speak low.”

W. C. K. W.

The Song of the Lines.

WITH Gradus dirty and worn,
 With heavy and weary eyes,
 A Freshman sat who had written an ode
 For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.

Wait, wait, wait,
 'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
 And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord
 He sang the Song of the Lines.

Wait, wait, wait,
 When the bell is ringing aloof,
 And wait, wait, wait,
 When we leave our Grinder's roof,
 And it's oh to be a Jib
 In the Godless College of Cork,
 Where never Vice-Chancellor gives a prize,
 If this be Christian's work.

Oh, Fellows with pupils dear,
 Oh, Fellows with nephews and sons,
 It is not paper you're tearing up,
 But Senior Freshmen's Duns,
 For the Duns are growing rude,
 Because of the Bills I owe,
 Madden and Roe, Kinsley and Jude,
 Jude and Kinsley and Roe.

Wait, wait, wait,
 Till term after term fulfils,
 And wait, wait, wait,
 As minors wait for wills,
 Week after week in vain
 We've looked at the College gate,
 For how many days? I would hardly fear
 To speak of Ninety-Eight.

With Gradus dirty and worn,
 With heavy and weary eyes,
 A Freshman sat who had written an ode
 For the last Vice-Chancellor's prize.
 Wait, wait, wait,
 'Mid Grinders, Lectures, and fines,
 And thus on a lyre of dolorous chord,
 (Would that its tones could reach the Board,)
 He sang the Song of the Lines.

C. P. M.

Adieu, Chansons!

FROM BERANGER.

(THE GENIUS OF THE POET SPEAKS.)

ONCE, a high harp swept by a Master's hand,
 Responsive to your call, fair Fancy pour'd
 The love-song sweet, light lay, or war-hymn grand,
 As Passion, Wit, or Glory gave the word.
 Your songs re-echoed through a patriot land
 Still loudest where most loud the cannon roar'd;
 But now your notes sound flat and tame, with age;
 Your part is play'd, 'tis time to quit the stage.
 Go, count how many of the jovial crew,
 Who roll'd the long laugh round and round your board.
 Stand on the Stygian coast expecting you,
 To give such welcome as the shades afford.
 Would you revisit her, so fair and true,
 The bright-eyed maiden whom your youth adored?
 Go, seek the low bed where your love is laid,
 And chant your passion to Lisetta's shade!

H. J. DE B.

The Braes of Yarrow.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover;
 Thy braes, how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover!
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the pride of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed
 To bear me to his father's bowers;
 He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father's towers;
 He promised me a wedding ring,
 The wedding day was fix'd to-morrow;
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
 My passion I as freely told him;
 Clasp'd in his arms I little thought
 That I should never more behold him.
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The greenwood path to meet her brother.
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

Ecloga Hodierna.

PRAEDVLCEs inter ripas tunc, Hebre, fluebas,
 Quum iuveni comitem me novus egit amor;
 Sed nimium squallet mihi nunc tua ripa, venustum
 Post tua quam iuvenem condidit unda meum.
 Vsque mihi reliquos tu triste meabis in annos,
 Hebre, nec infaustum deseret omen aquas;
 Nam neque in adspectum ripis venit amplius istis,
 Nec veniet, patriae flos tener ille tuae.
 “Munus,” ait, “mittam niveo candore caballum;
 Sic vectam soceri limen adire decet,
 Vernulaque accedet cultu et spectabilis aevo,
 Deducetque mei patris adusque fores.
 Tortile erit pignus certi tibi foederis aurum;
 Iuraque coniugii cras dabit orta dies.”
 Dixit: at exceptum subito sibi Nympha maritum
 Vindicat, et liquido nunc tenet, Hebre, toro.
 Summum illud, memini, convenimus: acrius arsit;
 Vrere me flammam sum quoque fassa parem;
 Nec minimum, lentis teneor dum laeta lacertis,
 Mens verita est posthac ut foret ille redux.
 Vix abiit: solique apparet amantis imago,
 Continuoque ululans flebilis umbra fugit;
 Deinde instar nebulae fluvii deus ipse resurgens
 Ter maesto per aquas ingemis, Hebre, sono..
 Sollicita e patulis spectat matercula clathris,
 Vtque solent matrum corda timere timet:
 Parva nemus, flenti propior, germana petebat,
 Obvius in viridi si foret ille via.
 Tum vero occasum versus, tum solis ad ortum
 Lustrantes saltus avia quaeque petunt;
 Sola tamen visa est caligo noctis, ad aures
 Sola venit fera vox quam, pater Hebre, dabas.

No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother ;
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
 Alas ! thou hast no more a brother ;
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough,
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow ;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow !
 The tear did never leave her cheek :
 No other youth became her marrow ;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

LOGAN.

The Lover's Hour.

THE summer night is calm ; and bright
 The languid summer day :
 The autumn morn is clear ; and soft
 The vernal warmth of May—
 And sweet it is at matin-prime
 To gaze upon the sea :
 But ah ! to me the sweetest time
 Was eventide with thee.
 The distant village faintly sounds,
 Faintly the sea beneath ;
 The stars look down with eyes of love,
 And wild winds hold their breath.
 Ah ! thus, when far away alone,
 The hours come back to me,
 The hours that are for ever flown,
 The hours of eve with thee.

ANON.

Non opus est patulis te prospectare fenestris,
 Iam neque enim natum tu, pia mater, habes :
 Neve petas nemoris, virgo formosa, recessus,
 Non etenim posthac frater ut ante redit.
 Iam neque in occasum nec quaerite solis in ortum
 Lustrando saltus avia quaeque, viri ;
 Nempe sub incerta dum nocte errabat, in undis
 Decidit, atque animam reddidit, Hebre, tibi.
 Anne per assiduum fletum mihi vita trahenda est ?
 Vt, puto, pars animae sit quis, ut ille, meae !
 Immo in aquis illum quaeram, sociumque soporem
 Tu sponsis socii da, pater Hebre, tori.
 Dixit : et assiduum flevit dum vita manebat ;
 Illi pars animae non fuit alter amans ;
 Sed sponso iuveni iuncta est sub flumine, et Hebrus
 Sic bene compositos tempus in omne premit.

J. F. D.

Venesque sub Noctem Susurri.

Q TRANQVILLA fluunt aestivae tempora noctis ;
 O nitet aestatis languidus ille dies :
 Blandior Auctumno nascens Aurora nitescit,
 Blandus adest Maio, vere ineunte, calor—
 Suave quoque, incipiunt quum primum albescere sole,
 Despicere e terris aequora vasta maris :
 Contigit hora tamen nobis dulcissima quondam,
 Tecum si quando vespere iunctus eram.
 Nunc mihi lene sonant longinqui murmura vici,
 Lene sonant infra murmura rauca sali ;
 Desuper aspiciunt quasi amantia sidera terras,
 Vim validi venti composuere suam.
 Sic, licet extremis a te vager exsul in oris,
 At redeunt menti tempora lapsa meae,
 Iamque reversuras nunquam complectimur horas
 Quum iunctus tecum vespere, vita, forem !

H. M. H.

Poems written in Discipleship.*

VII.—OF THE SCHOOL OF WALT. WHITMAN.

A PROEM.

I.

I AM come—he you was inquiring for a moment ago.
Did anyone tell you I was well and hearty, and without disease?

I say to you I am on the contrary full of diseases—a lazar—
I confess to you I have but just now risen from a sick bed :
(But I am not for that reason to be shunted as of no account
in the world.

I am serene, self-reliant, robust—able to do a job of work with
any man,

To wrestle for the prizes of life with any man,

To love or hate with any man.

I tell you that I can love a true man with an intense and
personal love,

And that every man is a true man ;

That I can hate a liar with an intense and personal hatred,

And that every man is a liar.)

2.

Hymning the great in the little I come, and hymning the little
in the great I come ;

Hymning chaos, the cosmos, discords, harmonies—the Identity
of Opposites :

For I am myself the Panharmonic man—the Identity of all
possible Opposites—

The poet of men and women, the poet of man, the poet of the
hermaphrodite monad of intelligence.

There is no spot of this universe, or of your consciousness
where I have not been, and where I dare not be again.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies
or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

(Though I confess there are some spots where I had rather not be again.)

3.

Was my grandfather an ouran-outan? Was my grandmother a gorilla? What then?

I claim to be the Adam of a new universe—the beasts come to me to be named.

4.

Who told you I should write nothing but epics?

I write also dramas, lyrics, sonnets, operas, canzones, novels, narrative poems, xenien;

I do not disdain puns or pleasantries;

I make my market of all.

What is this cant about prose? I distinctly assert that there is no such thing as prose.

What is this cant about music, about poetry? I positively aver that I hear music and poetry wherever I go—

In the hubbub of streets a Beethoven symphony, in the clamour of machinery a Tannhäuser overture,

In the chaffer of men and chatter of women a Wagner opera.

5.

O mother sublime! O womb of the Panharmonic race! America!
O omnipresent idea! ubiquitous reality!

(For now I perceive her presence, unchangeable, unescapeable,
For now I perceive here in Ireland America, and that Ireland is herself America.)

O there are possibilities, eventualities, futurities, climaxes, crises, termini!

O still for you there are chants triumphal,

For you prophetic a psalm,

O Mater Dolorosa, O Erin!

Ages upon ages! O all divine! O all necessary!

I see the procession of Humanity! I hear Bacchic marches,
I hear Orphic songs!

I assert will, sympathy, passion, independence, interdependence,
Onrushings, vortices, cataclysms, the spiral snakelike advance,
through æons interminable.

The song of love—the mingling of divine personalities, through
cycles interminable,

The song of war—the birthing of atomic wills, through cycles
interminable,

The song of brotherhood—the shoulder to shoulder unity of
self-reliant aggression, through cycles interminable.

Sublime passion of death,

O august solitudes of death, O aloneness of gradual dying!

O shock of sudden changes, abrupt, dreadful, delirious,

O rendering up of the self!

Beautiful rapture of life—modulations, rhapsodies,

Seeds, wills, embryos, universes—tidal sap of Vallisneria cells,
and tidal fluxes of the stars.

Now I know that life is only a resurrection, now I know that
resurrection is only progress.

O to sail for ever—on the unknown seas of God to voyage for
ever!

O for ever to become, through dim eternities elapsing,

Cosmic mysteries evolving, perfect volition achieving!

I trust myself to you, O ages, to you, O non-existent divine
potentialities

Of happiness, blissfulness, life-fulness—the serene something
beyond!

Adieu!

(BY A "FOOLISH YEOMAN.")

I DO not ask that when we part
 You 'll dream of days gone by,
 Or weep when quivering moonbeams dart
 Through forests waving high ;
 When changing hues and shadows fleet
 Across the troubled sea,
 Whose waves are breaking at your feet,
 Oh ! never think of me.

But, when fond lips shall tell the tale
 Which mine have left untold,
 Or fonder yet shall faltering fail,
 Or firmer heart prove cold,
 To prompt or backward lover then
 Deplore the fatal flame
 You 've kindled oft in other men,
 And gently breathe my name.

Then should the thought of rivals chill
 His ardour, while he hears,
 Adapt your siren-music still,
 And hush his jealous fears.
 Smile at the doggrel that I wrote,
 Proclaim me dull and vain,
 Then beam on him, and bid him quote
 His own sweet lines again.

I do not ask one lock of hair,
 No photograph I crave,
 Nor will I yet in proud despair
 Seek respite in the grave ;
 One boon I ask, let that be given
 By all you hold most dear !
 It is——my Shakespear (volume seven)
 You carried off last year.

Oswald.

THE mountain-ash
 Deck'd with autumnal berries, that outshine
 Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show
 Amid the leafy woods : and ye have seen
 By a brook-side or solitary tarn
 How she her station doth adorn ; the pool
 Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
 Are brighten'd round her. In his native vale
 Such and so glorious did this youth appear ;
 A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
 By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
 Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 By all the graces with which Nature's hand
 Had plenteously array'd him. As old bards
 Tell in their idle song of wandering gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veil'd in human form,
 Yet, like the sweet-breath'd violet of the vale,
 Discover'd in their own despite to sense
 Of mortals
 So through a simple rustic garb's disguise
 In him reveal'd a scholar's genius shone,
 And so not wholly hidden from men's sight
 In him the spirit of a hero walk'd
 Our unpretending valley.

WORDSWORTH.

Aristæus.

FRONDOSIS caput attollens in saltibus ornus
 Fert, decus autumnni, bacas quae veris honores
 Divitis evincunt. Viden, ut statione relucet
 Pulcra sua, ad ripas sive ad deserta paludum;
 Infra lucescuntque lacus et tristia circum
 Vndique saxa nitent. Talem talique videbat
 Egregium forma iuvenem convallis avita;
 Pectora conspectum rapuit dulcedine mira
 Cuncta sine arte decus, flagret quo purus ocellus
 Ardore, et latae quae surgat gloria frontis,
 Et si quas alias dextra natura benigna
 Addiderat veneres. Vates antiqua crepantes
 Non secus errantes fingeant carmine Divos,
 Quum seu Pan hominem indueret seu Phoebus Apollo,
 Frustra; namque velut violarum proditor imis
 E latebris odor est suavis, sic sensibus olim
 Humanis numen praesens (nec sponte) patebat:
 Sic non fallere mens potuit divini orbi
 Ruricolae quamvis simplex velabat amictus,
 Non itaque ignotus plane vestigia vallis
 Per fines humiles, spirans heroa, ferebat.

The Death of Napoleon.

(IL CINQUE MAGGIO.)

FROM MANZONI.

TIS past! And still as yonder clay,
 Unconscious, cold, and dead,
 From whence but now with parting sigh
 The mighty soul hath fled,
 Thus at the tidings startled Earth
 Astounded stands aghast;
 Mute musing o'er the Man of Fate
 In that last hour of pain,
 Nor dares to guess when mortal foot
 Like his shall come again
 Upon her bloody dust to print
 A track so deep and vast.

While on his throne he flash'd supreme
 My tongue no homage bore;
 I saw him fall, and rise again,
 Then fall to rise no more;
 But ne'er, though myriad voices join'd,
 Rose mine to swell the cry:
 No servile praise, no coward taunt
 Defiled these freeborn lips;
 Yet, moved to mourn that splendour quench'd
 In sudden sad eclipse,
 I yield this tribute of a song,
 Perchance not doom'd to die.

From Alp to farthest Pyramid,
 From Rhine to Manzanar,
 Fast follow'd on the lightnings' flame
 His thunderbolts of war;

From Scylla's strait to Tanais,
 From sea to sea they roll'd :
 Say, was that glory true? We pause ;
 Judge him, ye days to be !
 'Tis ours to bend the brow before
 The Maker's dread decree,
 Who will'd His Spirit's image there
 In mightiest stamp to mould.

The heart that, wild with stormy joy,
 Throbb'd high to boundless schemes,
 The fervid soul that restless chafed
 With Empire in its dreams,
 And won and wore the prize, beyond
 Ambition's maddest lust,
 He knew them all ; Success, that came
 More dear for danger past,
 Flight, Victory—the Despot's crown,
 The Exile's doom at last—
 Twice shrined aloft in godlike state,
 Twice prostrate in the dust.

He spake his name. Lo, at the word
 Two warring ages wait,
 They bow to hear his high behest,
 And own his will their fate :
 He hush'd their strife ; he set his throne
 All kings and laws above :
 He pass'd from sight, his vacant days
 Closed in that seagirt bound,
 By watchful Envy sentinel'd,
 And Sympathy profound ;
 A monument of quenchless Hate,
 And never-yielding Love.

As o'er the shipwreck'd seaman's head
 The billows burst and sweep,
 Heaved high and fierce from yonder flood
 Across whose swollen deep
 He strain'd but late his hopeless gaze
 To reach the distant bank ;
 Thus on that captive soul the tide
 Of surging memories fell :
 How oft that hand his tale essay'd
 For men unborn to tell ;
 And ever on the eternal page,
 The weary fingers sank !

How oft, what time the listless day
 Passed to its silent death,
 With folded arms, and lids that veil'd
 The lightning glance beneath,
 He stood, and phantoms of the past
 Rush'd on his soul from far :
 The flutt'ring tents, the batter'd wall—
 Once more he saw, he heard—
 The keen command, obedience prompt
 To follow at the word,
 The torrent-waves of charging horse,
 The flashing ranks of war !

Ah ! fail'd the panting spirit, faint
 To view the waste he made ?
 Then came from Heaven a mighty Hand
 In mercy sent to aid,
 And bore him on to happier climes
 To breathe more genial air ;
 And led him where, through flowery tracks,
 Hope's onward pathway tends,

To reach the Land, to win the Prize,
 That mortal thought transcends :
 The glories of the fleeting Past
 Are shade and silence there.

Blest Faith Divine, whose triumphs rise
 In ever-lengthening scroll,
 Rejoice, and write this proudest name
 To swell the immortal roll ;
 For ne'er beneath thy lowly cross
 Was bow'd a loftier head !
 Ah, breathe no blame to break the peace
 Of yonder weary clay ;
 Behold, the God Who wounds and heals,
 Who turns the night to day,
 Hath set His guardian Presence there
 To bless the lonely bed.

G.

November.

A SONNET.

NOVEMBER! barren, baneful, bleak, and chill,
 No Season owns thee ; Autumn's mellow brown
 Deserts thee ; Winter's frank and manly frown
 Thou canst not boast. As from a cheerless hill
 The traveller faintly hears the murmuring rill,
 That, wandering through the vale he leaves behind,
 Recalls in saddest music to his mind
 Old, dreamy, dear delights, serene and still—
 Then hastes he onward to the Town below ;
 So from thy dreary steep we fondly turn
 To catch the sound of Summer's gentle flow,
 Then brisk obey our Duty, cold, and stern—
 In pleasant paths our feet no longer stray,
 And memory in the turmoil dies away.

J. M.

Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

(WRITTEN AS A THEME ON THE ABOVE MOTTO AT TERM LECTURES.)

THERE'S nothing left for this poor Irish Nation
 But one gigantic scheme of emigration ;
 To live a gentleman with empty purse
 Is bad in any land, in Ireland worse.
 The Church, Law, Medicine, every occupation
 Holds its position here by ostentation,
 Good pleading in bad clothes is something rare,
 BUTCHER were nothing without trap and pair.
 Ye Students in the Classic halls of College,
 Who strive to climb the barren tree of knowledge,
 A briefer path to greatness ye would find
 By force of muscle than by force of mind.
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To feed your sheep among the kangaroos,
 Or pitch your tent with California's diggers,
 Where Yankees, Coolies, Chinamen, and Niggers,
 By pick and shovel raise more solid gains
 Than here are earn'd by industry and brains ;
 And then, what makes our rising all the harder,
 We have to struggle with an empty larder.
 Take Tennyson's well-furnish'd bins away,
 Withers the garland of his queen of May.
 The laureate may turn a sounding line,
 But whence have we the walnuts and the wine ?

B. M. C.

The Christian Martyr.

(A GENTLEMAN, BEING CONSIGNED TO THE POLICE FOR CHANTING IN CHURCH, GAVE HIS NAME AS ERNEST AUGUSTUS JAMES FITZROY.)

HIS voice was husky, his face was dusky,
 For a shocking cold he had got, poor boy,
 And, chaunting faintly, there knelt the saintly
 Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy.

He heeded not beadle, nor Mr. Liddel,
 Nor yet the notice upon the door,
 Where, as they express'd it, it was requested
 That the service here be intoned no more.

Oh, grim churchwarden, say, did no chord in
 Your bosom thrill, did no twinge annoy
 Of remorse's needle, when you sent the beadle
 To Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy.

Good heavens! a beadle too gruff to wheedle,
 Who scowling, growling, "Now then, old boy,
 You know you can't in this church be chantin' "
 Poor Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy!

For fault so venial did pamper'd menial
 Approach with triumph and fiendish joy,
 And from the portal eject the immortal
 Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy?

Oh, slavish minions of weak opinions,
 He's only twenty, that high-soul'd boy!
 But, like a true brick, he stood by the rubric,
 Did Ernest Augustus James Fitzroy!

O.

Eros and Anteros.

THE ancient sages parabled that Love, if he be not twin-born, yet hath a brother wondrous like him, called Anteros; whom while he seeks all about, his chance is to meet with many false and feigning desires that wander singly up and down, his likeness. By them in their borrowed garb, Love, though not wholly blind, as poets wrong him, yet having but one eye, as being born an archer aiming, and that eye not the quickest in this dark region here below, which is not Love's proper sphere, partly out of the simplicity and credulity which is native to him, often deceived, imbraces and consorts him with these obvious and suborned striplings, as if they were his mother's own sons; for so he thinks them, while they subtly keep themselves most on his blind side. But after a while, as his manner is, soaring up above the shadow of the earth, he darts out the direct rays of his then most piercing eyesight upon the impostures and trim disguises that were used with him, and discerns that this is not his genuine brother, as he imagined. He has no longer the power to hold fellowship with such a personated mate; for straight his arrows lose their golden heads, and shed their purple feathers, his silken braids untwine and slip their knots, and that original and fiery virtue given him by fate goes out, and leaves him undeified and stripped of all his force, till finding Anteros at last, he kindles and repairs the almost faded animation of his Deity.

MILTON.

ΠΤΑΝΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΚΑΒΟΛΟΝ ΩΠΑΣΑΣ ΑΜΜΙΝ.

Οἱ μὲν οὖν πάλαι λόγιοι τῇδέ πη ἐμυθολόγουν, ὥς δὴ τῷ Ἑρωτι, φύσιν περ οὐ διδύμῳ, ὅμως ἀδελφός τις γέγονε θαυμαστὸν ὅσον ὅμοιος, Ἀντέρως δ' ἐπωνομασμένος, ὃν πανταχοῦ θηρωμένῳ συμβαίνειν πολλοῖσι ψευδέσι καὶ ἀλαζόσιν ἐντυγχάνειν πόθοις, οὓς ἄνω κάτω μορφὴν ἐκείνου μεταβαλόντας κυλινδεῖσθαι. ὑφ' ὧν δὴ προσποιητῷ τοιῷδε σχήματι τὸν Ἑρωτα, καίπερ οὐ παντελῶς τυφλὸν, ὃ δῆθεν αὐτοῦ διαβεβλήκασιν οἱ ποιηταί, μονόφθαλμον δ' ὅμως ὄντα—ὅς γε τοξότης ἐπ' αὐτῷ τῷ τοξεύειν πέφυκεν—οὐδ' ἐκείνῳ τῷ μόνῳ περὶ ταυτὶ τὰ σκοτεινὰ καὶ χθόνια, ἅτε οὐκ οἰκεία Ἑρωτος ἦθη, ὀξυτάτῳ χρώμενον, καί τι καὶ διὰ τὸ εὐπίστον καὶ τὸ εὐηθές τῆς φύσεως ἐξαπατῶμενον, ἀσπάζεσθαι τε καὶ ξυνεῖναι ὥς αὐτῷ ὁμομητρίοις τοῖς ὑποβολιμαίοις τοῖσδε μειρακίσκοις τοῖς παρατυχοῦσιν, ἣν καὶ περὶ αὐτῶν ἔχειν δόξαν ἐκ δόλου ἀμφὶ τὰ τυφλὰ αὐτοῦ μάλιστα στρεφομένων. χρόνῳ δ' ἄρα φιλεῖ ὑπὲρ τὰ σκιοειδῆ τῆς γῆς πτέροις κουφίζόμενος εὐθείας τὰς τῆς ὄψεως αὐγὰς ὀξυτάτης τανῦν ἐφίεναι ἐπὶ τὰς προσποιήσεις καὶ τὰ κομψὰ σχήματα ἃ προσήνεγκον αὐτῷ, ἐν ᾧ καὶ διαγιγνώσκει τὸν τοιοῦτον ὥς οὐκ ἄρα γνήσιος ἀδελφὸς ἦν, ἐντεῦθεν δ' ἤδη οὐκέθ' οἶός τε ἐστὶ πρὸς ἐταῖρον ὧδε προσποιητὸν ὁμιλεῖν, εὐθύς γὰρ τὰς χρυσᾶς ἄρδεις ἀποβάλλουσιν οἱ οἰστοὶ καὶ πτερορρουοῦσι, χαλῶσί τε τοῖς λιπαροῖς δεσμοῖς ἐλύθη τὰ ἄμματα, ἔσβη δὲ ἐκείνη ἡ θερμουργὸς ἀρετὴ ἣν γιγνόμενος μοῖρα ἔλαχεν, ὥστε τὸ θεῖον ἀποδεδυκὼς ἅπασαν τὴν δύναμιν περιήρηται, τέλος δέ πῃ Ἀντέρωτι τῷ ἀληθινῷ συντυχῶν τὴν θείαν ἀκμὴν ὀλίγου κατεσβηκυῖαν ἀναζωπυρεῖ καὶ τὰ σκέυη ἀνανεοῦται.

J. A. S.

A Compline Hymn.

“And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds : but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them.”—JOB xxxvii. 21.

HEAVILY on clouded wing
 Rose the mute and lonesome Spring,
 Love's unwelcomed blossoming,

Sadly thro' its thankless hours,
 Advent snows and Lenten showers,
 Fostering a world of flowers ;

Spring, the vigil of the year,
 Chrisom-clad in snows austere,
 Tremulous with hope and fear ;

Now by winter's gloom o'ercast,
 Now to summer guiding fast
 Memories of summers past.

So in dreams and dreamy thought
 Back upon the heart are brought
 Hopes and memories half forgot ;

Gleams of unknown happy years,
 Though their glory scarce appears
 Through the mist of earthly tears.

So, for weal or woe, must be
 Time, oh friend ! to you and me,
 Vigil of Eternity.

C. P. M.



Sonnet.

TO GOETHE.

THOU German Shakespeare! well may we admit
'Tis hard to reproduce thy thought divine,
And bid it glimmer through strange crystalline;
But thy translator silently should sit,
To catch each word of wisdom and of wit,
And give *thy* poesy—not his, but thine!
Nor need men blame their mother-tongue and mine,
As to reflect thy master-mind unfit;
For as each cadence of the song is flung
Back by the echo from the quiet hill,
And as the swan is doubled by the lake
When no wind ruffles it, and all is still,
So English answers to the German tongue,
If lake and echo for a type we take.

Vorspiel auf dem Theater.

DIRECTOR. THEATERDICHTER. LUSTIGE PERSON.

DICHTER.

O gieb mir auch die Zeiten wieder,
 Da ich noch selbst im Werden war,
 Da sich ein Quell gedrängter Lieder
 Ununterbrochen neu gebar!
 Da Nebel mir die Welt verhüllten;
 Die Knospe Wunder noch versprach,
 Da ich die tausend Blumen brach
 Die alle Thäler reichlich füllten!
 Ich hatte nichts, und doch genug,—
 Den Drang nach Wahrheit und die Lust am Trug!
 Gieb ungebündigt jene Triebe,
 Das tiefe schmerzenvolle Glück,
 Des Hasses Kraft, die Macht der Liebe,—
 Gieb meine Jugend mir zurück!

LUSTIGE PERSON.

Der Jugend, guter Freund, bedarfst du allenfalls,
 Wenn dich in Schlachten Feinde drängen;
 Wenn mit Gewalt an deinem Hals
 Sich allerliebste Mädchen hängen;
 Wenn fern des schnellen Laufes Kranz
 Vom schwer erreichten Ziele winket;
 Wenn, nach dem heft'gen Wirbeltanz,
 Die Nächte schmausend man vertrinket.
 Doch ins bekannte Saitenspiel,
 Mit Muth und Anmuth, einzugreifen,
 Nach einem selbstgesteckten Ziel,
 Mit holdem Irren hinzuschweifen,—
 Das, alte Herrn, ist eure Pflicht;
 Und wir verehren euch darum nicht minder:
 Das Alter macht nicht kindisch, wie man spricht,—
 Es findet uns nur noch als wahre Kinder.

The Prelude in the Theatre.

(THE THREE PROFESSIONALS COME FORWARD.)

THE POET.

OH give me back the time of growing,
 When I myself was growing too,—
 When from the fount the lays were flowing,
 Crowding, unbroken, ever new !
 The world was misty with illusion ;
 Then wonder lurk'd in every flower,
 Then flow'ret bloom'd in every bower ;
 The dales were one divine profusion !
 Naught had I, but enough, in sooth,—
 Delight in dreaming, and the love of truth !
 Oh, give me back the wild emotion,
 The deep bliss tingling into pain,
 The strength of hatred, love's devotion,—
 Oh, give me back my youth again !

THE MERRY MAN.

Of youth, my best of friends, you very well may reck,
 When in the battle foes are pressing ;
 When, wild with passion, on your neck
 Some lovely maiden hangs caressing ;
 When the swift race-wreath, with a glance
 From the far goal, the soul is rousing ;
 When, after the mad whirling dance,
 One drinks the night away carousing.
 But o'er that well-known instrument,
 With firm and fairy touch, to gambol,—
 To reach the goal of one's intent
 With many a pleasant, wayward ramble,—
 This of your old gents is the play ;
 And do not deem that our respect decreases :
 Old age need not be childish, as they say,—
 Life leaves us children, after childhood ceases.

DIRECTOR.

Der Worte sind genug gewechselt ;
 Lasst mich auch endlich Thaten sehn !
 Indess ihr Complimente drechselt,
 Kann etwas Nützliches geschehn.
 Was hilft es, viel von Stimmung reden ?
 Dem Zaudernden erscheint sie nie.
 Gebt ihr euch einmal für Poeten,
 So commandirt die Poesie.
 Euch ist bekannt was wir bedürfen ;
 Wir wollen stark Getränke schlürfen ;
 Nun braut mir unverzüglich dran !
 Was heute nicht geschieht, ist morgen nicht gethan.
 Und keinen Tag soll man verpassen ;
 Das Mögliche soll der Entschluss,
 Beherzt, sogleich, beim Schopfe fassen,
 Er will es dann nicht fahren lassen,
 Und wirkt weiter—weil er muss !
 Ihr wisst, auf unsern deutschen Bühnen,
 Probirt ein jeder, was er mag ;
 Drum schonet mir an diesem Tag
 Prospective nicht und nicht Maschinen.
 Gebraucht das gross' und kleine Himmelslicht
 Die Sterne dürfet ihr verschwenden !
 An Wasser, Feuer, Felsenwänden,
 An Thier und Vögeln fehlt es nicht !
 So schreitet in dem engen Bretterhaus,
 Den ganzen Kreis der Schöpfung aus,
 Und wandelt, mit bedächt 'ger Schnelle,
 Vom Himmel, durch die Welt, zur Hölle !

GOETHE.

THE MANAGER.

Of words enough have now been bandied ;
 Let things at last be shown to one !
 While compliments around are handed,
 There's something useful might be done.
 Why talk of being in tune to show it ?
 The daily dallier ne'er will be.
 If you pretend to be a poet,
 You should command your poesy.
 You know of what we are complaining ;
 Some stiff strong drink we'd fain be draining ;
 Go, and incontinently brew !
 What the day leaves undone the morrow will not do.
 No time from toil the man releases ;
 Of what is possible the will,
 Resolved, forthwith, the forelock seizes,
 Nor lets it wander where it pleases,
 And worketh onward—will or nill !
 You know that, on our German stages,
 Each one essayeth what he may ;
 So spare me not machines to-day
 Nor scenes that every one engages.
 Display, the Greater and the Lesser Light !
 The Stars in wild profusion scatter !
 With Precipice, and Fire, and Water,
 And Beast and Bird amaze the sight !
 And, starting from this narrow boarded bound,
 Of all Creation go the round,
 And pass, with speed considered well,
 From Heaven, through all the World, to Hell.

W.

“Three Jolly Post-boys.”

IN LATIN.

(To be sung to the original air.)

TRES calones hilares
Potantes in popina
Statuerunt bibere
Pocla quisque bina.

“ Appone, puer, cyathos,
Et vina coronemus,
Indulgeamus genio
Cras aquam bibemus.

Qui fit mero madidus,
Et cubat ebriosus,
Scit decenter vivere,
Et moritur iocosus.

At si quis poscam potitat
Lectumque siccus petit,
Occidit cum frondibus
Quas Auctumnus metit.

Totus adamandus est
Chorus virginalis ;
Sed est inepti ducere
Ni qua sit dotalis.

Nunc ergo comissabimur,
Curas mero pellamus,
Nam quo loco cras erimus
Qui nunc hic compotamus ?”

“Three Jolly Post-boys.”

IN GREEK.

(To be sung to the original air.)

Τρεῖς ἱλαροὶ ἵπποδρόμοι
ἐπ’ οἶνω οἱ ξυνῆσαν,
τοῦτο δόξαν, κύλικας
τὸ δεύτερον ἤτησαν.

“ ἔγχει ζωρὸν, ἔγχει, παῖ,
πλημμυρῇ πᾶν κύπελλον,
μέθην γὰρ ἦδε νύξ φέρει,
δίψαν δὲ φῶς τὸ μέλλον.

εἴ τις ἄκρατον ἐλκύσας
κείων ὑγρὸς βέβηκε,
εὖ διάξας βίοτον
ὄλβιος τέθνηκε.

ἀλλ’ εἴ τις ὄξου γεύεται,
νηφάλιός τε μύει,
ὥς φύλλ’ ὀπώρα μινύθει,
ξὺν Πλειάσιν τε δύει.

ἐρῶμεν, ἂν τις ἦ καλὴ,
ἔρως γὰρ ἄνθος ἦρος ·
σκαιοῦ δὲ γῆμαι παρθένον,
εἰ μή ’στιν ἐπὶ κληρος.

κωμάζετ’ οὖν, ὦ ξύμποται
λύπας μέθη παύοντες,
ποῦ γὰρ ἐσόμεθ’ αὔριον
οἱ ὧδε νῦν ξυνόντες ;”

Bells.

HIGH go up and low go down,
 To ring the bells of Dublin town;
 Read your Divinity
 Says the big bell of Trinity,
 Never think it a bore, man,
 Says the bell of Grangegorman;
 Read as little as you can,
 Says the bell of St. Anne;
 Don't read it at all,
 Says the bell of St. Paul.
 Portal's "*Manual*" *does* tickle us,
 Say the bells of St. Nicholas;
 Its doctrines are Laudian,
 Says the bell of St. Audoen;
 They are what I believe in,
 Says the bell of St. Stephen.
 The new rubrics are done,
 Says the bell of St. John;
 The worst ever man drew,
 Says the bell of St. Andrew.
 Seen that book by the Duke? *
 Says the bell of St. Luke;
 The style is not strikin',
 Says the bell of St. Michan;
 I think it's mere blatherin',
 Says the bell of St. Katherine;
 You shouldn't be rude,
 Says the bell of St. Jude;
 It was written for a lark,
 Says the bell of St. Mark;
 You should take a more solemn view,
 Says the bell of Bartholomew.

* *Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism.* By the Duke of Somerset.

For the Church who 'll provide?
 Says the bell of St. Bride;
 I wish Bass would "treat" her,
 Says the bell of St. Peter;
 Will the laymen disgorge?
 Says the bell of St. George;
 You must ask Dr. Reichel,
 Says the bell of St. Michael;
 The subscribers are chary,
 Says the bell of St. Mary;
 We've many a promise,
 Says the bell of St. Thomas;
 A long list of *names*,
 Says the bell of St. James;
 From China to Cherbourg,
 Says the bell of St. Werburgh;
We're not left in the lurch,
 Say the bells of Christ Church;
 Our "Bass" taught Roe that trick,
 Say the bells of St. Patrick;
I've got no Bass—darn a Bass,
 Says the bell of St. Barnabas.

PAN.

"Phyllis, you little, rosy Rake."

IN GERMAN.

PHYLLIS, du lockres Schelmgesicht,
 Mich lüstet sehr nach deinem Frätzchen;
 Komm, gib es her, und mache nicht
 So viel Geschrei um ein paar Schmäätzchen.

Ob auch die Welt dich lästert schier,
 Und kalte Prüden dich verdammen,
 Ich sünd'ge lieber, Kind, mit dir,
 Als dass ich muckre mit den Frommen.

A. M. S.

Grande Certamen. .

MEANWHILE the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright,
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.
 The Three stood calm and silent,
 And look'd upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose ;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array,
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

MACAULAY.

Epitaph on a Debtor.

AN arch accountant here is laid
 Who borrow'd and who never paid.
 If he's in Heaven I could not swear
 That he is upon credit there.

ANON.

ΜΕΜΑΣΑΝ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΟΣ ΙΦΙ ΜΑΧΕΣΘΑΙ.

τόφρα δὲ Τυρσῆων πυκινὰι στίχες αἰχμητῶν
 ἦϊσαν ἐς πόλεμον λαμπραὶ, μέγα θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε μαρμαρέην ὑπὲρ ἄλμυρὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης
 φρῖκα χέει Ζέφυρος, χρυσέη δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἶγλη,
 ὥς τὸτ' ἐπασσύτερα κλύτα τεύχεα λάμπε φαλάγγων
 παμφανόωντ' αὐγαῖσι μεσημβρινοῦ ἡελίοιο.
 φωτῶν δ' ὀρνυμένη δεκάδων ἄπο τεσσαράκοντα
 σαλπύγγων ἰαχὴ μάλ' Ἀρήϊος ὄξ' ὑδεδήει,
 ἕως ὁμοῦ προσίοντες ἀολλέες εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
 δοῦρα προβαλλόμενοι, σπημῆϊα καλὰ φέροντες,
 ἐστιχόωντο βάδην μάλ' ἀρηρότες ἔς τε γεφύρην.
 στὰν δ' οἱ τρεῖς ἥρωες ἐνάντιον εἰσορόωντες
 πᾶσι δ' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι γέλως ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
 τρεῖς δ' ἄρα Τυρσῆων ἡγήτορες ὤκεας ἵππους
 κέντρῳ ἐπειγομένους πυκινοῦ προπάραιθεν ὁμίλου
 ἤλασαν, ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόν' ὄρουσαν,
 καὶ τάχ' ἐρυσσάμενοι δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἕκαστος,
 ὕψι τ' ἀνασχόμενοι πρόσθ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἴσην,
 ῥίμφα μάλ' ἐσσέοντο μεμαότες ἰθὺ γεφύρης.

W. W. F.

Caelum non animum.

HOC qui sub tumulo iacet sepultus,
 Prudentissimus ille debitorum,
 Nunquam reddidit aera mutuatus.
 Si nunc arva tenet beata, naulum
 Ne vivam nisi debeat Charoni.

B.

Dreams.

THE outward fancies of the busy day,
 The inward visions of the restless soul,
 With wonder acted by the mind alone,
 The sleeping body listening as it may
 In idleness : and thus a life is passed,
 While sixty years in sixty seconds roll ;
 Those seconds over, comes the end at last,
 And little is engraved on memory's stone.
 'Tis thus we dream and think it all is true,
 Until the rising daylight o'er us cast
 Its beams ; and night is gone when none can do
 Life's work ; and dreams with sleep aside are thrown
 Till night again. Would God we only knew,
 A life of real life, and dreams but few.

A. B. O.

" Sing a song of Sixpence."

CHANTEZ une chanson de six sous,
 De seigle une boissolée,
 De merles vingt-quatre, qui furent tous
 Cuits à four en pâté.
 Quand ce pâté on entama
 Ils se mirent tous à chanter,
 Ne fut-ce pas un joli plat
 Qu' un roi peut bien goûter ?
 Le roi comptait en son cabinet
 De l'or et de l' argent,
 La reine, en son boudoir, croquait
 Pain et miel à belles dents ;
 La garse déployait en jardin
 Les linges, pour les sécher,
 Quand, cric ! un petit oiseau, vint
 Et lui emporta le nez !

R. F. L.

Twilight.

AH! many a time amid the twilight dim,
 Beneath lost Eden's walls the infant Cain
 With wonder heard the mighty Vesper hymn
 Peal to the skies in loud angelic strain
 From the bright bands of sworded cherubim
 That kept the life-tree from the heirs of pain;
 And there, while round him all things hymn'd the Lord,
 The destined murderer trembled, and adored!

H. J. DE B.

Requiescat.

SHE is dead that we laugh'd with so often,
 And all that we thought was so fair,
 Is a thing shut away in a coffin,
 Leaving only this lock of gold hair!

She is dead—*requiescat in pace*—
 A point on which least said is best—
 Yet at last, little golden-hair'd Gracie,
 Your feet, Life's dance over, have rest.

She is gone—can we think with regretting
 Of that life, not of heart or of brain,
 With its innocent trick of coquetting,
 And its trifling *tendresse* for champagne!

There beauty, there youth, we have buried;
 No heart, but a pulse, has been still'd.
 By no love chase those fair feet were hurried
 On the passionate pace that has kill'd.

Poor Grace to buy back our affection,
 Leaves only the gold of her hair!
 Dead flower! in what spring's resurrection,
 Shall we look on another as fair.

C. P. M.

Rural Bliss.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss—
 Such health do my fountains bestow,
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech is more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier twines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

I have found out a gift for my fair:
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But I'd best from such plunder forbear;
 She'd say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I loved her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

Divini Gloria Ruris.

HYBLAEIS mea ripa viret depasta catervis,
 Somnia quae lento murmure grata cient :
 Frons, nemorum centenus honor, superimminet antris ;
 Albent armentis rura supina meis.
 Quum male letiferis aliunde resistitur annis,
 Nostra salutifero rore nitescit ovis ;
 Fons scatet aeternum musco circumditus_udo,
 Qua pallent violae, tuque, hyacinthe, rubes.
 Si iuvat umbra magis nemorum, mihi pinus in hortis
 Quaeque hederæ vinclis stat redimita suis ;
 Suavius in silvis fagus mihi nulla virescit,
 Cui folia implicitis non rubuere rosis.
 Vere novo illecebris non talibus arva renident,
 Quales gens pecudum praebebat amica vices.
 Nec vitreas volvit latices argenteus amnis
 Cui mihi non imas piscis inaret aquas.
 Parta meae Veneri sunt munera : noscitur arbos
 Turtur ubi constans nidificavit avis ;
 Rectius at parcam furtis, quae ducet iniquum
 Crimen inhumanae Lydia saevitiae.
 “ Qui miserae implumes matri subducere fetus
 Posset,” ait, “ sponsae quid nisi falsus erit ? ”
 Illius et captum mira dulcedire vocis
 Me magis atque magis conscius urit amor.

A. P. G.

To a Lady Sleeping.

THOU sleep'st, soft silken flower! would I were Sleep,
 & For ever on those lids my watch to keep!
 So should I have thee all my own, nor he
 Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

C. MERIVALE.

A Reply.

SEVEN years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your anterooms, was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice, which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself. Having carried on my work, thus far, with so little obligation to any favour of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Dendecasyllabics.

DORMIS, O roseum acmulata florem !
 Vellem somnifer ipse divus essem,
 Ut supercilii tui sub umbra
 Custos non abiturus excubarem !
 Sic in nos amor iste totus iret,
 Nec qui lumina claudit arte Patri
 Certamen malus invidum moveret.

H. C.

XAPIΣ AXAPIΣ.

OCTAVUS annus est, Nobilissime, quum te in atrio salutandum expectabam, vel a limine tuo prohibitus eram ; dum interea inter rerum difficultates, de quibus queri supervacancum est, opus meum promovebam, quod nunc demum, nulla subvenientis opera, nulla hortantis voce, nulla faventis approbatione adiutus paene ad umbilicum adduxi. Haec omnia mihi, numquam antea patronum experto, praeter spem eveniebant. Nonne, igitur, illum patroni munia explere dicas qui clientem mediis in fluctibus laborantem securus contemplatur, eundem autem in terram egressum praepostera sedulitate urget ? Si maturius labores meos respexisses, gratum fuisset ; nunc vero a me ad id incuriae ventum est, ut dilata tua benevolentia frui non possim, ad id solitudinis ut non habeam quibus eam impertiam, ad id notitiae ut eius non indigeam. Nollem equidem putes me naribus nimis uncis indulgere si me tibi obnoxium esse negem, qui nulla beneficia acceperim, atque aegre feram homines vulgo credere me id patrono debere quod Di boni mihi praestiterint. Quum hactenus opus meum nullo doctrinae faventium subsidio adiutus promoverim, non pigebit si minore auxilio usus, modo quis minore uti possit, absolverim ; nam magnificas illas spes, quas olim somniavi, quasi expergefactus iamdudum abieci.

B.

Titania's Complaint of Oberon.

THESE are the forgeries of jealousy :
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
 By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land
 Have every pelting river made so proud
 That they have overborne their continents :
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard ;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 The crows are fatted with the murrion flock ;
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals want their winter here ;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest :
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :
 And through this distemperature we see,
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

Animis Caelestibus Grae.

HAEC tibi finxit Amor male credulus iste, nec unquam
 Ex quo maturis luxit fervoribus aestas,
 Seu iuga, seu valles, seu silvas inter amoenas
 Pratave contulimus gressus, seu fontis ad undas
 Saxosi, maris aut lapidoso margine, fusis
 Crinibus argutas ut saltaremus ad auras,
 Quin tua turbarint sociatos iurgia lusus.
 Flamina quo circa, ad choreas quia vana vocarint,
 Scilicet hoc pacto meditantia sumere poenas,
 Hauserunt nebulas maris et contagia dira,
 Quae liquefacta ruunt in culta: hinc rivulus omnis
 Tenuis adhuc, adeo frenos fastidit, ut undas
 Insolitas nequeant propriae iam claudere ripae.
 Quare nequidquam subiit iuga taurus; arator
 Sudavit frustra: faetus Cerealis in arvis
 In stipula imberbis putrescit: pascua late
 Merguntur, nullas ut oves concludat ovile;
 Tabuit omne pecus, facta est pinguiissima cornix:
 Quaque novem nuper saltabant, abdidit omne
 Limus iter, nusquam lascivo in gramine cernas
 Ambages notas, non iam saltantibus ullis.
 Quin generi humano desunt rata tempora brumae,
 Nec numerorum, ut mos, nox iam mulcetur honore.
 Luna igitur, siquidem hanc penes est moderamen aquarum,
 Pallida, torva tuens, sic aera diluit omnem,
 Articulos hominum ut madefactus torqueat algu,
 Perque intemperiem tantam mutata videmus
 Tempora, purpureis ut cana pruina rosetis

And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world
 By their increase, now knows not which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension ;
 We are their parents and original.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Bird's Release.

GO forth, for she is gone !
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air :
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

Go forth, and like her be free !
 With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
 Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky :
 And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught even to her we mourn ?
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
 Or float on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !
 Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng—
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

F. HEMANS.

Incidat, atque Hiemis glacialia tempora calvae,
 Ceu per ludibrium, fragrantia sarta coronent,
 E gemmis contexta aestivis : scilicet aestas,
 Frugifer auctumnus, ver, vis quoque frigida brumae
 Assolitas mutent vestes, mortalibus aegris
 Ordine quidque suo noscendi est dempta facultas.
 Hanc igitur subolem peperit discordia nostra ;
 Nos sumus auctores damni, nos fons et origo.

H. M. H.

OIXETAI, OIXETAI.

EXI, fugit enim quae prius aureas
 Ibat fusa comas. Vanuit et leves
 Eheu ! rapta sub auras
 Solam deseruit domum !

I, sis cum domina tu quoque libera,
 Scintillant oculi, pluma nitet tibi,
 Apricus patet aether,
 Non te noster adit dolor.

Illam nostra valet tangere naenia ?
 Fletus anne videt ? Floribus an caput
 Tectum molle quiescit ?
 Auris anne volantibus

Fertur ? Scire nefas. Fugit et heu ! levis
 Nec pes ille iterum voxve inerit choris,
 Risu festa carebunt ;
 Desertique gement Lares.

R. H. C.

May.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours,
 And vernal air uprose the gentle May;
 Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
 That sprang spontaneous in her genial ray.
 Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
 And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast;
 With every shifting gleam of morning light,
 The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.
 Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form,
 A golden key, and golden wand she bore:
 This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
 And that unlocks the summer's copious store.
 Onward in conscious majesty she came,
 The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
 To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
 And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

LOVIBOND.

Address to the Stars.

YE shining hosts,
 That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
 Beneath a vault unsullied by a cloud,
 As one who, long detained on foreign shores,
 Pants to return, and when he sees afar
 His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
 From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
 So I with animated hopes behold,
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
 Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
 From toilsome life to never-ending rest.

COWPER.

Flora.

MITIS Flora venit, vernis cum flatibus Horae
 Antevolant vernae, laeta caterva, Deam ;
 Surgenti subit ora rubor, surgentibus idem
 Floribus iniussos luce quot alma ciet
 Ambrosio crines respersi rore micabant,
 Alludit teneros aura proterva sinus ;
 Quotque vices mutant orientis lumina solis,
 Iride lucidior tot chlamys illa refert.
 Regia ridentem decorabant signa figuram,
 Aurea clavis inest, aurea virga, manu ;
 Hac pacare ferus si quando saeviat eurus,
 Illa aestatis opes mox reserare parat ;
 Incedit memores hominum ut delibet honores,
 Scilicet imperii conscia Diva sibi ;
 Carpat uti famae pulcherrima sarta futurae,
 Utque novus veteri consocietur honor.

J. F. K.

Ω ΝΥΞ ΜΕΛΑΙΝΑ, ΧΡΥΣΕΩΝ ΑΣΤΡΩΝ ΤΡΟΦΕ.

" Αστρων φαεινῶν κοινόπλους ὀμίλια,
 τέμνουσα πόντον πνευμάτων ἀνήμερον,
 πόλου κυκλωθεῖσ' αἰθρίῳ περιπτυχῇ,
 ὥσπερ χρονίζων δαρὸν ἀκταῖσι ξέναις
 ἐφίεται τις νοστήμου σωτηρίας,
 θαλασσοπλήκτους δ' εἰσιδὼν κρημνοὺς πάτρας,
 γλαυκῆς ἐπαντέλλοντας ἐκ βαφῆς σαλοῦ,
 ἀφῆκε πρὸς γῆν εὐμενεστάτην ἐκάς
 ἐξ ὀμμάτων τόξευμα φαιδρωπὸν χαρᾶς ·
 τοιῷδε κάμὸν ἐντεθέρμανται κέαρ
 πόθῳ πτοηθὲν ἐλπίδων θυμοφθόρῳ,
 ἰδόντος αὐγὴν ἀστερωπὸν οὐρανοῦ
 βυθοῖσι κυανέοισιν ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
 δίκην πρέπουσαν, ὡς βροτῶν τυφλὴ βάσις,
 τοιοῦδ' ὑψηγητῆρος ἐξηρτημένη,
 εὐροῦσα διὰν παῦλαν ἐκλήξῃ πόνων.

H. C.

The common fate of all things fair.

THE rose, with fond delight,
 Gazing at her own beauty, hung
 Over a stream, that swift and bright
 Her image upward flung.
 When lo ! a zephyr's blustering power
 Of every petal robs the flower,
 And the spoils fell in the river,
 Which hurrying tears them off for ever.
 Thus, even thus, perceive we may,
 Well-a-day !
 How swiftly beauty passeth away.

C. L. SMITH.

L'Abbe Prebot visite la fameuse Université d'Oxford.

(CIRC. 1700, A.S.)

NOUS ne manquâmes point de visiter la fameuse Université d'Oxford ; et contre l'ordinaire des Voyageurs, nous trouvâmes, après l'avoir vûe, qu'elle surpassoit l'idée qu'on nous en avoit fait prendre à Londres, quoiqu'elle eût suffi pour exciter notre curiosité. Rien n'approche en effet de la beauté, de l'ordre, et du revenu de ses Colléges. C'est-là que les Muses ne se plaignent point de la pauvreté. Mais j'ai remarqué que ce n'est peut-être pas un avantage pour Oxford, qu'elles y soient si fort à leur aise. Elles s'endorment dans l'abondance ; je veux dire, que parmi tant de personnes qui ont de riches prebendes dans les Colléges, il y en a tres-peu qui s'appliquent à l'étude. Les bons Livres, que nous viennent d'Angleterre, sortent rarement d'Oxford. Ils viennent de Londres ; et quoique ceux qui les composent aient pour la plupart quelque degré dans cette Université, ils ne sont point du nombre de ceux qui sont païés largement pour y faire leur résidence.

MEMOIRES D'UN HOMME DE QUALITE.

Vitae Summa brevis.

QUA superiniectam perlucida reddidit umbram,
 Gaudet et argenteas currere lymphæ vias,
 Hic rosa conspectæ correpta cupidine formæ
 Dum stupet et veneres deperit ipsa suas,
 En Zephyrus vi saevus adest, et totus in uno
 Momento obruitur qui fuit ante decor.
 Labitur exuvias rapiens securus in alveo
 Amnis, et in pontum non revocandus agit.
 His exemplar inest, hinc discere possumus omnes,
 Marceat heu formæ quam cito fluxus honor!

R. H. C.

ΑΡΚΤΑΓΩΓΟΣ ΤΙΣ ΤΑ ΟΧΩΝΙΑΚΑ ΔΙΗΓΕΙΤΑΙ.

Οὐδὲ μὴν παρελπίομεν τὴν θεωρίαν τοῦ ἐν Ὁξωνίῳ ὀνομαστοῦ
 νεανιαγωγείου · καὶ, παρὰ τὸ εἰώθος τῶν φιλοθεαμόνων, θεασα-
 μένοις εὐρεῖν ἦν ὅτι πολὺ ὑπερέσχεν αὐτὴν τὴν φήμην ἥνπερ τῶν
 Λονδινίων ἐπυθόμεθα, εἰ καὶ οἷα τε ἐγένετο πολλὴν τὴν προσδο-
 κίαν ἐμποιῆσαι. οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐγγὺς ἂν ἵεναι δύναίτο οὔτε τοῦ κάλ-
 λους οὔτε τοῦ κόσμου οὔτε πού τῆς προσόδου χρημάτων ὅσα
 ὑπάρχει ταύταις ταῖς συνοικίαις. ἐνταῦθα δὴ αἱ Μοῦσαι οὐκέτι
 ὀλοφύρονται τὴν πενίαν οὐδὲ γρυῖ. ἀλλ' ἔμοιγε ἐδόκει ἀσύμφορον
 ἴσως εἶναι Ὁξωνίῳ τοῦτο τὸ ἄγαν ἄπονον τῶν Μουσῶν. κοιμῶνται
 γὰρ κόρῳ βαρεῖαι · καὶ μάλ' ὀλίγοι φιλοσοφοῦσιν (εἰρήσεται γὰρ)
 τῶν τοσαῦτα χρήματα μισθοφορούντων τῆς ἀρχινεανιαγωγίας. τὰ
 γοῦν σπουδαῖα τῶν βιβλίων παρ' ἡμᾶς ἐκ τῆς Ἀγγλίας ἀφικνου-
 μένων οὐ πολλάκις ἀφορμῶσιν Ὁξωνίου, ἀλλὰ Λονδινίου · οἱ δὲ
 συγγράψαντες, εἰ καὶ ὡς ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ ἐδοκιμάσθησαν ἐν Ὁξωνίῳ,
 οὐκ ἐκ τούτων εἰσὶ δῆπου οἱ τοσαῦτα χρήματα λαμβάνοντες τὴν
 ἐκεῖ διατριβὴν ἀγαπῶσιν.

J. F. D.

Maladie du Siècle.

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES, BY A MODERN JEREMIAH.

YE ravens, teach me how to sing
 My sickness of each mortal thing !
 I'm sick of life, I'm sick of love,
 The earth below, the heaven above,
 Sick of myself and of misanthropy,
 Sick of my friends and of philanthropy,
 Of "proper" and *im*-proper scorn,
 Sick of the wish I'd ne'er been born,
 Sick of seeing Time with men play skittles,
 The price of coals, the price of victuals ;
 I'm sick of faith, I'm sick of doubt,
 Of lukewarm *with*, and cold *without*,
 Of peace, of strife, of sloth, of hurry,
 I'm sick of rest, I'm sick of worry,
 I'm sick of man, I'm sick of woman,
 Of Nature, human and inhuman ;
 I'm sick of satire's smartest lashes,
 Of murders, claimants, railway smashes,
 Of home-rule, of this noble nation,
 Of the bare name of education,
 Of Progress larking with old Trinity,
 Of Fawcett's Broadway of divinity,
 Of Christians and of anti-Christians,
 Of Culturists and of Philistines,
 Of each new plan each goose proposes
 For leading foxes by their noses,
 Of Dublin dirt and ugly buildings,
 Of all these white-washings and gildings,
 Of the Lord Mayor and Corporation,
 And (Lord knows !) sick of sanitation ;

I'm sick to death of new inventions,
 My fellow-creatures' good intentions,
 Of women's wrongs and women's rights,
 Of all the arts that make them frights,
 Of politics, and Punch and Judy,
 Baldoyle, the Merrion Hall, and Mudie,
 Of operas, births, deaths, and marriages,
 Of fools on foot, and fools in carriages,
 Of cheap champagne, and Exhibitions,
 And tracts, and home and foreign missions,
 Of hedonists and of ascetics,
 Kant's logic, Darwin's hypothetics;
 I'm sick of the prophetic rages,
 And *Attic* "chaff" of modern sages;
 I'm sick of *sweetness* and of *light*,
 Sick, even, to know that "*might is right*,"
 And sick, sick, sick—Oh, sick at heart,
 When earnest artists talk of "Art!"
 I'm sick of poets and their critics,
 Sick of our dainty analytics,
 Of gold proved allotropic dross—
 Sickest of all of *Kottabos*!
 Of all the blunders of the printer,
 Of that most certain sign of winter,
 When T., from editorial slumber,
 Starts with the plague of his new number!
 The times, I'm sure, are out of joint,
 And who's to blame? That's just the point;
 But things are come to such a pitch,
 That 'pon my soul my fingers itch
 To ———. Sure as I've a head and shoulders,
 Some day I'll startle all beholders!
 By George! I'll take the world by storm,
 I'll work such radical reform;
 I'll change men's tastes, I'll change the weather,
 I'll change the fashions altogether,

I'll put a check on population,
 I'll rule the tides of emigration,
 I'll reason mildly with the scorner,
 I'll make the sun shine round a corner,
 When men of genius come to grief
 I'll feed them with Australian beef,
 I'll say to Capital and Labour—
 "Kiss, and be friends—love each his neighbour!"
 And, most astounding stroke of all,
 While wages rise prices shall fall.
 Then, when the world is all I wish it,
 Before the fools have time to dish it,
 When the "*lorettes*" are sent a begging,
 When even the "swells" give up blacklegging,
 Drink, and community of wives,
 When rogues on Change have changed their lives,
 When even New Yorkers take no bribes,
 And heed Walt Whitman's diatribes;
 When Science spreads her gay pavilion
 O'er cheap millenniums for the million,
 I'll mingle blandly with the crowd,
 And—just to show I'm not too proud
 To share the world's regeneration—
 By Jove I'll try self-reformation!

J. T.



Echoes of Faust.

NIGHT.

A Gothic Chamber.—Faust at his desk.

ALAS! of high Philosophy,
The Jurist's craft and Medicine,
And, worst of all, Theology,
I've striven the mastery to win ; -
And now, poor fool, with all my lore,
I stand no wiser than before !

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Would for the last time thou didst shine,
Full Moon, upon this pain of mine !
How oft I've watch'd the midnight skies
From this lone desk to see thee rise,
Till o'er my book and papers, lo,
Sad friend, thou shed'st a tender glow.
Oh ! would upon some mountain height
I now could linger in thy light ;
In mountain cave join spirit-muster,
Flit o'er the meadows in thy lustre,

And from the fumes of knowledge fleeing,
Bathed in thy dew's renew my being!

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On daring wing once Fancy was astir,
With hopes that to eternity expanded;
A narrow spot is now enough for her,
When joy on joy the tide of time hath stranded!

Care builds her nest deep in the heart's recesses,
And darkling broods o'er dim distresses,
And restless sways herself, and scares delight and rest!
In new disguises ever is she drest;
Her form, as house and land, as wife and child, she's veiling—
As fire and water, bane and blade!
Of what befalls not you're afraid,
And what you never lose, you're evermore bewailing!

I am not like the gods—I feel it, as I must—
I'm like the worm that's writhing in the dust,
Till in the dust, which life and living gave,
Crush'd by the wanderer's tread, it finds a grave!

Is it not dust which cramps yon lofty walls,
Those hundred shelves with all their nameless trifles—
Which in its thousand forms my sight appals,
And in a world of moths my spirit stifles?
Here shall I find what still I seek in vain?
Those thousand volumes teach one tale of sadness,—
That man, poor tortured wretch, is born to pain,
With only here and there a glimpse of gladness.

Why art thou grinning, O thou hollow skull?
Say in thy brain, as mine, hath madness brooded?
Didst seek the lightsome day, and in the twilight dull,
Athirst for knowledge, find thyself deluded?

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Why is my vision fixed on yonder spot before me?
 Is yonder flask I see a magnet to my sight?
 Why of a sudden beams a bright light o'er me,
 As when o'er midnight woods the moon is breathing light?
 All hail! thou singular and precious Phial!
 I reach thee down with awe for one dread trial—
 In thee I honour human wit and skill!
 Thou abstract essence of sweet sleepy juices,
 Thou concentration of all deadly uses,
 Be thou subservient to thy master's will!
 I see thee—and the sight my pain assuages;
 I clutch thee—and the strife no longer rages!
 The flood of passion ebbs away—away—
 My spirit points me to the high seas, darkling;
 The crystal flood before my feet is sparkling;
 To brighter shores allures a brighter day!

A car of fire descends, on airy pinions,
 To bear me up. My heart is bounding light
 To cleave a path through ether's wide dominions,
 To brighter spheres of unimpeded might!
 This lofty life, this glory of the Godhead,
 Thou, but a worm, such boon deservest thou?
 Yea, on the earth with all its sunlight flooded,
 Thy back turn resolutely now!

Arouse thee! boldly burst the dreaded portals,
 Past which the coward slinks in his affright;
 Now is the time by deeds to show to mortals,
 That human worth can tower to the full Godhead's height!
 Quail not before the gulf that darkles ever,
 Where fancy in its fears its own damnation frames—
 But force the pass with one supreme endeavour,
 Around whose narrow mouth all Hell is up in flames!
 Take the dread step, with high serene resolving,
 And dare the doom of death though into nought dissolving!

Now come, pure crystal goblet, come, I bid thee,
 Forth from the antique case which long hath hid thee;—
 For many a year thou hast escaped my sight!
 Thou sparkledst at the banquets of my father,
 Didst cheer the grave guests who would round him gather,
 And pass thee to each other, left and right,
 And mark thy quaint devices with delight,
 In ready rhymes thy traceries explaining,
 And, in one draught, thine ample measure draining—
 Thou dost recall me many a youthful night!
 I care not now to pass thee to my neighbour;
 I care not that my wit upon thine art should labour;
 Here is a juice which soon puts forth its might!
 See, the brown flood is filling up thine hollow!
 I mix a bumper none shall follow—
 One long, last, draught, with all my soul, I swallow,—
 And with this festive pledge, I greet the morning light!
(Faust places the goblet to his mouth and drops it.)
(Peals of Bells and Choral Strains.)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
 Joy to the very dead,
 Whom a doom, merited,
 Haunting, inherited,
 Held as in prison!

* * *

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Sprinkled with spices,
 Ah, we arrayed Him out!
 With love's devices
 Gently we laid him out!
 Our's 'twas to bind Him,
 Swathing the limbs so dear;
 Fail we to find Him—
 Christ is not here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !
 Joy to the loving One,
 Whom the approving One,
 All sin-removing done,
 Loosed from His prison !

* * *

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Thou, O Thou buried One,
 Death who defiest,
 Sitt'st the preferrèd One,
 Throned in the highest !
 Sitt'st mid the swelling bliss,
 Prime source of gladness near ;
 We, in earth's dwelling-place,
 Linger in sadness here !
 Joy we're resigning
 While we our Master miss ;
 Ah, we're repining,
 Lord, at Thy bliss.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
 Out of corruption's lap !
 Burst from your prison !
 Bid your bonds snap !
 By your deeds teaching Him,
 Loving, besecching Him,
 Journeying, preaching Him,
 Bound each to each in Him
 Bliss till you reach in Him,
 Still is your Master near !
 Still is He here !

Cupid's Revenge.

LEUCIPPUS, thou art shot through with a shaft
 That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
 To sow a world of helpless misery
 In this unhappy kingdom. Dost thou think,
 Because thou art a prince, to make a part
 Against my power? But it is all the fault
 Of thy old father, who believes his age
 Is cold enough to quench my burning darts.
 But he shall know ere long that my dart loose
 Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
 Of Nestor. Thou thyself art lightly struck;
 But his mad love shall publish that the rage
 Of Cupid has the power to conquer age.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Battle of the Lake Regillus.

THEN tenfold round the body
 The roar of battle rose,
 Like the roar of a burning forest,
 When a strong north wind blows.
 Now backward, and now forward,
 Rocked furiously the fray,
 Till none could see Valerius,
 And none wist where he lay.
 For shivered arms and ensigns
 Were heaped there in a mound,
 And corpses stiff, and dying men
 That writhed and gnawed the ground;
 And wounded horses kicking,
 And snorting purple foam:
 Right well did such a couch besit
 A consular of Rome.

MACAULAY.

ΕΡΩΣ ΤΙΜΩΡΟΣ.

Οἷστῳ κυρεῖς, Λεύκιππε, τοξευθεὶς δία
 δαρὸν μὲν οὐ δάκνουσι, καιρίῳ δ' ὅθεν
 κακῶν ἔοικεν ἄπορον ἑξαμῶν θέρος
 ἢ δυστυχῆς χθὼν ἦδε. κοίρανος γεγὼς
 ἐμοί γε τολμᾷς ἀντέχειν; ἀλλ' αἴτιος
 ὅς σ' ἐξέφυσεν, ὅστις ὦν ψυχρὸς γέρων
 πέποιθε τὰμὰ ζάπυρ' ἀποσβέσειν βέλη.
 τάχ' εἴσεται δὲ τοῦμὸν ὡς οἶόν τέ πως
 τήκειν πάγον τόξευμα, καὶ ἀνθὲν κέαρ
 φλέγειν τὸ Νεστόρειον. ἐψαύσθης γε σὺ,
 ὃ δ' ἐμμανὴς ὦν πᾶσι δηλώσει σθένειν
 Ἔρωτος ἦσσον γῆρας ἡγριωμένου.

Α.

ΑΡΗΣ ΑΛΛΟΠΡΟΣΑΛΛΟΣ.

Ὡς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ
 ἡχῇ σμερδαλέῃ, τό δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἰς ἀνέμοιο,
 ὥς μάλα δις τόσσον τε νέκυν πέρι δηριόωντο
 ἄβρομοι, αὐίαχοι, κρατερὸς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει·
 οἱ ῥ' ἦτοι κατὰ ἴσα τάνυσσαν φύλοπιν αἰνὴν,
 πείρῃρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ὁμοίου πολέμοιο,
 οὐδέ τις ὀφθαλμοῖσι Βαλήριον ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν
 ὅππου κείτο πεσῶν κε ἴδοι μάλα περ σκοπιάζων,
 τόσσον τοι περί μιν τέρενα χροῖα πάντα κάλυψε
 δούρατα τ' ἀμφὶς ἀγέντα καὶ ἄγλαα τεύχεα φωτῶν
 κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει, πολέες δέ τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 γαῖαν ὁδὰξ λάζοντο, ἐλισσόμενοι περὶ δουρὶ,
 πνεύοντες δ' ἀφρὸν ῥινέων ἀπο μώνυχες ἵπποι
 γῆν ποσὶ λάκτιζον βεβλημένοι ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ·
 οὐ τοι αἰκέλιος τοιῶν κοσμήτορι λαῶν
 τοιοῖς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἐλὼν κύα χαλκεὸς ὕπνος.

Τ.

College Studies.

No. I.

THE LOVES, RELIGIONS, AND WHISKERS OF MR. ARTHUR CECIL PAYNE.

(AFTER CLARENCE MANGAN.)

I WAS not born to lounge about, an antipogonotrophist,
Said the beardless Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

I was not born to stay at home, an antipogonotrophist,
With a beard or an imperial
On feast-day, fast, or ferial,
Methinks I should look anything but plain,
Said this Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Said this beardless Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

So, at once he off to London set, and read the Chaetotechnicon,
Did this whiskerless young Arthur Cecil Payne,
And bought the Kallotrophic oil, as bade the Chaetotechnicon;
Using half a bottle daily,
He, through all the season gaily,
Waited, getting up his whiskers into train,
Did this Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Rich and fashionable Arthur Cecil Payne.

Now it came to pass one day, he heard the Rev. Mr. Purchas
preach,
Did this Low-Church Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
Providentially it came to pass, he heard this Mr. Purchas preach,
Where St. Mary Magdalene,
Spite of Cumming and Daubigné,
There in London has her chapel built again,
There walked in this Arthur Cecil,
There sat down this Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

And from many creeds and councils did he prove to him most
lucidly,

To the listening Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
And from Liturgies and homilies, demonstrated most lucidly,
That if ever any particles
Of Truth were in "the articles,"
They are not what Low-Church Protestants maintain ;
This he proved to Arthur Cecil,
Proved to shut-up Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

And there before the screen, in front of Rood and Antependium,
Knelt enraptured Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
Where the gold *corona lucis* lay before the Antependium,
And the Eleemosynarium
Hung up in the Sacrarium,
Underneath the oriel window's tinted pane,
There knelt down this Arthur Cecil,
Knelt the Ritualistic Arthur Payne.

"Oh!" said he, "oh, the young lady that can work me such
an altar-cloth,
Work for me, young Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
Such a mass of hearts and lilies, stars and crosses, for an altar-
cloth,
Her, whatever lady knows to
Work me this, will I propose to—
For all others, their flirtations will be vain.
With me, Mr. Arthur Cecil,
Rich and eligible Arthur Cecil Payne."

So, upon some Dublin friends he called to ask about the altar-
cloth,

To be worked for Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
"What I consent, a Protestant, to working Popish altar-cloths!"
Said Papa, "well now I'm cuss'd if I'd,"—
Said Mamma, "By faith we're justified,
And to trust to our own righteousness is vain,
Lost, but rich young Arthur Cecil!
Unregenerate Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne!"

But the daughter of this lady, when she read the letter sent to her,

All on vellum signed by Arthur Cecil Payne,
 When she read this medieval, Gothic letter that he sent to her,
 Said, "An Altar-Cloth! I never!
 Goodness gracious! Did you ever!
 Why the young man must be really insane!
 Mad is Mr. Arthur Cecil,
 Idiotic Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne!"

So the story reached at last the ear of pious sister Agatha,
 Did this whim of Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
 And she worked for him an altar-cloth, herself, did sister Agatha,
 All on silk from Hardman's ordered,
 And with silver crosses bordered,
 And she sent it up to Dublin, by the train,
 Labelled, "Mr. Arthur Cecil,
 Glass, with care, Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne."

And straight he called an four-wheeler and drove away to visit her,
 Did this love-sick Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne;
 In a gorgeous coat from Buckmaster's he walked up stairs to visit her,
 And upon his knees before her,
 Was commencing to implore her,
 That she evermore would condescend to reign
 In the heart of Arthur Cecil,
 In the constant heart of Arthur Cecil Payne.

Said she, "Oh goodness gracious! Did you ever hear such sacrilege,
 Bold and earthly Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne,
 If others of Miss Sellon's nuns will listen to such sacrilege,
 Her you then perhaps may marry,
 But for me I may not tarry,
 But must hasten back to Devonport again,
 Far away from Arthur Cecil,
 Sacrilegious Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne."

So, changed at last by grief to stone, upon the Church at Sandymount,

As a gargoyle stands this Arthur Cecil Payne!
 Miraculously there he stands transmogrified at Sandymount,
 And to all the Irish nation
 Of the evils of flirtation,
 A sad monument will evermore remain
 Metamorphosed Arthur Cecil,
 Petrified young Mr. Arthur Cecil Payne.

C. P. M.

Love Lies a-Dreaming.

IN the glow of the noontide, in flower-sprent Junetide,
 My love lay a-dreaming alone in her bower;
 With bird-song the brake rang, the wandering bee sang,
 In honey-quest faring from flower to flower.
 I crept the soft lawn in, I parted the awning
 That curtained with leaves her green nest of repose;
 My heart beat, as peeping I hung o'er her sleeping,
 And watched her fair breast as it sank and it rose.

The raven-black fringing of her lily lids tinging
 The bloom of the peach on her delicate cheek;
 Her brow stirring lightly, her lips parted slightly
 Seemed fraught with some thought that she dared not to speak.
 A breeze gently stealing shook the leaf-woven ceiling,
 And let in a sunbeam that came from above;
 It lay on her sweet lips, as drinking with deep sips,
 In warm, clinging kisses the nectar of love.

Then her brow went a-flushing with maidenly blushing,
 And her cheeks with blood-rushing grew bright as a flame;
 Till low words came stealing, her secret revealing.

My heart ceased to beat—for she murmured my name.
 I started not; spoke not; her slumber I broke not.

In a rapture of silence I stole from her side;
 The secret still keeping I won from her sleeping,
 Till I breathed it one eve in the ear of my bride.

J. F. W.

William Tell.

(Act I. Sc. 4.)

EINE edle Himmelsgabe ist
 Das Licht des Auges—Alle Wesen leben
 Vom Lichte, jedes glückliche Geschöpf—
 Die Pflanze selbst kehrt freudig sich zum Lichte.
 Und er muss sitzen, fühlend, in der Nacht,
 Im ewig Finstern—ihn erquickt nicht mehr
 Der Matten warmes grün, der Blumen Schmelz,
 Die rothen Firnen kann er nicht mehr schauen—
 Sterben ist nichts—doch leben und nicht sehen,
 Das ist ein Unglück—Warum seht ihr mich
 So jammernd an? Ich hab' zwei frische Augen
 Und kann dem blinden Vater keines geben,
 Nicht einen Schimmer von dem Meer des Lichts,
 Das glanzvoll, blendend mir ins Auge dringt.

* * *

Blinder, alter Vater,

Du kannst den Tag der Freiheit nicht mehr schauen;
 Du sollst ihn hören—Wenn von Alp zu Alp
 Die Feuerzeichen flammend sich erheben,
 Die festen Schlösser der Tyrannen fallen,
 In deine Hütte soll der Schweizer wallen,
 Zu deinem Ohr die Freudenkunde tragen,
 Und hell in deiner Nacht soll es dir tagen!

SCHILLER.

Rebenge.

LIE on;—while my revenge shall be
 To speak the very truth of thee.

EARL NUGENT.

Lux in Tenebris.

Τὸ φῶς βροτοῖσι δῶρον ἐκ θεῶν ὅσον !
 φάει γὰρ αἷης πᾶσα βόσκεται φύσις,
 φάει θ' ἅπαντα τέρπεται · πρὸς ἡλίου
 φάος τετραμμέν' αὐτά πως χαίρει φυτά ·
 ἄλλ' ἐν σκότῳ κρυφθέντα τόνδε δεῖ μένειν ·
 τοῦδ' οὐκ ὁ λείμων εὐφρανεῖ χλωρὸς κέαρ,
 οὐκ ἀνθέων ποικίλματ', οὐ τὰ πορφυρᾶ
 κρυσταλλοπήγων ἄκρα τῶνδε τῶν ὀρώων ·
 θανεῖν μὲν οὐδέεν · ζῆν δὲ νυκτὸς ἐν δυνόφοις
 κακῶν κάκιστον τοῦτο · πῶς ἄρ' ὦδ' ἐμοὶ
 σκυθρωπὸν ὄμμα προσβαλεῖν ὑμᾶς ἐχρήν ;
 ἄμφω γὰρ ὄμματ' ἐστ' ἐμοὶ σεσσωσμένῳ,
 οἷν οὐ δυναίμην οὐδ' ἐν ἅν τυφλῷ πατρὶ
 παρέχειν τάλας, οὐκ ἐγκυκλουμένων ἐμὲ
 βυθῶν φαεννῶν οὐδ' ἐν ἅν δοῦναι σέλας.

* * *

τυφλὸν γέραιον ἀθλίου πατρὸς κάρα !
 ὀράν μὲν οὐ σοί γ' ἡμαρ ἔστ' ἐλεύθερον,
 γινῶναι δ', ὅτ' αὐγὴ πομπίμου πυρὸς σκοπὰς
 ὑπερθοροῦς ἐς αἰθέρ' ἐκπέμψει φλόγα,
 ἐχθρῶν τ' ὀλεῖται σκληρὰ δὴ πολίσματα,
 ἢ σοὶ φίλος τις, εἰσμολὼν ἐς αὐλίον,
 καλὴν τότε ὥσιν ἀγγελεῖ βᾶξιν φέρων ·
 σοὶ δ' ἐν σκότῳ περ λαμπρὸν ἐκλάμψει φάος !

A. W. Q.

Ultio.

¶ MENDAX ;—mihi sat sit ultionis
 De te non nisi vera praedicare.

A.

F

January 1st, 1874.

(MIDNIGHT.)

“ON the Rialto every night I take,
At Twelve, my evening’s walk of meditation.”
So speaks brave Pierre, the man who strove to make
Venetia’s slaves an independent nation.
Such hours as these should find few eyes awake,
And midnight walks smack strong of dissipation.
Yet I; for one, I own it, love to stroll
Through sleeping streets beneath a starry pole.

But ’tis another thing to spend one’s time
Within four walls, alone like me, to-night,
To listen to the night-hours’ sullen chime,
And think of happier days and scenes more bright;
And how one friend has perish’d in his prime,
And how another—well, the theme is trite.
The terribly monotonous old song
That Death and Woe have sung so well and long.

Ah! my lost friends, right little need have I
Of skeleton beside my table seated,
Or nightly truism of “Thou must die!”
By warning voice in heedless ears repeated.
In every land my lost companions lie.

Each month with news of death mine ears are greeted.
Death still sweeps past the wither’d stalk in scorn,
To fill his gaunt arms with the ripening corn!

Ah! cloud its black shade o’er my young years throwing,
Ah! childish tears on a dead mother’s face
Ah! green grass in the hamlet church-yard growing
O’er the loved comrade of my schoolboy days.
Ah! Eastern evening sea-breeze softly blowing
Above my warm firm friend’s last resting-place.
Sweet be your sleep, ye loving hearts and true,
Who ’ll grieve for me as I have grieved for you?

H. J. DE B.

De Nihilo Nihil.

(A SONNET ON NOTHNIG.)

WELL, if it must be so, it must; and I,
 Albeit unskilful in the tuneful art,
 Will make a sonnet; or at least I'll try
 To make a sonnet, and perform my part.
 But in a sonnet everybody knows
 There must be always fourteen lines; my heart
 Sinks at the thought: but, courage—here it goes.
 There are seven lines already: could I get
 Seven more the task would be performed; and yet
 It will be like a horse behind a cart,
 For somehow rhyme has got a wondrous start
 Of reason, and while puzzling on I've let
 The subject slip. What shall it be? But, stay,
 Here comes the fourteenth line. 'Tis done! Huzza!

F.

Nirvana.

A RIVER rushing from a mountain bare,
 Thrust onward by its inward wild desire
 To reach the silver mansions of the sea,
 Where the great sun and dainty moon retire—
 And it would join them, and be happy there—
 Thinks not that in the chosen rest it seeks
 It soon must lose its own identity;
 That—though in valleys or from rugged peaks
 It warbles bright, or roars in cataracts hurl'd,
 And writes its name upon the yielding face
 Of nature's beauty—in the ocean world
 It will have neither voice, nor power, nor place,
 To call its own. Yet will it have all three—
 One voice, one power, one place—it and the sea.

A. B. O.

Troubadour Song.

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
 They bade no requiem flow ;
 What left they there to tell the brave
 That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
 A helm with its white plume torn,
 And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field,
 Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
 But who hath a tomb more proud ?
 For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
 And a banner is his shroud.

F. HEMANS.

The Cuckoo.

FAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
 Attendant of the spring :
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon, as the cowslip decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy course,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
 To pluck the flowers so gay,
 Doth start thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitate thy lay.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
 We'd make with social wing
 Our annual visit round the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

ANON.

Aere Perennius.

AT tumulo' comites nullum struxere tropaeum,
 Nemo funereos edidit ore modos :
 Quid fuit heu ! cassum propter quod rite moneret
 Fortes fortis ibi membra quiete frui ?
 Discussus tantum clypeus, fractumque verutum,
 Casside cum fracta sordida pluma sua ;
 Inficiensque cruor fatalis gramina campi,
 Mortuus ad requiem dux ubi latus erat.
 Cum genere et proavis non conditur ille sepulcro,
 Quis tamen in tumulo nobiliore iacet ?
 Nomina nam servant Syriae deformia tesqua,
 Membraque uexilli tecta uolumen habent.

H. M. H.

Ad Circulum.

ADVENA, silvestres umbras quae blanda revisis,
 Salve, floriferi temporis alma comes.
 Iam tibi ridet ager, Zephyri redeunte susurro,
 Iamque tuas laudes plurima silva canit.
 Vix nituere croci per prata virentia flavi,
 Ad nos usque melos dulce recurrit idem :
 Nec te stella fugax, variisque volubilis horis
 Findentem liquidum decipit annus iter.
 Iam puer, emissus ludo silvasque peragrans,
 Purpureas gaudet carpere veris opes,
 Restitit attonitus, tua si vox occupat aures,
 Insolitum cupiens ingeminare melos.
 O si contingat pennis me credere coelo,
 Tecum orbem magnum pervolitare velim :
 Linquimus en terras—paribus consurgimus alis—
 Ver, ad ver sociam radimus ambo fugam !

W. B. G.

The Dying Warriors.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

THE furious Danes had forced the Swedish host
 To the wild, stormy coast ;
 The chariots clash, and lifted falchions gleam
 In the moon's silver beam :
 Two dying warriors on the battle plain,
 Father and comely son, lie stretch'd among the slain.

SON.

Alas ! oh Sire, that Fate should summon me
 So young, by stern decree ;
 Ah ! never more may mother deck my hair,
 Making it passing fair ;
 My minstrel maiden, skill'd in many a lay,
 Perchance from yonder height awaits me from the fray.

FATHER.

They will lament and see our forms at night
 In dreamland's misty light :
 Be thou consoled, for soon pain's bitter dart
 Will pierce thy faithful heart.
 Thy bright-hair'd maiden, radiant in her love,
 Shall reach to thee the cup in Odin's halls above.

SON.

I've left unharp'd a glorious song of mine,
 Attuned to notes divine,
 Of kings and heroes of a bygone age,
 Of love and battle's rage:
 Ah, longings vain! when passing breezes blow,
 Thrills through the lonely harp a plaintive sound of woe.

FATHER.

The sacred courts of Odin glitter bright
 Aloft in cloudless night:
 Wander the stars beneath for evermore,
 And storms with distant roar.
 Repose we there, our mighty sires among,
 There, in Valhalla's bliss, complete thy noble song.

SON.

Ah! father mine, that Fate should summon me
 So young, by harsh decree!
 My shield as yet bears no emblazon'd name
 Of deeds deserving fame.
 The judges twelve shall deem thy son unfit,
 Amongst their awful ranks in solemn state to sit.

FATHER.

One splendid deed may well a host outshine,
 It shall be so with thine:
 To die a hero at thy country's call
 Is noblest deed of all.
 Uplift thine eyes, behold! the foemen fly,
 There is our destined home where gleams yon friendly sky!

H. T. J.

Retirement.

BLEST retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,—
 How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep,
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

O. GOLDSMITH.

The Unselfish Lover.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree.
 Be the green grass above me,
 With showers and dew-drops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

ANON.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

ALMA quies, vitae moriturae grata diei,
 Grata, sed, heu, votis usque neganda meis!
 Oh nimium felix cui talia contigit inter
 Longa iuventutis claudere dura seni.
 Tuta fuga est vires quibus in discrimina desunt;
 Suppositos Vrbi noverat ille dolos.
 Aequora nulla illi lacrimis et nata labori
 Nulla ministrorum turba metalla petit.
 Nullus in immensa stat ianitor improbus aula,
 Durus egenorum spernere vota virum.
 Tutus adesse videt finem; cui numera grata
 Virtutis fuerant, gratus et ipse Deo est;
 Leniter obrepat sensimque infirmior aetas,
 Aequa facit leti mens facilem esse viam;
 Scitque sub extremas iam iamque beatior horas
 Elysias vivens praeripuisse plagas.

R. H. C.

Securus Amorum.

NAENIIS nostrum decorare funus
 Parce, nec flores roseos sepulto,
 Carior vita, mihi nec nigrantes
 Adde cupressus:
 Qui tegat nostras viridis favillas
 Imbribus caespes madeatque rore,
 Tuque vel nostri memor immemorve,
 Delia, vivas.

B.

Shelley.

FORM frail as dewdrop on a violet
 When the great sun uplifts his upper rim,
 And the white starlight which it loves grows dim,
 Like brooklet-lymph blood-deluged: frail, and yet
 Informed with a spirit that could fret
 The sun to setting by its gaze, could swim
 Down the swift wind from heaven's verge to hell's brim,
 Fearless and fierce. Spirit, the dews that wet
 The violeted grass resemble thee,
 For thou wert gentle, too, and pure: thy voice
 Though ocean-tongued could murmur like a bee
 Smothering in cups of flowers its happy noise.
 The world was harsh and would not let thee be:
 Thou madest the world of poesy thy choice.

A. J. H.

ΕΙΣ ΩΡΟΛΟΓΙΟΝ ΕΠΙ ΤΥΜΒΩ ΕΣΤΑΛΜΕΝΟΝ.

(INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB-CLOCK ON CHANCELLOR LAW'S TOMB
 IN GREENHILL CHURCHYARD, LICHFIELD.)

I.

Τοῦτον ἔσω τέγεος κρυσταλλίνου ὥρολογοῦντα
 γνῶμον' ἐποίησεν δημοχαρῆς ὃδ' ἀνὴρ,
 ἔστησεν δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἑῷ, πάννυ χρήσιμον ἔργον
 τοῖς ὀπίσω λείπων ὧδε πορευομένοις·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν βίῳ παυσάλμεθα μήποτε καλὰ
 δρῶντες, ἐπεὶ κείνος δρᾷ τάδε κἀν θανάτῳ.

A. P.

II.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΑΥΤΟ.

Ἐν βίῳ δρομάδεσσιν ὃς εὖ ἠπίστατο χρῆσθαι
 ἡμασι, τοῦτ' ἔλιπεν μνῆμα κατοικομένου·
 νῦν ζῶει παρ' ὅτῳ μία θ' ἡμέρα ἐστὶν ὁμοία
 πολλαῖς μυριάσιν, μυριάδες τε μιᾷ.

T.

L'Amour qui passe.

STRAY waifs of perfume yesterday
 With art-made scent recall'd the prime
 Of spring, and her long years away—
 Who loved me well—when she had time!
 And I look'd back through Life's career,
 Sad-thoughted to that long-ago,
 The worn out almanac of the year,
 When we two loved each other so.

Once more as in the days gone by,
 I see your little garret room,
 So near to heaven—I mean the sky—
 So sweet—with poison in perfume?
 Once more the ballet hour prolong,
 Half drown'd like Clarence in champagne,
 In which your voice through many a song,
 To dip her drooping wings was fain!

Fair feet that trod that *cul de sac*!
 Where have ye wander'd in what ways?
 Bright eyes! through tears have you look'd back
 Upon those careless thriftless days,
 And you and I! what tempts us still?
 Are we of those wild ways still fain?
 The love that went at the winds' will—
 The youth that comes not back again.

Light Love of wasted youth! adieu,
 Vain blossom of the days that were—
 In Life's closed page best hid from view—
 And yet the poor dead flower was fair.
 No summer can with bloom endow
 Those press'd and faded petals more,
 And dreams alone can sometimes now
 That old Lost Paradise restore.

Italia.

DOV' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti servi
 Tu dell' altrui? non è, s'io scorgo il vero,
 Di chi t'offendi il diffensor men fero:
 Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.
 Così dunque l'onor, così conservi
 Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?
 Così al Valor, così al Valor primiero
 Che a te fide giurò, la fede osservi?
 Or, va! repudia il Valor prisco, e sposa
 L' Ozio; e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e la strida,
 Nel periglio maggior dormi e reposa,
 Dormi! adultera vil, fin che omicida
 Spada ultrici ti svegli, e sonnacchiosa
 E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t' uccida.

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA.

A Permissive-prohibitory Song.

WHO comes here?
 A grenadier.
 What do you want?
 A pint of beer.
 Where 's your money?
 I forgot.
 Go along,
 You drunken sot!

GAMMER GURTON.

To Italy.

WHY fails, O Italy! thy strong right arm?
 Why should a stranger be the one who saves?
 Thy guardian, as thy foe, would work thee harm,
 Both are thy enemies; both were thy slaves.
 Thus dost thou guard thine honour? Thus preserve
 Thy kingdom's ancient splendour? And thine oath
 To Valour from thy fealty not to swerve
 While he kept faith with thee? Hast kept thy troth?
 Go, then! divorce thy once loved Valour; wed
 Foul Sloth, 'mid blood and groans and battle-din;
 The gleaming sword hangs o'er thy slumb'ring head,
 Sleep! vile adulteress, in thy guilt and sin,
 Naked, defenceless in his arms then lie,
 Till vengeance wake thee—wake thee but to die.

W. C. K. W.

Regina Pecunia.

WER kommt hier?
 Ein Grenadier.
 Was brauchest Du?
 Ein Seidel Bier.
 Wo ist dein Geld?
 Im Tasch' gestellt.
 Die Tasche, wo ists?
 Das man vergisst.
 Gehe Du weg, Tölpel,
 Mit deinem List!

L.

Fragment of a Reply in Chancery.

(BY A DISTINGUISHED JUNIOR.)

IT now, my lord, becomes my place
 To say a little word on
 This very interesting case
 Of Donnelly and Durden;
 And first I'll ask your lordship's leave
 To give an illustration,
 Which shows the end, as I conceive,
 Of all this litigation.
 An old solicitor there was
 Who, with your lordship's pardon,
 Set up when he had gain'd his cause
 A scarecrow in his garden;
 A skeleton as grim and white
 As ever swung on gibbet,
 Which, with professional delight,
 To friends he would exhibit;
 And when they ask'd what might it mean,
 He said with smile compliant—
 "These are the bones pick'd bare and clean
 Of my successful client."
 Again, my lord, you've heard, I hope,
 Or else I wonder greatly,
 Of that machine called Thaumatrope,
 Famed by Archbishop Whately;

A toy that might amuse a sage,
 With which I'm well acquainted ;
 A man and horse, a bird and cage,
 Upon a card are painted :
 Until with finger and with thumb
 You deftly set it spinning,
 And then a wondrous change will come,
 Unseen at the beginning ;
 You find the man the cage within,
 You find the horse the bird on !
 By tricks like these they try to win
 Their lawsuit against Durden.

J. O'H.

Trial Shots with an Old Cross-bow.

A GOOD paradox is like a pair of scissors. Statement and truth *prima facie* point contrary ways ; but by a flash of thought they coincide, and the result is a deep incision in the mind.

A terse aphorism strikes like a bullet ; but some of the metal may be lost in the moulding.

Satire and sermons aim at reforming ; but generally only succeed at best in entertaining.

Self-knowledge is achieved by the will rather than by the understanding.

Few are too modest to boast of candour. To the eye of self and of friend alike it is the mask which many failings wear, and sometimes the cloak which hides them all.

Vice owes many victims to the exaggerations of its power by a too indulgent charity, and of its pleasure by a too ascetic religion.

If flattery hides from us our faults, clumsy attempts at it often reveal them to us cruelly.

Truth, like the moon, must be viewed from two widely-distant points simultaneously, before we can define its position or magnitude.

The spirit of the age is a tyrant. Stamped in its mint all thoughts pass current, be their metal base or fine. Without that stamp the pure gold of genius is often rejected.

The law of libel screens more rogues from justice than honest men from injury. In other words, it betrays more honest men than it protects.

If education were equal in the two sexes it might be less valued by a certain class in each. As in a level country, though the rivers are wide, sentimental people miss the music of waterfalls.

Woman's eyes have been called "wells of love." The depth of water, when clear, is underrated by the acutest eye; when impure, it may be exaggerated by the soundest judgment; but in either case to the inexperienced gaze the apparent depth is often that of the reflected heavens.

An action by no means virtuous may yet be a proof of virtue. Thus no man marries for money, till by self-denial he has learnt to sacrifice his inclinations to his supposed better interests.

Thoughts travel on words, like ships on the sea; but are much oftener wrecked by their medium of transit.

J. M.





Echoes of Faust.

Easter-Day. Outside the Town.

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST.

FREED from ice are the watercourses,
As the quickening glance of the Spring is seen ;
The dales with promised joy are green !
Hoar Winter, with his routed forces,
Falls back on the hills where the winds are keen,
And, as he retreats, he essays to pour
Impotent hail in its arrowy flight,
Which falls aslant on the verdurous floor ;
But the Sun endures not the rimy white.
Everywhere, lo, there is stirring and growing—
All with colour will soon be glowing !
The landscape still is in need of flowers,
But gay garbs deck the holiday hours !
Turn now, and from the hillock's crown
Look back upon the stirring town.
From yonder vaulted frowning gate
The gay crowd passes through the strait.
To-day each suns him on the sward,
To honour the Rising of the Lord ;
For they themselves to-day have risen
From the dingy dens of their sordid Babel—
From the bonds of the handicraftsman's prison—
From courts overshadow'd by roof and gable—

From streets with their narrow and stifling passes—
 From churches dim with a hallow'd night—
 All are bursting into light !
 See, oh, see how they spread their masses
 Through garden and field in wild delight !
 In its length and breadth how the river glasses
 The wherries afloat with their joyous freight,
 And how to sinking overladen
 The last pulls off from the meadow's marge.
 From the paths of the mountain youth and maiden
 Flaunt a thousand hues as they roam at large.
 I hear the village hum arise—
 Here is the people's paradise !
 Both great and small huzza with glee—
 Here I'm a man—so let me be !

WAGNER.

With you to walk, Sir—pray excuse me—
 Is gain and glory, well I know ;
 But in this crowd I should be loth to lose me,
 Because I hate the name of all that's low.
 This fiddling, shouting, skittle-playing,
 Makes a detestable ding-dong.
 They're mad as though the fiend were in their maying,
 And call it pleasure, call it song.

Rustics under the Linden. Dance and Song.

The swain hath dress'd him for the dance—
 Wreath, ribbon, jacket, how they glance !
 He in his best is showing.
 The ring is form'd by lass and lad,
 And all are dancing round like mad.
 Yuch he ! yuch he !
 Yuch heisa ! heisa ! he !
 The fiddle-bow is going.

Into the ring he made a rush,
And gave one of the maids a push,

With pointed elbow going.

The buxom damsel turn'd and said,
You 're really very underbred—

Yuch he! yuch he!

Yuch heisa! heisa! he!

Such boorishness bestowing.

They 're dancing as of sense bereft,

They 're dancing right, they 're dancing left,

The petticoats are flowing!

They 're growing red, they 're growing warm,

They 're resting breathless arm in arm—

Yuch he! yuch he!

Yuch heisa! heisa! he!

With hip and elbow going.

Don't make so free; full many a maid

Is first betroth'd and then betray'd

By prematurely glowing.

But soon he coax'd the maid aside,

And from the Linden far and wide—

Yuch he! yuch he!

Yuch heisa! heisa! he!

Loud cries and fiddle going.

*The People collect around Faust; he converses with them; then
proceeds with Wagner.*

FAUST.

A few steps further on to yonder stone!

Here in our ramble let us find our resting.

Here lost in thought I've often sat alone,

And mortified myself with prayer and fasting;

In hoping rich and in believing blest,

With tears and sobs, my clasp'd hands wringing,

I deemed that I might stay the pest

The Lord of Heaven to aid me bringing.

The shouts that greet me fill my soul with shame !

Oh, couldst thou in my bosom read the story,
How little sire and son could claim

Of all that long-surviving glory !

My father was a sombre, worthy man,

Who over nature and her hallow'd courses

In his own honest fashion spent his forces,
And his own course of crotchets ran,—

Who with Adepts assistance lending

Ceaseless his swarthy furnace used,

And with prescriptions never ending

His opposites together fused.

There the Red Lion, an adventurous squire,

In the warm bath was to the Lily wed ;

And then the two, with open flames of fire,

Were tortured to another bridal bed.

And how the varied hues they cherish'd

Of the Young Princess in the glass !

That was the remedy—the patients perish'd—

And, who was cured,—they let the question pass.

And so with doses drawn from hell's own fountains,

In yonder valleys, yonder mountains,

A pest more deadly was abroad.

Whole thousands took it at my giving—

They died away, and I am living—

And men the murderers applaud !

WAGNER.

Why, Sir, should this occasion you distress ?

What can an honest man do more

Than practise what was tried before

With scrupulous punctiliousness ?

If in your youth you reverence your sire,

All that he knew with joy you will be gaining ;

If when a man fresh knowledge you acquire,

Your son to higher summits will be straining.

FAUST.

Ah happy he, still hope who can,
 And to escape this sea of error vaunteth !
 What man knows not, that ever wanteth man,
 And what man knows, man never thinks he wanteth !
 But the sweet bliss we for the moment know
 Let no intrusive thought embitter—
 Behold, how brightly in the sunset glow
 The cots with green surrounded glitter !
 He sinks—he sets—the day he doth outlive—
 He hies him hence—new life he is reviving.
 Oh ! that some kindly spirit wings would give !
 After, still after him I would be striving.
 Then should eternal eventide prevail—
 The stilly world beneath me lying,
 On fire the hills, hush'd in repose each vale,
 The silver brook with golden flashes flying !
 Nought should arrest me in the godlike race,—
 Not the wild hills with all their gorges darkling !
 And lo the sea with waves embay'd and sparkling
 Bursts full on my astonish'd gaze !
 Downwards at last the God of Day is sinking !
 Wakes a new impulse of delight !
 I hurry on, his beams for ever drinking,
 'Fore me the Day, and after me the Night,
 The Welkin over me, and under me the Ocean ;—
 A glorious dream !—'tis passing !—he is gone !
 Ah, that of wings that bear the spirit on
 No corporal wing can emulate the motion !
 Yet is there born a bias in our being—
 Upwards and onwards still the feeling springs,
 When o'er us, lost in the blue empyrean,
 Her shrilly lay the lavrock sings—
 When o'er heights rough with forest daughters,
 The eagle all extended flies—
 And o'er the marshes, o'er the waters,
 The crane belated homeward hies !

WAGNER.

I've felt some curious fancies o'er me stealing,
 But own I ne'er experienced such a feeling—
 Meadows and fields soon satisfy the look ;
 I never, envied any bird its pinion ;
 But joys that o'er the spirit hold dominion
 Lead you from page to page, from book to book !
 And when the winter nights are bright, and when
 Life to the limbs a warmer glow is lending,
 You take some roll of priceless Pergamen,
 All heaven itself is on your soul descending.

FAUST.

By one sole impulse are you now possess'd,
 Oh, may you never know another !
 Two souls, alas ! are striving in my breast,
 And one would gladly sever from the other !
 One clings to earth, and, as its organs clog,
 All earthly things persistently admires ;
 The other soars beyond the mist and fog,
 And seeks the country of its lofty sires.
 If there be spirits in the upper air
 Which hover still between the earth and heaven,
 Descend ye from your golden atmosphere,
 And let new colour to my life be given.
 Oh ! that there were a magic mantle mine
 To bear me to strange lands ! in payment
 For such a robe I'd scorn the richest raiment—
 Aye, did it as a monarch's purple shine

W.

The Fly.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

SEE this fly that round us hums,
 Can't we stop its teasing buzz ;
 Drive it off, and back it comes,
 Mid our cups to trouble us.

Can it be some envious power,
 Sent poor mortals to annoy,
 Griev'd to see one little hour
 Snatch'd from Care by Love and Joy ?

Yes ! 'tis Reason, goddess stern,
 Come in this curst insect's guise,
 Teaching what we'll never learn,
 To be sober, to be wise.

Reason's curfew says, "'Tis time,
 Quench those fires of Love and Wit,"
 Wherefore heed her sullen chime,
 Who shall make us honour it ?

Reason says, "Your head is hoar,
 Time to pause, to mope, to think ;
 Cease your follies—rhyme no more,
 Give up laughter, love, and drink."

Woman 's Reason's deadliest foe,
 Mark the fly on Fanny's neck,
 Mind—'twill sting—I told you so,
 Well her white skin shows the fleck.

Fellow-subjects, rise *en masse*,
 Let's avenge Queen Fanny's pain ;
 See—the traitor's in the glass,
 Drown'd in billows of champagne.

H. J. DE B.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

WHEN some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse.
 Heavens ! how the vulgar stare ! how crowds applaud !
 How ladies read, and *literati* laud !
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best ?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And Capel Loft declares 'tis quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !
 Swains, quit the plough, resign the useless spade ;
 Lo, Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
 Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate.
 Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 Bloomfield, why not on brother Nathan too ?
 Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized ;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
 And now no boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed, without an ode.

BYRON.

Elegiac on Elegiacs.

LO, the Hexameter riseth aloft like a silvery fountain ;
 Whilst the Pentameter aye falleth in melody back.

COLERIDGE.

ΕΡΔΟΙ ΤΙΣ ΗΝ ΕΚΑΣΤΟΣ ΕΙΔΕΙΗ ΤΕΧΝΗΝ.

IMPIGER en ! iuvenis, cerdo prius, exsilit omni
 Abiecto instrumento artis clausaque taberna ;
 Et Genium spernens infabre facta Camaenis
 Munera fert, acie ut calamum cui subula prestat—
 Constupet extemplo vulgus, plauditque beato,
 Scripta legunt matronae, extollunt laude periti ;
 Et si forte iocum tentaverit improbus olim,
 “Aerugo mera,” vulgus ait, “Me iudice vincit,
 Quid quaeris ?” Nempe, urbanis mirantibus, ipsam
 Pallada crediderim stulto aspirasse poetae,
 Pollice quem Bavius recitantem laudet utroque.
 Quare agite, artifices, vana vos arte relictæ,
 Et vos, agricolæ, spreta cum vomere marra,
 Scribite ! Quid ? Raucus Codrus, Lucilius, ipso
 Cum Flacco, Dis iratis duroque sub astro
 Nati, serviles non destituere labores,
 Fatis restantes tempestatique malorum ?
 Et quidni plures ? Siquidem largitur Apollo
 Ingenium Codro, cur non Iudæus haberet,
 Quem stimulat cacoëthes, amor sine iste vocandus,
 Scribendi, malisanaque mens sive divite vena ?
 Quid ? Non nunc fiunt privati publica iuris
 Iugera, nullus obit sacro sine vate bubulcus !

W. G. T.

Versus impariter iuncti.

NOBILE surgit Epos niveum velut agmen aquarum ;
 Labitur occiduo carmine vox Elegi.

A. P. G.

Compliments.

SHOULD I write to dispraise thee, my too truthful verse
 Would halt with the lie on its lips unexpress'd;
 Should I write with more candour the case would be worse,
 For my muse cannot know what a glance has confess'd.
 Shall I move thee with tears and implore thee with sighs,
 Shall I gather the elements into thy praise,
 Declaring heaven's blue to be shamed by thine eyes,
 And thy cheeks to excel his most delicate rays?
 Shall I say that the sunshine seeks shelter in mist
 When dazzled and dimm'd by the gold of thy hair,
 Shall I say the red rose, which thy soft lips have kiss'd,
 Turns pale at their touch with an envious despair?
 Shall I liken thy grace to the swift swallow's wing,
 Thy mien to bright cloudlets forgetful of showers,
 Thy voice to the murmuring breath of the spring
 As it whispers its love to the innocent flowers?

'Tis needless, for nothing can equal thy charms,
 'Tis false, for such words bring thee into compare,
 'Tis hopeless, unless I may fly to thy arms
 And note every grace that will circle me there.
 I know not the peach-bloom that shadows thy cheek,
 I know not the cherry-like sweets of thy lip;
 Can a bee find a flower that he dares not to seek?
 Can he taste of a nectar, forbidden to sip?
 Was loveliness made but to gladden the eye,
 Is thy lip only thine to be wreathed into scorn,
 Must the fairest fruit hang the most hopelessly high,
 Must the rose be eternally fenced with a thorn?
 My verses, I own it, expected reward,
 Thy love, 'tis acknowledged, will also be sold;
 But both at a price which we cannot afford,
 For I look for love, whilst thou lookest for gold.

To the Peninsula of Sirmio.

(FROM CATULLUS.)

OF all peninsulas and isles to me
 Sirmio the dearest which the spreading deeps
 And bright recesses hold of lake or sea,
 How, at thy sight, my heart in gladness leaps !
 Scarce trusting that I see thee thus once more,
 Safe from Bithynian fields and Thynia's shore.
 Oh, what more blessed than release from care,
 When the freed spirit lays its burthen by,
 When, spent with foreign toil we homeward fare,
 And in the long'd-for couch contented lie :
 Be this the single guerdon of my pain,
 And thou, sweet Sirmio, greet thy lord again.
 Rejoice ye glancing waters of the lake,
 And all ye smiles that dwell with home, awake !

J. O'H.

Stella.

O WEARY current of life's languid tide !
 O phantom days that pass and perish so !
 Idols of cave, camp, mart, that come and go !
 One form, once seen, shall in my verse abide—
 Though me the dust and final darkness hide,
 Thus much of mine surviving, that who so
 Would see her then, to him this page can shew
 The flower-like face, the little throat's queenly pride.
 So when this poor life-drama's tale is told,
 And with the scene the actor disappears,
 Be Love unfetter'd, though by death set free,
 To kiss the scorn from her mouth's perfect mould,
 To gaze without rebuke where through the years
 Those sweet blue eyes remember and foresee.

C. P. M.

Vivien's tender Rhyme.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
 That by-and-bye will make the music mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute;
 Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
 Which rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

TENNYSON.

Dies Irae.

WH, what shall a man full of sin do,
 Whose heart is as cold as a stone,
 The black owl looking in at the window,
 And he on his death-bed alone?

When the spirit half freed from the bare case,
 Flies shinking away to the gloom,
 From the whisper of wings on the staircase,
 And the shudder of feet in the room.

And they bear him with horrible laughter—
 Though he clings with the strength of despair
 To lintel and bed-post and rafter—
 Away to the Prince of the Air!

INCERT.

ΦΡΟΝΗΜΑ ΝΗΝΕΜΟΥ ΓΑΛΑΝΑΣ.

Τοῖς ἐτεόν γε ποθεῦσι πόθον, νῶν δ' εἴ ῥα ποθεῦμες,
οὔτοι ἀπιστὴ δύναται χά πιστις ὅμοια ·
κῆν δύσπιστος ἔης τι τὸ πᾶν κεκλήσῃ ἀπιστος.
ταῦτά γε χά μικκὰ πλαγιαύλῳ ῥήξις ἔγεντο,
ἃ ποκα χασκάσδουσ' ἀποκομπασεῖ ἀδὺ μέλισμα,
ἦκα δ' αἰὲ μᾶλλον χαλαία μέχρι πάντα σιωπᾶν ·
ὥς τ' ἀπιστον ἔνεστ', ὀλίγον περ, τοῖσι ποθεῦσιν ·
ἦ ὥς ἐν ἐπομφαλίῳ μάλῳ σπῖλῳ ἰχνίον αὐτως
σύμπαντ' ἐκτακεῖν εὐρωτιᾷ ἔνδοθι μᾶλλον.
ὠτιδανὸν τὸ κτῆμ' · ἀπὸ νιν τόκα βάλλομες · οὐ γάρ ;
φῆς ῥα, φίλῃ κεφαλῇ ; τὸ κρίθητ' ἄπο, μηδ' ἐπινεύσης,
ἀλλὰ μοι ἦ πείσθητι τὰ πάντ' ἦ μὴ τύ γε μηδέν ·

J. F. D.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ ΔΥΣΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ.

QUO se vertat cui patrata
Corpus premunt tot peccata,
Corque leti frigora ;
Quem cum Morte solum sola
Spectat cum ferali stola
Ad fenestram noctua !

Tunc a carne denudatâ
Anima vix liberata
Regnum pavet luridum,
Scalis alae mussant grave,
Et suspensus per conclave
Crepit pes horridulum.

Haeret tignis et cubili,
Vique postibus exili
Spes quam praebebat ultima—
Ad Gehennam diri visu
Rapiunt cum diro risu
Daemones per aëra !

T.

Schloss Eger.

(A NEW BALLAD BY THEODORE FONTANE.)

LARMEND im Schloss zu Eger
 Ueber dem Ungerwein
 Sitzen die Würdenträger
 Herzog's Wallenstein.

Tertschka, des Feldherrn Schwager,
 Illo und Kinsky dazu,
 Ihre Heimath das Lager,
 Und die Schlacht ihre Ruh.

Lustig flackern die Kerzen,
 Aber der Tertschka spricht :
 " Ist mir 's Nacht im Herzen
 " Oder vor 'm Gesicht ?

" Diese Lichter leuchten
 " Wie in dunkler Gruft,
 " Und die Wände die feuchten
 " Hauchen Grabesluft."

Feurig funkelt der Unger,
 Aber der Kinsky spricht ;
 " Draussen bei Frost und Hunger
 " Schüttelte so mich's nicht.

" Hielte lieber bei Lützen
 " Wieder in Qualm und Rauch,
 " Wollte Gott uns schützen,
 " Oder der Teufel auch."

Illo nur Herz wie Kehle
 Hält bei Laune sich,
 Dicht ist seine Seele
 Gegen Hieb und Stich.

The Feast of Death.

CAROUSING in Eger Tower
 Over their Hungary wine
 Sit the mighty captains
 Of my Lord Wallenstein.

Sits Tertschka the chieftain's kin,
 Illo and Kinsky by ;
 Their home the tented field,
 Battle their only joy.

Cheerly the cressets glow,
 Yet Sir Tertscka cries :
 " Night must be within me,
 " Or before my eyes.

" So dimly burn the tapers,
 " It might be a dungeon cave,
 " The walls seem dank and ghastly,
 " They breathe of a reeking grave."

Fiery gleams the Tokay,
 Yet Sir Kinsky groans ;
 " Never did cold or hunger
 " So freeze me to the bones.

" Would I were at Lützen,
 " Back in the reek and fight,
 " God would bring us comfort,
 " Or else the foul fiend might."

Illo alone was cheery
 Throat and heart alike,
 Proof to fear was Illo,
 As proof to sword and pike.

Trägt ein Büffel-Koller
 Wie sein Körper, traun !
 Lustiger und toller
 War er nie zu schaun.

Und vom Trunke heiser
 Kreischt er jetzt und lacht,
 " Der erst ist der Kaiser,
 " Wer den Kaiser macht.

" Eid und Trene brechen
 " Schreckt den Feigen allein,
 " Hoch der König der Czechen,
 " Herzog Wallenstein !"

Spricht's. Da neue Bewohner
 Klirrend in Eisen und Stahl
 Butlerische Dragoner
 Nehmen Quartier im Saal.

Butler selbst im Helme
 Tritt an den Illo : " Sprich,
 " Seid ihr Schurken und Schelme
 " Oder gut kaiserlich ? "

Hei, da fahren die Klingen
 Wie von selber heraus,
 Von dem Pfeifen und Schwingen
 Löschen die Lichter aus.

Weiter geht's im Dunkeln,
 Nein im Dunkeln nicht,
 Ihrer Augen Funkeln
 Gibt das rechte Licht.

A bull's hide jacket wore he,
 Rough like himself, I ween;
 Merrier and madder
 He ne'er before was seen.

Hoarse with liquor screams he,
 His sides with laughter shake:
 "He ought to be the Kaiser
 "Who can the Kaiser make.

"Fealty and oaths may frighten
 "Craven souls, not mine;
 "Hurrah for the king of the Czechs,
 "The great Lord Wallenstein!"

Scarce spake he; a knightly company
 Stride up the hall eftsoons,
 Clanking in iron harness,
 Sir Butler's grim dragoons.

Butler himself to Illo
 Steps up with eager word:
 "O, are ye knaves and traitors,
 "Or loyal to our lord?"

Then hey! from rattling scabbards
 Impetuous swords are wrenched,
 'Mid the slashing and the hacking,
 The lamps are dashed down and quenched.

In darkness fight they fiercer,
 Yet darkness 't was not quite,
 For their eyes so fiercely flashing
 Gave the true battle light!

Tertschka fällt, daneben
 Kinsky mit Fluch und Schwur,
 Mehr um Tod wie Leben
 Ficht selbst Illo nur.

Schlägt blindhin in Scherben
 Schädel und Flaschen jetzt,
 Wie ein Eber im Sterben
 Noch die Hauer wetzt.

Licht und Fackel kommen,
 Geben düstern Schein ;
 In einander verschwommen
 Blinken Blut und Wein.

Überall im Saale
 Leichen in buntem Gemisch ;
 Stumm vor seinem Mahle
 Sitzt der Tod am Tisch.

Butler aber wie Wetter
 Donnert jetzt : " Lasst sie ruhn,
 " Das sind nur die Blätter,
 " An die Wurzel nun !"

Bald in des Schlosses Ferne
 Hört man's krachen und schrein ;
 Schau nicht in die Sterne,
 Rette dich Wallenstein !

THEODORE FONTANE.

Sir Tertschka falls, beside him
 Kinsky with curse and howl,
 And more for death than life
 Strives dauntless Illo's soul.

Madly and blind he rages,
 While skulls and flagons fly,
 As the wild boar expiring
 His gnashing tusks will ply.

Lights and torches coming
 A lurid glare shed round,
 With blood and wine commingled
 Swims all the slipp'ry ground.

Corpses in weird confusion
 Over the hall lie cast ;
 At table death sits dumbly
 Gloating on his repast.

Butler at last like thunder,
 Roars, " Care not we for them,
 " Branches only are they,
 " Now we'll hew the stem."

From the town comes sound of tumult,
 Hear'st not the fatal sign ?
 Too late to gaze on the stars now—
 Heaven help thee Wallenstein !

A. M. S.

County Guy.

COUNTY GUY, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.

The lark all day that trill'd his lay
 Sits hush'd his partner by ;
 Bird, breeze, and bower, confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade
 Her lover's vows to hear,
 To beauty shy by lattice high
 Sings high-born cavalier.

The star of love, all stars above,
 Now rules in earth and sky,
 And high and low th' influence prove,
 But where is County Guy ?

SCOTT.

A Motley Crew.

BUT with every care the camp still presented an irregular and uncouth appearance. A spy who was sent from England about the middle of October reports as follows:—They consist of an odd medley of grey beards and no beards—old men fit to drop into the grave, and young boys whose swords are near equal to their weight, and I really believe more than their length. Four or five thousand may be very good determined men, but the rest are mean, dirty, villainous-looking rascals, who seem more anxious for plunder than their prince, and would be better pleased with four shillings than a crown.

Iuppiter ex alto Periuria ridet Amantum.

IENTE GYA, cessas? Iam vespers hora propinquat
Sol celsa deserit iuga.

Vndique fragranti redolent umbracula citro,
Crispantur auris aequora.

Ille diem totum qui dulce canebat alauda
Silescit assidens pari;

Aura, nemus, volucres noctem testantur adesse,
Cur tu moraris, O Gya?

Auditura preces Phyllis Corydonis amati
Furtim per umbras labitur;

Nobilis hic dominam turris post claustra latentem
Excantat arguta fide.

Iamque Venus stellas inter micat alma minores,
Telluris et caeli potens;

Aequae pauperibus dea regibus imperat aequae,
Sed tu moraris, O Gya?

B.

ΣΥΡΦΕΤΟΣ.

SED ne summa quidem diligentia prohiberi potuit quin aliquid
Inconditi et imparati castra prae se ferrent. Speculator
missus a Britannia circiter Idus Octobres renunciavit, exercitum
e senibus barbatis et pueris imberbibus mire commixtis con-
flatum esse; homines capulares, et adolescentulos gladiatorum pon-
dere leviores, longitudine medius fidiis breviores, una tendere;
quattuor vel quinque millia strenuos sane fortesque viros;
ceteros vero meras quisquilias, sordidos et truculentos latrones,
praedarum quam principis cupidiores, centussim Caesari prae-
luros.

B.

The Return.

(ION.)

Had I beheld
That sacrilege, Adrastus had lain dead,
Or I had been torn piece-meal by his minions.
But I was far away : when I return'd,
I found my father on the nearest bench
Within our door, his thinly-silver'd head
Supported by wan hands, which hid his face
And would not be withdrawn :—no groan, no sigh
Was audible, and we might only learn
By short convulsive tremblings of his frame
That life still flickered in it—yet at last,
By some unearthly inspiration roused,
He dropped his wither'd hands, and sat erect
As in his manhood's glory—the free blood
Flush'd crimson through his cheeks—his furrow'd brow
Expanded clear, and his eyes opening full
Gleam'd with a youthful fire ; I fell in awe
Upon my knees before him.

TALFOURD.

Good Resolutions.

WHEN the Devil was sick in bed
The Devil a monk would be ;
But when the Devil was well again
The devi a monk was he.

INCERT.

ΑΝΑΓΝΩΡΙΣΙΣ.

Εἵπερ κατεῖδον θεομυσῇ πρᾶξιν παρὼν
 κείνην, "Αδραστος ὄχετ' ἂν λιπὼν φάος,
 ἧ 'γὼ σπαραγμοῖς προσπόλων τυραννικῶν
 διωλόμην ἄν. ἀλλὰ τηλουροὶ τόποι
 εἶχον με · καὶ δὴ δωματίτιν ἐστίαν
 παλισσύτου μολόντος, ἐξόδων ἔσω
 πατὴρ μὲν ἡμῖν ἀθλιωτάτας ἔδρας ·
 γέρων ἐθακεῖ, πλησίον πυλωμάτων,
 λεπταῖς ἐρείδων χερσὶ λευκανθὲς κᾶρα,
 αἷσπερ γεραιὰν ὄψιν ἐσκιάζετο,
 καθίεναι δ' οὐκ ἤθελ' · οὐκ οἰμωγμάτων
 παρὴν ἀκούειν, οὐ γόων · φοιτὰς δ' αἰὲ
 αὔρα τις ἀντίσπαστος, ἀθλία νόσος,
 ἡμῖν ἐσήμην' ὥς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ἔτι
 ῥοπῆς βλέποι φῶς · ἀλλ' ὅμως χρόνῳ λαβὼν
 θεῖόν τι πνεῦμα πρέσβυς ὄρθιον δέμας
 αἶρει, πιτνούσης ἐς γόνυ ῥυσῆς χερὸς,
 ἡβῶντος ὥσπερ, αἵματός τε χρῶς νέαις
 ἐπιρροαῖς ἥλλαξε πορφυρέαν βαφὴν·
 χρόνῳ πρόσωπον ἡλοκίσμενον μακρῷ
 φαιδρωπὸν ἐξεφαίνεται · ὁμμάτων δ' ἄπο
 πληρουμένων ἥστραπτε πῦρ νεανικόν·
 ἔγω δὲ θαμβῶν γονυπετεῖς ἔδρας πίτνω.

H. C.

Aegroti Somnia.

"**M**E mala crux agitet," clamabat Vappa, "Catonem
 Ni salvus referam," febre tenente latus.
 Audiit aegrotum facili deus aure. Quid ille?
 Me mala crux agitet si Cato Vappa fuit!

T.

Resignation.

HERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient: these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Slim Jim.

(AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY.)

SUKE SATINETTE was a comely girl,
And loved her parents dear
Till she met slim Jim, the miller's son,
Riding in a railroad keer.

Jim looked at Suke, and she looked sly,
Then he called her his duck and his dear,
Says Jim, "Will you have me?" says Suke, "I will,"
Riding in a railroad keer.

But when they came to the old man's house,
Jim began to quake with fear,
Says he "Your daughter has promised to be mine,
Riding in a railroad keer."

The old man he took his gun from the shelf,
And says he, "Slim Jim, just clear,
Or I'll blow you so high, you'll never come down
Riding in a railroad keer."

INCERT.

ΑΓΑΝΑ ΒΕΛΗ.

SERVET pastor oves, sed mors sibi vindicat unum,
 De grege nulla illam pellere cura potest.
 Tuta quidem domus—at cur sedes una relictast,
 Cur vacua infidos increpat una Lares?
 Aura “vale” semper, semper sonat aura querellas,
 Semper adest letum, semper adire parat.
 En! Niobe subolem plorat gemebunda peremptam,
 Nescit et ex aegro cedere corde dolor.
 Durandum est, neque enim frustra neque inutile quidquam,
 Officium peragit luctus habetque suum.
 Saepe suis genitor per talia consulit ipse,
 Quaque ferit sanat voluera saepe manu.

R. H. C.

ΕΠΙΜΝΑΣΤΕΤΤΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΟΙΖΥΣ.

Βόμβυκίς ἦν εὐμορφος ἐν Θήβαις κόρη,
 τέως τοκεῖς στέργωνσα πειθάρχῳ φρενὶ,
 ἕως ξυνέτυχεν Ἰσχνάδῃ Μυλωνίδου
 ἀτμοσσύτοισιν ἐπὶ δίφροις ὀχουμένη·
 ὁ μὲν πόθου βλέμμ' ἤκεν, ἡ δ' ἐθρύπτετο,
 ὁ δὲ νηττάριον καὶ φάττιον ὑπεκορίζετο,
 γῆμαι δὲ τὴν παῖδ' ἠξίωσ', ἡ δ' ἤνεσεν,
 ἀτμοσσύτοισιν ἐπὶ δίφροισιν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
 ἦδη δὲ πατρὸς ἐγγυὺς ἠλθέτην δόμων,
 τρόμος δ' ὑφεῖρπε γυῖα τῷ νεανίᾳ,
 λέγει δὲ “θυγάτηρ ἡγγύησ' ἐμοὶ λέχος
 ἀτμοσσύτοισιν ἐπὶ δίφροις ὀχουμένη.”
 γέρων δ' ἀκούσας παττάλου λαβὼν ἄπο
 ἔγκος, κέκραγ', “οὐ θάττον ἀπολιταργεῖς,
 μὴ πτώμα πίπτῃς αἰσχροὺν εἰς Αἴδου κάτω,
 θανάσιμον, ὥστε μήποτ' ἐκνεῦσαι πάλιν
 αὐτοῖσι τοῖς δίφροισι τοῖς ἀτμοσσύτοις;”

PAN.

Agamemnon.

40—70.

THE tenth year now hath come
 Since the doughty royal twain
 Of Jove's grace double-scepter'd, double-throned,
 Hath led the thousand ships
 And the muster of the land,
 To set o'er Priam's wrong their right,
 Crying havoc in their rage,
 Like vultures that are robb'd
 Of their dear and eallow nurslings, the stay of their old age,
 All desolate and lone
 They stretch their oary wings,
 And high o'er their eyrie circling sweep;
 Some God that sits on high—
 Apollo, Pan, or Jove—
 Heaven grant that His great name I invoke aright—
 Will hear their scream of pain,
 And send His vengeance down
 To render to the spoiler what he wrought;
 So Jove that rights the hearth
 Against the traitor-guest,
 Hath sent the royal pair to claim the stolen wife,
 To weary many a limb,
 And splinter many a spear,
 Where Greek and Trojan play war's game.
 For what shall be, shall be,
 And the end it draweth nigh;
 No altar-smoke, no holy wine, no heart-felt tears
 Can still the jealous wrath:
 Aye visiting the sin
 Against the Law whose rite craveth no fire.

T. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF "KOTTABOS."

SIR,

The readers of *Kottabos* have been favoured with many excellent versions of English poems into Latin and Greek. In some of these—as for instance "If I had a donkey," "Billy Taylor," "The Bobby," "Slim Jim," and others—the English piece chosen for translation has been of a homely and undignified character, and the effect produced has been due to the contrast between the slovenly style of the English and the accuracy and elegance of the Latin or Greek. In each of these cases some ancient poet, Ovid for instance, or Aristophanes, is selected for imitation, and the version has been successful in proportion as its style resembled that of the proposed model. It occurs to me that a similar feat might be performed without going beyond the limits of our own language. Some common street song might be selected, and its homely ideas might be clothed in the language of Tennyson or Swinburne. The following is an attempt to invest a street song (for the vulgarity of which I crave the pardon of the readers of *Kottabos*) with the solemnity of the Swinburnian verse. The keynote to the style of Swinburne seems to be a love of alliteration and metaphor, together with admiration for the diction of the English version of the Old Testament:—

FRAGMENT OF A STREET SONG ENTITLED "O JOHNNY, I HARDLY
KNEW YOU."

Where are those eyes that were so mild,
When of my heart you me beguil'd?
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child?
O Johnny, I hardly knew you.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO SWINBURNESE.

Also thine eyes were mild as a lowlit flame of fire,
When thou wovest the web whereof wiles were the woof, and the
warp was my heart,
Why left'st thou the fertile field whence thou reapedst the fruit of
desire,
For the change of the face of thy colour I know thee not, who
thou art!

A subsequent verse might also be translated somewhat less literally :—

STREET SONG.

Where are those legs with which you run,
When you went to shoulder the gun?
Indeed your dancing days are done ;
O Johnny, I hardly knew you.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO SWINBURNESE.

Alas ! for the going of swiftness, for the feet of the running of thee,
When thou wentest among the swords and the shoutings of captains
made shrill !
Woe is me for the pleasant places ! Yea, one shall say of thy glee
“ It is not,” and as for delight, the feet of thy dancing are still.

I hardly venture to hint that in some cases the application of a converse process might show that when grandeur of diction is filtered away there is sometimes left but a small precipitate of grandeur of thought.

ZOILUS.

Gammer Gurton on the Church.

THERE was a Low Church preacher had let every pew ;
He had so many followers he knew not what to do ;
So he piled up his galleries three stories high,
And his flock for the first time to Heaven got nigh.

A. A. D.



Echoes of Faust.

Dedication.

ONCE more, ye shifting shapes, ye gleam in vision,
As in the past ye met these troubled eyes.
Ah, could I clasp each fading apparition !
Still on my heart the old illusion lies !
Ye crowd, and bend my spirit to submission,
As 'mid the vapour and the mist ye rise.
My bosom bounds, as in my youth it bounded,
In the charm'd air by which ye are surrounded !

Ye bring the days when life was in its glory,
And many a cherish'd shade appears again ;
And, like an old and half forgotten story,
First Love and Friendship follow in their train.
Wounds bleed afresh—the plaintive memories hurry
Back through the labyrinth of life, in vain,
And name the early lost, the noble-hearted,
Who, reft of life, before me have departed.

They will not hear the lay which I am singing,
 The souls for whose delight at first I sang ;
 Gone is the band to whom my heart is clinging—
 Rung out is the acclaim of praise they rang !
 My plaint to crowds I know not I am flinging—
 Their very plaudits give my heart a pang !
 And those whose smile of old my spirit flatter'd,
 If still they live, through all the world are scatter'd.

A yearning long unfelt my soul impelleth
 To that still realm to which the spirit flees !
 And now in voiceless melody it swelleth,
 My lisping lay, like harping of the breeze !
 I thrill all o'er—the fount of feeling wellet—
 The stubborn heart is softening by degrees ;
 All that is near seems distant and ideal,
 And what hath vanish'd, *that* alone is real !

Prelude for the Theatre.

MANAGER—POET—HUMORIST.

MANAGER.

Ye two that, in the hour of need,
 I've found so often by me stand,
 Say, think you that on German land
 Our undertaking will succeed ?
 I wish to do the multitude a pleasure,
 Because it lives and lets live, at the least ;
 The posts are up—the boards set to measure—
 And everyone looks forward to a feast.
 See how they stare, their high arch'd brows from under,
 Each waiting to be set amaze with wonder.

I know the way to give the folks a zest,
 But now, as ne'er before, I'm fairly puzzled ;
 'Tis true they're not accustom'd to the best,
 But then they've read a deal, and won't be muzzled.
 How shall we see that all is fresh and new,
 And entertaining and instructive too ?
 I love to see the people when it urges
 Its way in throngs to where our booth we place,
 And, with its mighty undulating surges,
 Sweeps in a torrent through the gate of grace—
 When in broad day, ere four, the ticket-takers
 Are sorely prest as they present their checks,
 And, as in famine times for bread they crowd the bakers,
 So for a ticket they would risk their necks.
 On all this heterogeneous mass the Poet
 The wonder works. My friend, proceed to show it !

POET.

Name not the motley mob but with derision,
 At sight of which my spirit takes to flight !
 Veil the wild surging whirlpool from my vision,
 Which sucks one downward in one's own despite !
 No ! guide me rather to some spot Elysian,
 Where poet-soul can only find delight—
 Where Love and Friendship fill the heart with blessing,
 With hand divine creating and caressing.

What in the bosom long hath gush'd unheeded—
 What lip with timid lispings strives to say,
 Failing until at last it hath succeeded—
 The rush of one wild moment sweeps away !
 Oft, only when through years the work hath speeded,
 The fulness of its form it doth display.
 What glitters for the moment is begotten ;
 The genuine bides the ages, unforgotten !

HUMORIST.

About the ages prithee cease your ranting !
 Suppose about the ages *I* were canting,
 Who'd pleasure to the age impart ?
 Folks want it, and must have it, as they merit.
 The very presence of a lad of spirit,
 I fain would hope, will put you into heart.
 He that a favourite's true deportment knows,
 By popular caprice is ne'er embitter'd ;
 He likes to see a house that overflows—
 Why should his faculties away be fritter'd ?
 Then do your best—a model play present—
 Let Fancy's voice be heard with all her chorus
 Of Reason, Understanding, Sentiment,
 Feeling, and, mark me, Folly—not to bore us !

MANAGER.

But incident enough, too, let there be !
 They come to stare—'tis their delight to see.
 If with their very eyes they see you spinning,
 So that they gape for wonder, as they can,
 A broad repute, you may be sure, you're winning—
 You're quite a celebrated man !
 The mass can only be subdued by masses ;
 Something for each a proper plot allows ;
 He that brings much brings something for all classes—
 And everyone contented leaves the house.
 Give them a piece, but give it them in pieces !
 Such a ragout each palate pleases ;
 'Tis easy served, 'tis easy to invent ;
 A finish'd whole, pray, why should you present ?
 The public still will pull the whole to pieces.

POET.

Go hire some slave to minister delight,
 Nor ask the Poet to renounce his right—
 His human right—his nature and his bent !

Ah ! bid him not ignore his nobler part !

By what doth he subdue the heart ?

By what control each element ?

Is't not the concord that within him springs,
 And in his heart absorbs the world of things ?

When the long threads of life are all entangled,
 And nature's self the spindle wildly flings—

When all the chimes of being have been jangled,
 And discord harsh her descant sings—

Who in the series so assigns each station,

That, life-like, all doth rhythmically glide ?

Who summons to the general consecration,

When the accords are pealing in their pride ?

Who wakes the storm when passion overpowers ?—

Bids the red sunset in the spirit glow ?

Who culls the firstlings of the vernal bowers,

Upon the loved one's path to throw ?

Who with the greenwood's simple leafage dallies,

Till glory finds a wreath in every field ?

Who gives Olympus—joins the Gods as allies ?

The power of man in poet-soul reveal'd !

W.

Invocation.

Urania, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven !
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form—
 Jehovah—with His thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
 I pass them unalarm'd. Not Chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scoop'd out
 By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often as we look
 Into our minds, into the mind of man—
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.

WORDSWORTH.

In Exordium.

MY LORDS, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success, is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, anyone could steer you through the troubles which surround you without Reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed.

Descende Caelo.

HUC ades, Uranie, vel si qua potentior usquam
 Musa petis terras aut caeli vertice constas.
 Nubila nam superanda mihi, rususque per auras
 Deferar—hinc surgam validus, stellisque relictis
 Aetherios haustus ducam regione quieta,
 Intima quam tantum caeli sacraria velant.
 At diras facies et numina magna deorum—
 Sive choros glomerent seu solus quisque pererret—
 Atque ipsum Patrem nimbos ignesque cientem
 Stipatumque suis Paeana tonantibus acrem—
 Semideum et sellas pascit quos ignea virtus
 Praetereo impavidus. Me me non sic Chaos ingens,
 Non Erebi barathrum caecis vastisque cavernis
 Non immane illud visu sine fine recedens
 Talia praefodiunt sopitis somnia vana—
 Non tantum incutient horroris ut abdita mentis
 Carmine quam celebros vates propriamque peragro.

T. M.

Consulis Oratio.

QUAM sollicitus sim, Patres Conscripti, de vestra delibera-
 tione quomodo evadat non dissimulo, qui ordinum concor-
 diam in eo verti satis sciam. Non possum quin horrescam
 quum considero quid sit eventurum si haec nostra rogatio
 antiquetur. Sed tale vulnus, quamvis grave, in praesens modo
 nocebit, non enim dubium est quin denique atque adeo prope-
 diem perferatur, quippe cui nihil iam impedimento esse possit.
 Nolite verò vobis persuaderi, si hi consules de gubernaculis
 depellantur, fore ut quisquam per praesentes rerum tempestates
 cursum expedierit, neque Rempubli-
 can novarit. Sed secuti con-
 sules difficultatibus multo maioribus conflictarentur, quibus re-
 ferentibus rogationis libenter auctores fieretis quacum collata
 nostra plane modesta est.

B.

Lucretius on Death.

“NO more shall look upon thy face
Sweet spouse, no more with emulous race
Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

“To their soft touch right soon no more
Thy pulse shall thrill; e'en now is o'er
Thy stewardship; Death is at the door.

“One dark day wresteth every prize
From hapless man in hapless wise,
Yea e'en the desire of his eyes.”

Thus men bewail their piteous lot:
Yet should they add, “'Tis all forgot,
These things the dead man recketh not.”

Yea! could they knit for them this chain
Of words and reason, men might gain
Some sad narcotic for their pain,

Saying, “The dead are dead indeed,
The dead from all heart-sickness freed
Sleep and shall sleep and take no heed.”

* * * * *

Lo, if dumb Nature found a voice,
Would she bemoan; and not make choice
To bid poor mortals to rejoice,

Saying, “Why weep thy wane, O man,
Wert joyous e'en when life began,
When thy youth's sprightly freshets ran?

“Nay, all the joys thy life e'er knew,
As pour'd into a sieve, fell through,
And left thee but to rail and rue.

“Go, fool, as doth a well-fill’d guest,
Sated of life: with tranquil breast
Take thine inheritance of rest.

“Why seekest joys that soon must pale
Their feeble fires, and swell the tale
Of things of nought and no avail?

“Die, sleep! for all things are the same;
Though spring now stir thy crescent frame,
’T will wither. All things are the same.”

T.

A Conjecture.

(ON THE PROBABLE WHEREABOUTS OF THE OLD APPLEWOMAN WHO
USED TO SIT IN FRONT OF COLLEGE.)

THE oldest applewoman, Eve, “the fairest of her daughters,”
Had an orchard irrigated by four rivers’ mighty waters;
But faith, I’d need an apple from her own pet tree of knowledge,
To tell you what’s become of the old girl in front of College.
All sorts of things she dealt in—damsons, and plums, and pippins,
And cocoa nuts at sixpence each, and jersey pears at fippence,
And apples of Hesperides clep’d gold in classic fiction,
And known as ha’penny oranges in our more vulgar diction.

Perhaps she carries placards to earn a meagre board,
Advertising the “Turkish Baths” or the “Coming of the Lord;”
Perhaps at the “Incurables” she gets her bit and sup,
Or the medicals have kill’d her, or perhaps they’ve cut her up;
Perhaps the cruel tram cars have broken her old bones,
And her blood has tinged their iron rails and stain’d their paving
stones;

Or blown into the Liffey, she lies where mud lies deep;
Or drunk to death with Kinahan, she takes her final sleep.

But whilome rolling homeward from some nocturnal fun,
I saw two applewomen where I know there’s only one,
I cannot help suspecting that one figure, grim and tall,
Is the ghost of the old lady who once kept the College stall.

B. C.

Tom Bowling.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling
 For Death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah ! many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands !
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

DIBDIN.

ΕΥΔΕ, ΦΙΛΑ ΨΥΧΑ.

Ολκὰς ἄτ' ἀμφίκλαστος Ἀμύντιχος ἐνθάδε κεῖται ·
 ὅμμ' ἦν εἰρεσίης καὶ φάος ἡμετέρης ·
 λαίλαπος οὐκ ὀλοῆς ἔτ' ἀκούσεται ἄσπετον ἤχην,
 ᾧ παραβέβληκεν τὴν ἄκατον θάνατος.
 ἔπρεπεν εἰναλίοισιν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ὄφρις ἀγῆνωρ ·
 ἦπιον αἰὲν ἔφν μειλίχιόν τε κέαρ ·
 ἐνθάδε πάντα καλῶς πράξας, τὸν δεύτατον ἤδη
 ἐς μακάρων νήσους ἐξέπερσεν πλόον.
 οὐχ ἀνὴρ ἀλίωσεν ὑπόσχεσιν, ἦνπερ ὑπέστη,
 τόσσον ἔλαμψ' ἀρεταῖς ἔξοχα θαυμασίαις,
 πολλοῖς καὶ κεδνοῖς πεφιλημένος ἔπλετ' ἔτησιν,
 τὸν δ' ἔστερξε λίην ἡ χαρίεσσα Χλόη ·
 ἄσματα γηθοσύνῳ θάμα τοι λαθικήδεα φωνῇ
 μυρί' ἂν ἦειδεν πᾶσι χαρὰν παρέχων,
 φρούδη δ' εὐφροσύνη καὶ πένθος ὄρωρεν ἄλαστον,
 ἐς μακάρων νήσους ὥς ἐπέρσεν πλόον.
 καὶ μὴν εὐπλοΐης τοτ', Ἀμύντιχε, καὐτὸς ὀνήσει,
 εὖθ' ὁ μέγα κρατέων ἐν χθονὶ καὶ πελάγει,
 πάντας τηλεφανεῖ ὑπὸ νιγλάρου ὕστατον αὐδῇ
 ἀγκαλέσει βιότου τοὺς περόωντας ἀλά ·
 ὦδ' ὃ γ' ἴσως κατάγων θαλαμίτας ἠδὲ τυράννους
 μὰψ θάνατος θερίσας ἀνδρὸς ἔχει βίοντον,
 σῶμα μὲν εἰς ἄντλον γὰρ κάππεσεν, ὕστατα δ' αὐτὸς
 ἐς μακάρων νήσους ἐξέπερσεν πλόον.

W. W. F.

A Picture of the Period.

QUEEN-LIKE pride, yet saint-like sweetness !
Grace as of the cypress tree !

Let my verse enshrine the picture,
Stella ! for the years to be.

Pride that bends to greet my coming
With a stoop-to-conquer spell
The tiara of her tresses
Which the gold-clasps grace so well.

Sweetness of a soul untroubled ;
Who can tell what thoughts arise—
Love or dinner, heaven or bonnets—
In the blue depths of her eyes !

Grace that drapes with more than beauty
The hid form that seems so fair—
Gems to match the roseate colour ;
Gold to deck the dark-brown hair.

Too fair Stella of the period !
What a charm would it impart
To a picture nearly perfect
If she only had a heart !

C. P. M.

Love's Axioms.

YOU tell me you love me enough, dear,
You're sufficiently tender and true ;
Such respectable love is all stuff, dear,
For "*en amour assez est trop peu.*"

Learn this truth ere you purchase your trousseau ;
What the wisest of lovers all say,
Béranger, Beaumarchais and Rousseau—
"*Qui n'aime pas trop n'aime pas assez.*"

W. C. K. W.

To my Lady at Naples.

BALMY winds caress thee,
 Loveliest hues invite,
 Stars in dreaming bless thee
 All the breathless night.
 Scenes of classic story,
 Groves where myrtle sighs,
 Summits bathed in glory,
 Greet thy waking eyes.

Yet the Vulcan forges
 Glow beneath thy feet,
 Yet the Mount disgorges
 Floods of earthborn heat ;
 Ruin link'd with sweetness !
 Calling still to mind
 God in his completeness,
 Terrible and kind.

Dwells thy soul ungrieving
 Like Italian skies,
 Calm, thy bosom heaving
 Like the south wind sighs ;
 Like the lava lurking
 In that mountain's core,
 Love within me working,
 Burns for evermore.

Fierce the red stream dashes,
 Yet, e'en while it flows,
 Turns to dust and ashes,
 Leaves the land repose.
 When from hot lips gushing,
 Goes my heart's desire,
 Wilt thou smile ne'er flushing
 With a kindred fire ?

“How are the Mighty fallen!”

THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : How are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided : they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !

2 SAMUEL i. 19, *sqq.*

ΑΙΛΙΝΟΝ, ΑΙΛΙΝΟΝ ΕΙΠΕ.

Ὀρθιον, αἶα, τὸ σὸν γὰρ ὄλωλε χαμαιπετὲς ἄνθος,
 κλάζε, Παλαιστίνα, δυσκέλαδόν τε βοάν.
 μὴ λεγέτω Γάθεός τις ἐν εὐρυχόροισιν ἀγυῖαις
 δυστυχίαν στρατίας τᾶσδε διολλυμένας·
 Ἀσκαλίων ἀμαθὴς ἔστω, μὴ τοῦτο κλονούσαι
 πῆμα Φιλιστίνοι τέρψιν ἔχωσι κόραι.
 μήκετι Γιλβῶαν ἄρσωσι διόσδοτοι ὄμβροι,
 μηδ' ἱερεὺς κλιτὺς θύμασι πλουτισάτω,
 ἔνθα κάκιστ' ἄσπις βασίλεως ριφθεῖσα πρόκειται,
 ὥς κεφαλὰν ὀσίως μήποτε χρисαμένον.
 ἦν δὲ πατὴρ υἱός τε ζῶντες ἐράσμιοι αἰεὶ,
 κοῦ σφε διαρπάζειν ἡδύνατ' Αἷσα τέλος,
 αἰετὸν οἷ ταχύτατι, βία τε λέοντας ἐνίκων,
 Σαῦλον ἀνοιμώζειν λείπεται ἡδὲ γόνον.
 πάντα δ' ἔδωροῦνθ' ὑμῖν ὅσ' ἐστι χλιδάματα κάλλους,
 ἀμφιβαλόντες αἰὲ πορφυρέας στολίδας.
 οἱ τοπάρους δυνατοὶ μαλ' ὀδυρτὰ βέβασιν ἄφαντοι,
 ἄμμιγα τ' αἰχμάτων πάντ' ἀπόλωλε βέλῃ.

B. L.

A Vignette.

FAIR she was, her gold hair seeming
 Soft rays of sunlight streaming
 O'er her sky-robe blue;
 Far off her dark eyes beaming
 Heaven in their hue.

Little feet in shyness glancing,
 White hands that held entrancing
 Sweetly-kissing flowers,
 Cheeks red with blushlets dancing,
 Eyelids like bowers,

Rosy lips with ripeness blowing,
 Round ears like coral glowing,
 Pearly neck that gleam'd;
 Oh, there is never knowing
 How dear she seem'd!

Fair she was, but fairer seeming,
 Her voice with music teeming
 Deeper beauty spoke;
 I knew not I was dreaming,
 'Till I awoke.

Some day, may be, I shall meet her,
 With old-friend welcome greet her,
 Greeted as friend;
 Sweet friendship growing sweeter,
 In love to end.

A. B. O.

Water and Fire.

DOWN stream'd the rains to earth,
 When the great sun look'd forth,
 And summon'd to the cloud the covenant arch,
 Which through the ages' march
 Remains, the embodied word
 Of the Creation's Lord :
 "Never again shall sea
 Of earth sole monarch be."

Beneath the rending scourges of the gale,
 The tortured surges up the steep cliff curl'd,
 And falling seem'd to shriek with baffled wail :
 "No more, no more
 With all-appalling roar
 Shall we o'errun the world."
 And each succeeding tide
 Receding sigh'd :
 "No more, no more
 Shall sea that knows not shore
 Possess the world."

The sounding flame,
 As o'er the hills it came,
 Methought I heard proclaim :
 "The Universe shall feed
 My never-sated greed ;
 Enthron'd with Satan I for aye shall dwell
 Supreme in Hell!"

H. J. DE B.

Third Pastoral. Autumn.

NOW setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light,
 When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song :
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny :
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay :
 Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
 Die every flower, and perish all, but she ;
 What have I said ? Where'er my Delia flies
 Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise ;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Hylas.

QCCIDVOS Phoebus promebat mitior ignes,
Et sua purpureo variabant lumine nubes
Vellera, quum doctus modulari dulce querellas
Pastor Hylas rupes gemere et iuga flere docebat.

Ite, leves aerae, suspiria maesta ferentes,
Auribus ut molles capiat mea Delia versus.
Ceum miser amissos quum turtur luget amores,
Et rauco ripas resonantes murmure complet,
Non secus applorem, quum Delia desit, inanem
Aera, inauditus, nulli miserabilis, amens.

Ite, leves aerae, suspiria maesta ferentes.
Illam et pinnigerae, cessantes voce, requirunt ;
Cessant et philypae gratas sociare tenebras ;
Ipsaque, demisso iam vertice, lilia languent.
Dicite, decidui flores, quos destituit ver,
Et vos, pinnigerae mutae, quas prodidit aestas,
Silvaeque tu languens, quam gratus deserit ardor,
Nonne perit, quotiens absit suus ignis, amator ?

Ite, leves aerae, suspiria maesta ferentes.
At male sit campis qui te, mea vita, morantur !
Marcescant frondes, pereat radicitus arbor,
Et pereant flores, et cuncta, modo illa supersit !
Quid loquor ? Ah quacunque fugit mea Delia, laetum
Ver adsit, properetque novos humus edere flores ;
Nodosas decorent modo nata rosaria quercus,
Et vulgo liquidum stillet paliurus amomum.

Ite, leves aerae, suspiria maesta ferentes.
Cessabunt serum volucres prius edere cantum,
Et spirare aerae, silvarumque unda moveri,
Et rivi murmur, quam me taedebit amoris.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain ;
 Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Come, Delia, come : ah, why this long delay ?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds ;
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind,
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes, my Delia comes ! now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

POPE.

Építaphe.

ELLE qu'avait Hymen à mon cœur attachée,
 Et qui fut ici bas ce que j'aimais le mieux,
 Allant changer la terre à de plus dignes lieux,
 Au marbre que tu vois sa dépouille a cachée.
 Comme tombe une fleur que la brise a séchée,
 Ainsi fut abattu ce chef-d'œuvre des cieux ;
 Et, depuis le trépas qui lui ferma les yeux,
 L'eau que versent les miens n'est jamais étanchée.
 Ni prières, ni vœux ne m'y purent servir ;
 La rigueur de la mort se voulut assouvir,
 Et mon affection n'en put avoir dispense.
 Toi, dont la piété vient sa tombe honorer,
 Pleure mon infortune, et, pour ta récompense,
 Jamais autre douleur ne te fasse pleurer.

MALHERBE.

Nec gaudet sitiens salienti fonte viator,
 Nec fesso gratum est fossori molle cubile,
 Nec soles apibus tantum, non imber alaudis,
 Quantum me dulci recreabit Delia visu.

Ite, leves auræ, suspiria maesta ferentes.
 Ah venias, venias ! unde hæc mora, Delia, tanta est ?
 " Delia ades ! " clamant rupes montisque cavernae,
 " Delia ades ! " resonant rupes montisque cavernae.
 Di superi ! furor iste meos unde occupat artus ?
 Somnia fingit amans, an se mihi præbet aventi
 Delia ? Adest, mea adest ! iam carmen desinat, et vos
 Ite, leves auræ, suspiria nulla ferentes !

J. F. D.

ΕΤΕΥΞΑ ΤΥΜΒΩΙ ΜΕΛΟΣ.

THE whom true marriage-bonds knit to me, side by side,
 The lady who on earth was nearest to my heart
 Is fled to purer life, but here her earthly part,
 Beneath this marble slab, from me hath dared to hide.
 As falls to earth a flower the nipping blast hath dried,
 So fell my beauteous lady, heaven's best work of art.
 Death closed her eyes, but mine, since that keen, torturing smart,
 Have never ceased to weep, nor my fond grief belied.
 No prayers nor vows could aught avail, nor stay the blow,
 Death glutted in her precious blood his lustful thirst,
 And left my worthless life a prey to hopeless woe.
 And thou, whom this sad strain in pity hath amerced,
 Weep for my wretchedness, and for thy courteous dole
 May never other grief than this disturb thy soul.

R. A.

Love and Death.

SWEET youth and love in sparkling wine
 Fill'd life's fair chalice to the brim ;
 And oh ! the cup was wondrous fine
 With figured fancies round the rim.

I raised it high in haste to quaff
 The brilliant liquor flowing free :
 Behind there shrill'd a grisly laugh,
 For Death was come to drink with me.

I wrestled with his bony hand :
 His hated breath blew love away,
 And youth fell wither'd on the sand,
 Before we closed the weary fray.

No more in foamy circles high
 The liquor sparkles to the brim :
 The cup is to the bottom dry :
 All rased the figures on the rim.

And now methinks you will have read
 The meaning of this uncouth rime ;
 How she that was my love is dead,
 And I am old before my time.

B. C.

Les Vendemains.

(AFTER DUFRESNY.)

THOUGH Phyllis was fair, she was strangely capricious,
 As she sat with her love 'neath the trees,
 "In exchange you must give," said the maid avaricious
 "Thirty sheep for one kiss if you please !"

But the very next day things were vastly improving,
 On our shepherd her gifts fortune rain'd—
 For he, murmuring the tale of his passionate loving,
 For one sheep thirty kisses obtain'd.

The third day she feared lest they might be denied her,
 Those dainties for which her heart burn'd,
 So, raising her face to her lover beside her,
 For one kiss all his sheep she return'd.

Next day she'd have given up all she possess'd
 (When had pride such a terrible fall?)
 Her sheep, dog, and crook, for the kiss the rogue press'd
 On Lisette's lips for nothing at all!

W. C. K. W.

R. B. and E. B. B.

GREAT heart folded in flesh of mysticism ;
 O gentle, human, Christian heart, how few
 Can find thy wrist-pulse regular and true
 When others' beat irregular ; when schism
 Tears poets piecemeal, worse than criticism
 Self-named of self-named critics, which on you
 Blunts knife and lancet-edge. Beside thee grew
 To highest grace a peerless soul, a prism,
 That turn'd to rainbows earth's dull light, and still
 It was earth's light ; whose passionate woman's heart
 Pined for ideal worlds, and loved her own
 And ours with perfect love ; with breath to fill
 Archangel-trumps, she rather chose the part
 Of passive river-reeds by light winds blown.

A. J. H.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

- HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
 HEL. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill !
 HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
 HEL. O that my prayers could such affection move !
 HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
 HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
 HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
 HEL. None, but your beauty : would that fault were mine.

SHAKSPERE.

Flodden.

BUT as they left the darkening heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
 The horse in headlong charge assail'd,
 Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king ;
 Though thick the English shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring.
 The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark, impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 That instant that he fell :
 No thought was there of coward flight,
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded king.

WALTER SCOTT.

ΠΤΑΝΟΣ ΕΡΩΣ.

- Ἐρ. Πικροῖς ὀρώ νιν ὄμμασιν, στέργει δ' ὅμως.
 Ἐλ. εἴθ' ὄφελον γελῶσα κερδᾶναι τόδε.
 Ἐρ. πόθῳ μ' ὀνειδίζουσιν ἀνταμείβεται.
 Ἐλ. πῶς ἂν δυναίμην ταῦτ' ὑπερβαίνειν.
 Ἐρ. στυγῶ τὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ μ' ὅμως θηρᾷ πλέον.
 Ἐλ. πόθῳ τέτηκα, καὶ μ' ὅμως στυγεῖ πλέον.
 Ἐρ. ἐμοὶ γὰρ, Ἐλένη, μωρίας τάνδρὸς μέτα ;
 Ἐλ. ἐμοὶ μετεῖη καλλόνης, ἥπερ μέτα.

T.

ΒΑΝ Δ' ΙΜΕΝΑΙ ΠΟΛΕΜΟΝΔΕ.

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ὡς πέδιον λιπέτην, σκιδῶντο δ' ἄρουργαι ·
 ἡρτύνη δὲ μάχη, περὶ γὰρ ψυχέων ἐμάχοντο ·
 θρώσκον δ' ὥστε χάλαζα θαμὰ στονόεντες οὔστοι,
 προύτυψαν δ' ἱππῆες ἀολλέες ἀντίον αἰεὶ,
 πρώτοισιν πυμάτοις τε μέσοισί τ' ἐπαῖσσοντες,
 εἴ τι μένει κρατερῷ πυκίνας ῥήξαιτο φάλαγγας,
 αἱ φρίσσον δοράτεσσιν ἐελμέναι ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα ·
 ἦ μὲν δὴ πίπτον νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἰοί,
 ἵθυσαν δ' ἱππῆες ἅμα πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο,
 κόψαν δὲ πρυλέες πελέκεσσι παρασταδὸν αἰνῶς,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς Τρῶες μένον, ὡς ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης
 ὑψηλαὶ δρῦες, οὔτε κακοῦ μνήσαντο φόβοιο,
 οὐ θῆς οὐ βασιλεὺς, ἀλλὰ σθένος ἰσώσαντο,
 εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως πύκα φράξαντες δόρυ δουρί,
 ἧ γὰρ νεκρὸς ἐπιπτεν ἐπήλυθεν ἐσθλὸς ἐταῖρος,
 ἕως νύξ παυρότερον λάον καὶ ἄνακτα κάλυψεν
 ἔλκεσι τειρομένους ὀλλύντας τ' ὀλλυμένους τε.

T. M.

Intaphernes' Wife.

WHEN the king looked forth at morning
 She was still lamenting there :
 When he drank his wine at evening
 She was moaning in despair.

Then he sent a message to her,
 "Wife of Intaphernes, hear :
 Choose a life, the dearest to you
 Of the many that are dear :

"Husband, brother, children, cousins,
 Kith and kin to-day must die :
 One and only one we pardon
 For your faithful, ceaseless cry."

Then the broken-hearted lady
 Answered from her bended knee,
 "Live the king ! and let the prison
 Give my brother back to me !"

Marvelling spake the King Darius,
 "Ask the mother, ask the wife,
 Why her husband, why her children,
 Leaves she to the cruel knife ?"

And she cried, "O King Darius,
 I must do my own heart's voice :
 But it seems to me unhappy,
 Reason rules this bitter choice :

"Dearer husband, sweeter children,
 Fate may give, or fate deny,
 But, my only brother slaughter'd,
 Where were hope, and what were I ?"

Competition.

THE following questions are presented to Examiners at public competitive examinations, as having the very uncommon merit of not having been yet set :—

1. The fact that Homer was born in seven different places at once is not inconsistent with the analogy of Nature? (Butler.)
2. Discuss the difference between the uniformity and the cuneiformity of the course of Nature, and enumerate the arguments adduced by Professor Mahaffy in favour of the latter hypothesis.
3. Explain and illustrate the phonetic law which regulates the change of Polysperchon into Polly Perkins, and quote the opinion of Arrian on the subject.
4. Show that A E O, though a legitimate, is an unnecessary mode; and investigate under what circumstances I O U is useless.
5. Compare the effects of mathematics and dram-drinking on the human intellect.
6. Show that in whist the bad language of your partner varies inversely as the square root of the points.
7. Show that, with the exception of certain humorous stories, tricks with cards, and quotations made in the House of Commons, there is no knowledge innate in the human mind.
8. Discuss the question whether there are evidences of design in Mr. Blaydes' edition of Sophocles.
9. "There's a *bower* of roses by Bendemeer's stream." Discuss the variant, "There's a *power* of roses," &c., with reference to the nationality of the author. Does the *vulg.* receive any support from the phrase *right bower*?

The Dawk of Dumdum.

(FROM THE SHINDEE OF SUNOVAGUN.*)

HO! Tulwar, go saddle my grey Kitmagar,
 And place in my chattee my trusty sowar;
 Then sling round my poojah my boolbie and goont,
 Ha! ha! chotah-hazree, away to the front.
 The battah is cheering, the chunam is drawn,
 And eager for fight is each fiery tomaun;
 With cutcháre, shekáree and cookari by
 On fierce Kidnagunta we'll hurl back qui hi,
 Now Deknikoashti, now Kisahi's come,
 Aglao will remember the Dawk of Dumdum.

* The prince of orientalisks, Von Stüffanbosch is of opinion that while the dialect is in the purest form of the Shindee, the orthography, owing to the antiquity of the fragment, is in the most degraded stage of Shanderadan. Other critics of scarcely less eminence maintain that it is merely a late imitation of the Anglo-Bengalee, in which civilians and military write to their friends at home without forwarding a lexicon. We have adopted the former hypothesis, both from regard to the nobleness of the fragment, and from a belief in the natural benevolence of man.

T. M.





Echoes of Faust.

FAUST.

FEEL! or the game you hunt you will not capture!
True fire is kindled in the soul!
Feel! or no mastery of rapture
The heart of hearer will control!
Sit at it! Glue together! Stew all
Your festal filchings for a hash!
Build up your ashy pile of fuel,
And fan it to a feeble flash!
The child and jackanapes may wonder,
If praise like theirs a pleasure brings;
But heart from heart will stand asunder—
'Tis from the heart the magic springs!

WAGNER.

But Action makes the Orator you'll find—
In this I feel I'm very far behind.

FAUST.

Pursue thine aim without pretence !
 Disdain to be a tinkling fool !
 Sound understanding and good sense
 Can find an utterance without rule !
 When to the lips a great thought rushes,
 For words you do not beat the bushes.

All the neat turns on which you've set your mind—

All your crisp scissors-snippings, when you've wrought'em—
 All are as stirring as the misty Wind,
 Which rustles through the shrivelled leaves of Autumn !

WAGNER.

O God ! but Art is long,
 And short is Life ! And ever,
 E'en as I make my critical endeavour,
 Misdoubts my brain and bosom throng.
 To find some method man is always trying,
 By which to reach the fountain head ;
 And ere one half the weary way is sped,
 Already the poor devil's dying !

FAUST.

The parchment scroll—is *that* the holy well,
 On which to quench thy thirsting thou dost count ?
 Thine inner thirst if thou would'st quell,
 In thine own bosom thou must find the fount !

WAGNER.

Pardon me—but one feels enchanted,
 When to the Spirit of the Times transplanted ;
 'Tis joy to know what former sages preached,
 And mark to what a glorious height we've reached.

FAUST.

Aye, even to the starry height !
 The bygone times, my friend, are lost in night
 A book with sevenfold sigil is the past !

What men the Spirit of the Times miscall
 Is but the spirit after all
 In which the flitting times are glassed !
 'Tis all a wretched coil and cumber,

From which in sheer disgust one turns away—
 A bin for rubbish—or a loft for lumber—

The poor performance of a puppet-play,
 With high pragmatic maxims, and wise saws,
 Worthy of puppets, and their wooden jaws !

WAGNER.

But in the world—in the deep heart of man—
 One may attain to knowledge, and should prize it.

FAUST.

Knowledge, forsooth ! so call it if you can !

Who that hath seen the babe would so baptize it ?
 The few, who knowledge for their own did take,
 And left the outlets of the heart unguarded,
 And laid the bosom bare, have been rewarded,
 Yea, with the cross—the faggot—and the stake !
 But, pardon me, we're deep into the night—
 The spell of this our converse must be broken.

WAGNER.

Fain would I stay awake, till morning light,
 To listen to the words you leave unspoken,
 But on the morrow, as 'tis Easter Day,
 A few more questions let me ask, I pray.
 All zeal upon my studies I bestow ;
 True, I know much, but all things I would know.

W.

Coronach.

HE is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font re-appearing
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds, rushing,
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest !

Fleet foot on the correi,*
 Sage counsel in cumber,†
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

SCOTT.

* Correi—The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

† Cumber—Embarrassment, vexation, trouble.

Ululatus.

AVLVS abest silvis, procul est a montibus Aulus ;
 Fons velut aestivis siccus egemus aquis.
 Cras fons auctus erit pluviis ; sed gaudia nostra,
 Te referet nullus crastinus, Aule, dies !
 Non nisi maturas messor succidit aristas ;
 Deflemus raptum nos iuvenile decus.
 Non nisi marcentes Auctumnus turbine frondes
 Decutit ; est nobis laesus Aprilis honor.
 Per iuga qui velox, inter discrimina cautus,
 Acer erat bello, quam sopor altus habet !
 Ceu fontis scatebrae, clivi ros, spuma fluenti,
 Aulus in aeternum vanuit, Aulus abest.

A.

Motto for the Queen's University under the present Government.

Sub tegmine Fagi.

VIRG.

The Voyage.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

WE hired a ship : we heaved a shout :
 We turn'd her head toward the sea ;
 We laugh'd and scull'd, and baled her out,
 We scream'd, and whistled loud for glee :
 We scull'd, we scream'd, we laugh'd, we sang,
 Beneath the merry stars of June :
 Went flute tu-tu, and banjo bang :
 We meant to sail into the moon !

Far off a boatmen hail'd us high :
 " My boat is named the Bonny Bess ;
 Old Jack will charge you more than I,
 For I will charge you sixpence less.
 My boat is strong, and swift, and taut,
 But Jack's—she is not worth a cuss."
 We held his terms in scorn, for what
 Was sixpence, or a crown, to us ?

We bang'd ; we baled ; we scull'd ; we scream'd :
 The water gain'd upon us fast.
 We look'd upon the moon : she seem'd
 As far as when we saw her last.
 We look'd : no terror did we show ;
 We did not care a button, we ;
 We knew the good ship could not go
Beyond the bottom of the sea.

But one—at best he was a lout—
 The same, we guess, was short of chink—
 Exclaim'd in terror, " Let me out,
 I am quite sure the ship will sink.

The leak is quickly gaining height ;
 'Twill soon be half-way up the mast."
 And through the hatch that starry night
 We let him out, and on we pass'd.

Slight skiffs aslant the starboard slipt,
 And jet-black coal-boats, stoled in state,
 And slender shallops, silvern-tipp'd,
 And other craft, both small and great.
 But we nor changed to skiff or barge,
 Or slender shallop, silvern-peak'd ;
 We knew no vessel, small or large,
 Was built by mortal hands, but leak'd.

Beyond the blank horizon burn'd ;
 The moon had slid below the main ;
 About the bows we sharply turn'd,
 And scull'd the good ship home again.
 Before us gleam'd the hazy dawn ;
 We scull'd, but ere we shockt the lea,
 And paid old Jack, the ship had gone
 Down to the bottom of the sea.

Above the wreck the sad sea breaks,
 And many a pitying moonlight streams ;
 And o'er the yeasty waterflakes
 The snow-white seagull, sliding, screams.
 If any goods be wash'd ashore,
 Or cash—if any cash be found—
 To us, and not to Jack restore :
 But then—you cannot ; we were drown'd.

S. K. C.

The King's Soliloquy.

(HAMLET, ACT III., SCENE 3.)

WHAT if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
 To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the laws. But 'tis not so above.
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! oh bosom black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΨΥΧΗΣ ΠΛΑΝΗΜΑ.

Τί μοι πανώλης εἰ κασιγνήτῳ βρότῳ.
 χεῖρ ἦδε κὰς διπλάσιον ἠϋξήθη πάχος ;
 ἄρ' οὐ φίλος Ζεὺς χίονος ἔξανγεστέραν
 ὄμβρους τρέφει νύφοντας ; ὥς λύει τί δὴ
 βροτοῖσιν οἶκτος, πλὴν ἴν' ἐξ ἐναντίας
 στῇ ταῖς ἀμαρτίαισι ; καὶ ποῖα λιτῶν
 χρεῖα 'στιν, εἰ μὴ θατέρου τις ὡς τύχη—
 εἴθ' ὥς θεὸς πταίσοντα κουφίσας φθάσῃ,
 εἴτ' οὖν ἅπαξ σφαλέντι συγγνώμην διδῶ.
 ἀναβλέπω δ' οὖν, ὥς ἐπ' ἀμβλυθέντι μου
 ἄγει κακίστῳ τῷδε · τίς δὲ προστροπὴ
 μέλλει, τίς ἔδρα μ' ὠφελεῖν ; συγγνώθι μοι
 ὃ δυσσεβῶς αἴμ' εἶλον ; ἀλλὰ ποῖ βλέπων
 φῶ ταῦτ', ἔχων ὦν οὐνεκ' εἵργασμαι φόνον,
 σκῆπτρον, λέχος τε βασιλικόν, κράτος τ' ἐμόν ;
 πῶς ἐγκρατεῖ τῷ τῶν βία λελησμένων
 ἀζημία πρόχειρος ; ἢ διαστροφῶς
 ῥεῖ τάνθάδε ῥοαῖσιν, ὥσθ' ἀμαρτίας
 δίκην παρωθεῖν χεῖρ σθένει χρυσουμένη,
 παρεμπολᾷ γὰρ ἄθλον ὀλέθριον φόνου
 τὰ πολλὰ θεσμούς · ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ νομίζεται
 οὐ ταῦτά γ' · οὐ στροφή τις · ἀλλ' ἀπλῶ τρόπῳ
 δικάζεται τὸ πρᾶγμα, καὶ φαῦλον χρεῶν
 αὐτῶν ἔναντα τῶν πεπλημμελημένων
 αὐτὸν καθ' αὐτοῦ φῶτα μηνυτὴν κυρεῖν.
 καὶ δὴ τί λοιπόν ; εἶα, πειρῶμαι τάλας,
 τί τίς δύναιτ' ἂν ὃς μετέγνωκεν ; τί δ' οὐ ;
 καίτοι λύσις τίς, μὴ μεταγνῶναι παρόν ;
 κακῶς πέπρακται πάντα · φεῦ, βουλευμάτα
 μελάντερ' Αἰῖδου, φεῦ τάλαινα φρὴν, ὅσῳ
 μᾶλλον παλαίει μᾶλλον, ἰξευθεὶς ὅπως
 ὄρνις, πεδηθεῖς · εἴ', ἀρήξατ', ὦ θεοί,
 στερρόν δὲ καμπὴν ἱκεσίαν κάμψῃ γόνυ,
 σὺ δ', ὦ σιδήρου σπλάγχχνον ἐντονώτερον,
 ἄλλαξον ὀργὴν ἡπιωτέραν βρέφους,
 ἔξεστι γάρ πως πρᾶγος εὖ πίπτειν τόδε.

The Ancient Mariner.

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow follow'd free,
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
 The bloody sun at noon
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink,
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ,
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things with legs did crawl
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
 The death-fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

COLERIDGE.

Horresco referens.

REBRESCUNT venti: canens respergitur unda,
 Insequitur limes latus sulcante carina,
 Audaces tacitum primi violavimus aequor.
 En ventus cecidit, ceciderunt vela soluta,
 Ne tu quaere metus—verbis quis vincere possit?
 Tantum ne regerent tam vasta silentia pontum
 Fugit ab ore sonus; rutila ferrugine caelum
 Candet; sol medio malum supereminet aestu
 Ipse maligna rubens nec maior imagine lunae.
 Tarda dies, et quaeque dies haerentibus ibat
 Tardior, haud ullo vento fluctuve movente,
 Picta ratis veluti si pictis pendeat undis.
 Undique fluctus erat, tabulas squallere videres,
 Undique fluctus erat, fauces sitis arida torret.
 Di nobis meliora! Putrescit pontus ab imis
 Sedibus ipse, et foeda modis animalia miris
 Lentā trahunt lentum tabentia crura per aequor.
 Nunc hinc nunc illinc noctu circumsilit ignis
 Intentatque necem; fluctus variante colore
 Aestuat, ut quondam, saga miscente, venena.

T. M.

Madrigal.

WHEN primroses begin to peer,
 Though distant hills be capp'd with snow,
 And one stray thrush will carol clear
 To snow-drops drooping all-a-row ;
 When building rooks caw as they pass,
 And the sun gleams o'er misty plains,
 Or melts the hoar-frost from the grass,
 The blood runs brisker in the veins.
 Then hey for the spring! when the sweet
 birds sing :
 Both lads and lasses love the spring.

When sunshine fills the keen March air,
 And rain-gusts swirl across the lea,
 And the day veers from foul to fair,
 And the sap runs in every tree ;
 When clouds in thousand shapes appear,
 And colt's-foot buds in miry lanes,
 And all things feel the spring o' the year,
 The blood runs merrier in the veins.
 Then hey for the spring! when the sweet
 birds sing :
 Both lads and lasses love the spring.

J. T.

Rondel.

I KNOW the fashion of your brows,
 The little blood-beats amorous,
 In violet veins that bloom or die,
 Faded or fed by smile or sigh,
 Your balmy breath that faints and flows
 Through dusk locks dreamily.

I know your voice so soft and sweet,
 Like song of streams in summer heat ;
 Its charmèd cadence soothes the sense,
 Fired with love's lustre too intense.
 The fairy flutter of your feet
 Thrills me with sweet suspense.

I know each gleam of changeful grace
 That lights the love-cloud of your face ;
 Like sunset lights on mountain snow
 The fitful flashes come and go.
 Love's hidden rose, methinks, I trace ?
 Say, sweet ! but say not—no.

J. V.

Cæsar and Napoleon.

WHEN shall the world see days like those of yore,
 When up the steep streets of triumphant Rome
 Slowly and statelily the legions bore
 The glittering eagles crown'd with victory home !
 The city thunder'd with the people's roar,
 The incense flamed 'neath many a towering dome ;
 The vanquish'd nations crouch'd, by Cæsar routed—
 Cæsar went home, sat down, and wrote about it.

He wrote, and how he wrote, this Lord of all,
 How modestly, how simply, yet how well,
 Great is he when the nations 'neath him fall,
 But greater when he tells us how they fell.
 Ask was the Roman greater than the Gaul—
 Needs but the bulletins of both to tell,
 The one writes like a ranting charlatan,
 The other curtly, sternly, like a man.

H. J. DE B.

Will.

WELL for him whose will is strong !
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That compass'd round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
 And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,
 Recurring and suggesting still !
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,
 And o'er a weary, sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

TENNYSON.

"Aboutly to be wished."

SWANS sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
 Should many persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

ΠΥΚΙΝΟΣ ΝΟΟΣ.

Εὐποτμος ὅστις τὴν φρέν' ἄγναμπτον τρέφει ·
 καὶ δὴ ποτ' ἀλγῶν δαρὸν οὐκ ἀλγύνεται ·
 ἀλγεῖ μέν, ἀλγεῖ, παγκάλως δ' ἀλγύνεται ·
 κινεῖ γὰρ οὐκ εἰκὴ σφε καὶ πολὺς βρέμων
 γέλως ποτ' ἀνδρῶν, οὐ κακῶν τρικυμία ·
 πρόβλημα πόντου στερεὸν ἔστηκεν δοκεῖν ·
 φύρδην δ' λάβροις περιδρομον πάντη κτύποις
 ῥοθίων τε δεινὴν πελαγίων μῖμνει βίαν,
 δυσχείμερόν τ' ἀνέθετο πυργῶδες στέφος.
 δύσποτμος ὅς δ' αὖ μὴ 'πὶ βέλτιον τραπεῖς
 γνώμης θεόρτου φθείρεται ῥώμην χρόνῳ ·
 ἀνόσια ῥέζων καὶ πλέον κακύνεται,
 ἧ καὶ νόσος συγγνωστὸς εὐθυμός τ' ἰδεῖν
 αἰετ' ἐπισπᾷ καὶ παλίσκοτος μένει.
 οὕτω μεθῆκε βάσιν ὁδοίπορός ποτε,
 ψάμμον τις ἔρπων ἀσθενὴς ἀτέρμονα,
 ᾧ δυσπόνου δὴ καὶ δι' αὐχμηρᾶς πλακός,
 ἄνω φλέγοντος οὐρανοῦ κύκλῳ, μακρὰν
 ὄρων ἀπλάτων ἐμφυτευθεῖσα πτυχῇ,
 ἀλῶν τρύφος τι παμφαές, πρέπει πόλιν.

J. F. D.

ΕΥΧΗΣ ΑΞΙΟΝ.

Κύκνε, φιλεῖς ἄδειν στρυγερὰ σ' ὅτε Μοῖρα κιχάνει,
 ὥς τινα πρὶν σφ' ἄδειν ὥφελε Μοῖρα κιχεῖν !

T.

A Meditation.

OH, the praties they are small,
Over there !

Oh, the praties they are small,
Over there !

Oh, the praties they are small,
And they digs them at the Fall,
And they ates them—skins and all—
Over there !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,
All forlorn !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,
All forlorn !

Oh, I wish I were a geese,
I would live and die in peace,
And accumulate much grease,
Eating corn.

ANON.

My Thoughts were o'er the Sea.

I KNOW not how, but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still ;
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.

They said the stars shone out with softer gleam :
It seemed not so to me !
In vain a scene of beauty beam'd around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea.

LONGFELLOW.

Laudo diversa sequentes.

ISTA ieiunas populo querenti
 Gleba radices parit ; imminente
 Effodit bruma, tunicasque sorbet
 (Nec pudet) ipsas.

Si daret fatum, vagus anser essem,
 Fallerem vivus morererque laetus,
 Grana supremos adipis vorando
 Nactus honores.

H. C.

ΠΟΘΝΙ Δ' ΥΠΕΡΠΟΝΤΙΑΣ.

PVLCRA quidem rosa erat, tellus mihi pulcrrior illa ;
 At mea nescio quod corda gravavit onus ;
 Vsque metu micuere sinus, seu colle sonaret
 Aura, daret liquidos seu Philomela modos.
 “Mitior hic aether, fulgent hic mitius astra :”
 Haec placuere aliis, displicuere mihi ;
 Arrisit frustra mihi formosissima tellus,
 Trans tumidas semper mente ferebar aquas.

B.

The Rime of Lord Rhadnor.

“**W**HAT ho! ye churls, is there any here
That can tell me whither my course to steer?
Room and rest and rustic cheer
Are a weary huntsman’s want.
Tired am I, and in need of food;
My starving hunter has well-nigh chew’d
His bridle through. By the Holy Rood,
Yours is a homeless haunt!

“And a woful welcome this is yours.
Do ye live like the heathcock upon the moors?
Well will I guerdon you, stupid boors,
An ye’ll tell me where I may lie.”
But the Lord of Rhadnor craved in vain,
Room nor goodwill might he hope to gain.
He cursed the churls in his high disdain,
And they answer’d him mockingly.

He had ridden since first he heard “Hunt ’s up,”
Ridden in chase since his stirrup cup,
Ridden without or bite or sup,
Ridden he knew not where.
Lost were his friends and lost his way,
And he rode for where a steeple lay,
Hoping for rest at close of day,
Hoping for food and fare.

Oft he sounded his cheering horn—
No answer he got save Echo’s scorn;
And he cursed the stag, and he cursed the morn,
That had left him in the lurch.

An angry, reckless wight was he,
 Little he laid by sanctity.
 Straightway he rode as straight might be
 To the good Saint Avan's church.
 Never a moment's time he lost,
 His godless forehead he never cross'd,
 Cared not he, nor counted the cost,
 But he forced him through the porch.

He settled himself and his horse to rest
 Aneath the cross by the good saint bless'd.
 Never an orison he address'd
 To the saints that watch us below.
 But or ever his thoughts might let him be,
 Borne on the wind all fitfully,
 Gladder than gladdest minstrelsy,
 Might he hear both loud and low
 The notes of his pack, that in musical time
 Came to him droppingly, clear as the chime
 Of Saint Avan's bell, and his heart rang rime,
 And his voice a hale halloo!

On they came to his well-known call,
 Ringwood, Silver, Lady, and all,
 And the church was turn'd to a hunting-hall
 Ere the dawn began to peep.
 Reckless he was, and fain would see
 That himself and his dogs might shelter'd be
 Albeit so sacrilegiously;
 And he settled himself to sleep.

Saint Avan look'd down from his saintly bliss
 To the Cambrian shrine of his holiness.
 Saint Avan he blench'd and started, I wis,
 And the crown of his glory shook—

" Was it for this I kept in bounds
 Passion and pleasure, bore these wounds—
 Was it to stable horses and hounds
 In my church? By the Holy Book,

" A curse shall light on that evil lord:
 He shall see no more, he shall speak no word,
 Deaf and blind for this deed abhorr'd

Be he and his cursed pack!"
 Lord Rhadnor awoke, but all was dark;
 He open'd his lips for Halloo and Hark,
 But they came not—no, nor ever a spark
 Of light—all still and black.

And there was an end of Lord Rhadnor's sport—
 His days were evil, his course was short.
 Huntsmen, I pray you, wind a mort

In pity of his fate,
 And bide your time ere ye make a stable
 Or kennel of church, and as long as you're able
 Remember the pith of this doleful fable,
 Nor hunt till it be too late.

H. C. H.

In the Lecture Room.

OUR doctor lectured divinely;
 We felt our bosoms kindle
 As we thought there really might be
 A God in spite of Tyndall.

Outside the leaves were tossing,
 The clouds raced over the blue,
 The lark was in his heaven,
 And God was there I knew.

E. D.

Darkness rather than light.

GIRL! with thy childish ways,
 Unlearn'd in evil, as thou art,
 Thou dost recall those early days,
 When I was young in heart.
 I cannot bear thy look serene,
 Thy smile so pure and bright,
 I dare not think what I have been,
 I may not linger in thy sight.

The moonlight on the sea
 Makes the wild waves look wilder yet,
 And thus thy beauty shines on me
 And all I would forget.
 O'er some still water thou shouldst bend,
 Where storm hath never burst,
 There angel-like do thou descend,
 And bid love wake the billows first.

J. M.

Ad Amicant meam.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.)

SUPPOSE that I was king, dear, I'd give up wealth untold—
 Jewell'd sceptre, kneeling subjects, ships of war, and ivory cars,
 And my baths of polish'd porph'ry, and my crown of burnish'd
 gold—

All my kingdom for a gift that no royal treasure buys,
 For one glance, little love, from your eyes!

And suppose that I was God, dear, I'd give up earth's broad
 plains,

And her oceans, and the sun, and all my pretty little stars,
 And all my singing angels, and the devils bound in chains—

Vast chaos down below and bright heaven itself above,
 For one kiss from your lips, little love!

W. C. K. W.

Calm Bendemeer.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 'To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think, is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

MOORE.

War.

WAR, if thou wert subject but to death,
 And by desert might'st fall to Phlegethon,
 The torment that Ixion suffereth,
 Or his whose soul the vulture seizeth on,
 Were all too little to reward thy wrath;
 Nor all the plagues that fiery Pluto hath
 The most outrageous sinners laid upon.

T. Kyd.

Meminisse iubabit.

ILLIMES ad aquas texunt umbracula flores,
 Semper ubi liquidos dat Philomela modos :
 Visa mihi tenerae gratissima somnia vitae
 Carmen avis quondam strataque membra rosis.
 Nunquam e mente fugit vox sueta sonare per umbras,
 Sed mihi quum soli ver geniale redit,
 Saepe recurrit idem—solitam Philomela querellam
 Fundit, adhuc vivas recreat unda rosas ?
 Heu superimpendens lymphae flos marcuit olim,
 Rara tamen nondum languida carpta rosa est ;
 Guttaque destillans foliis, iam vere peracto,
 Veris odoriferos visa referre dies.
 Sic, puto, delicias redolens velut aura fugaces
 In longum memori mente superstes erit ;
 Corque meum refovent ut quondam umbracula ocellos
 Qua tacito ripas alluit unda pede.

B. L.

Bella, horrida Bella.

BELLICA tu caedes, si sis obnoxia leto,
 Vtque merere imum sub Phlegethonta ruas,
 Quae tormenta premunt Ixiona, quaeque Promethea,
 Viscera cui vultur, pabula viva, rapit,
 Haec tibi si saevi reddantur cuncta furoris
 Praemia, tormenti sic patiare parum ;
 Et si quae torvus sceleris teterrima Pluto
 Supplicia exegit perpetiare, parumst.

J. F. D.

Cognus Expirans.

“ Parendum est, cedendum est,
 Claudenda vitae scena,
 Est iacta sors, me vocat mors
 Haec hora est postrema,
 Valete res, valete spes,
 Sic finit cantilena.”

(For the rest of this poem see Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, p. 285, 3rd Ed.)

DEATH calls away, I must obey,
 I yield to fate unbending,
 The lot is cast, Death's here at last,
 Time to its close is tending.
 Farewell to wealth, farewell to health,
 And so the song is ending.

O glorious sun, run, swiftly run,
 Your course to mortals cheering,
 Enough your ray has lit my way,
 And now it's disappearing;
 Now wanes the light 'neath brooding night,
 My barque the port is nearing.

O silver moon, to fail so soon,
 O golden constellations,
 O dim-lit star, whose eye from far
 Peers at the earthly nations,
 When I am gone, you'll still shine on
 For future generations.

Well, who need sigh to say “good-bye”
 To a world that's all deceiving,
 Its joys so mad, their end so sad,
 Its wicked ways, and thieving,
 Its smiles and tears, its constant fears—
 I leave it without grieving.

The marble dome that crowns my home,
 Far o'er the landscape showing,
 Its pictured walls, and ample halls
 With gold and ivory glowing,
 I leave them all for the narrow hall
 Where Death and I are going.

The festive throng, the roistering song,
 No joy to me are bringing,
 O Priests that raise the hymn of praise,
 I cannot mind your singing.
 So loud and near, one song I hear,
 That the sexton's bell is ringing.

The butler's hoard, the furnish'd board,
 The feast where joy reposes,
 The torches' light, the garlands bright,
 The winecup crown'd with roses,
 But cause me pain, since I must drain
 The cup that Death proposes.

The rich perfumes may scent my rooms,
 Their costly odours weeping,
 My purples bright ne'er see the light,
 For rust and moth they're keeping.
 'Tis little I'll care in the churchyard there,
 With the worms about me creeping.

At Fortune's frown come tumbling down
 High name and fair possession,
 Small grief to me who soon must see
 Th' Eternal Judge's session ;
 Life's pageantry is passing me
 Like a harlequin's procession.

O friends so fond, all friends beyond,
 Whose like shall earth see never,
 Soon, this world's great Arch-potentate
 Our partnership must sever.
 We meet no more—our jokes are o'er,
 Farewell, at last, for ever.

Farewell to you, my body, too,
 Your rest you're longing after,
 You shared with me life's changerie,
 Its weeping, and its laughter.
 What yet may be, we soon shall see
 Of good or ill hereafter.

J. A. C.

The Cambridge Man, X. Y.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL, BY STERTIMORE
 BAWLINS, ESQ.

Qui fit?—*Virg.*

Quota hora?—*Petronius Umpire.*

X. Y. WAS at breakfast in the back-parlour of the York and Albany. His breakfast consisted of huge hunks of Stilton, which he washed down with still huger draughts of Disher's twenty-guinea. All the time, he kept whistling the last air from the last opera but one, while a tame cobra de capella stood on his head. While X. Y. was doing all these things, and several others, he threw off sheet after sheet of his great work on Assyria, and set to music his Latin poem beginning:—

Iuvenis sum rure nuper,
 Sed non venies me super.

He ate, and wrote, and whistled, and drank hugely, for X. Y. always did everything hugely, and always said he could do more than other men because he ate more cheese. But we must first introduce X. Y. to our readers.

Xenophon Yoricks, or, as he was known to the Charterhouse, Cambridge, and the residue of the Solar System, X. Y., was a noticeable man. He stood without his stockings seven feet seven. His weight was the cube of some multiple of seven or some other number. A noticeable man was X. Y. X. Y.'s hair was red. X. Y.'s eyes were green. X. Y.'s teeth were blue. Yet the Duchess of Bézique, whose *mots* were the most original in Europe, said, "X. Y., my dear, is hideous, it is true, but he is like the Express, only a few hours behind the handsomest man on the north side of South Belgravia." It is unnecessary to add that, as senior wrangler, X. Y. obtained more marks than all the other wranglers put together since the days of William de Non-plus down to the current year of Smith. As senior classic, his examination was still more remarkable. The Greek prose papers he did into Servian verse, and the Greek verse passages into Chinese prose; and his *viva voce* translation of Iophon was so irresistibly comic, that the Bishop of Oxford, who had slipped in in a porter's uniform to hear X. Y.'s translation, was carried out in a fit. It is still more unnecessary to add that as stroke of the 'Varsity Eight, X. Y., having broken his oar, paddled in with his hand, winning easily; that he won the 'Varsity billiard match, giving his opponent 1347 points out of 1400; that he won the 'Varsity Chess Match by fifty-three games against Rooks of Chequers.

Yet, on some points, X. Y.'s mind was delicate to a degree. When Griggs of Brazenface said to him one evening, "Let's go to the Soho, and see Polly Bilton dance." "Griggs," roared X. Y., in a voice that shattered every glass-shade, "I have an aunt." On another occasion, X. Y., after a ninety miles stroll, dropped into the Parthenon, where the orders of the Lord Chamberlain are not always observed. To bound from the stalls, to stride across the stage, to tear down the scenery, to get back his money, to rush into the street, to spring upon the top of a

passing hansom, to drive to Flat Bangham's, to put on the gloves with Tom Sayers who was to fight Jack Heenan next morning, to spar for four hours and a half, was the work of rather more time than it takes to describe it. It was well known in Flat Bangham's parlour that but for that set-to Tom would have won in seventeen seconds. X. Y.'s favourite dinner is still known at the Cytheræum as X. Y.'s dinner. It consisted of pea-soup and chopped ling. Bobêche of the Cytheræum is famous for his chopped ling. The receipt is as follows:—He bakes it whole; he then lets it cool; he then slices it into triangles; he then serves it on a brazier with the livers of red herrings.

By this time, the reader is perhaps sufficiently acquainted with X. Y. If not, let him take the utmost anybody has ever done in anything; multiply it by 20000, and ascribe it to X. Y. If that does not satisfy him, nothing will, not even STERTIMORE BAWLINS, Esq.

T. M.





Chant de Mai.

(MEYERBEER.)

DOST know the song was brought me
By the brooks in spring-time flowing,
Which the sighing Zephyrs taught me,
And the flowers on green banks growing,
Amid which I sank to rest ?
The sun all golden shining
In my willing ear instill'd it,
When his flame-wreath he was twining ;
And the little bird forth trill'd it
From a spray beside his nest.
Dost know it ? Say, dost know it ?

The grasshopper on bounding,
In his singing stopping never,
Told it to each plant surrounding ;
Nor has any poet ever,
Though he tried and tried again,
Aught written that could reach it
In true tenderness or feeling.
To you, my friend, I'll teach it
When o'er flower-strewn meadows stealing .
The bright moon begins to wane.
Dost yet know it ? Say, dost know it ?

Ah ! quickly shalt thou know it,
 And through all thy life retain it,
 If to you I should but show it ;
 Letters only four contain it ;
 'Tis one word, and naught beside.
 And 'tis " Love," this word so wondrous,
 And each heav'n-descended ray,
 And the flow'rs that spring up under us,
 Tell it, sing it all the day
 In spring's bright and joyous tide.
 Now thou knowest—it is "*Love*."

A. J. P.

A March Whistle.

THE northwind blows across ridge and river,
 The pine crest reels at his furious charge,
 In the topmost woodland he roystereth ever,
 And high o'er the valley he flies at large ;
 But ere he sweeps up the next bare hill,
 He whirls the wild rain, spattering chill
 On cheeks that flush and on lips that quiver
 To hail the herald of lusty March.

The sea-channel spumes as the vast blast crashes,
 And up on the green cape springs the spray ;
 The billow leaps and the mad surf lashes
 Along the curve of the seething bay ;
 And out at the lighthouse-point the light
 Gleams like a star on the glooming night,
 And ruddily o'er the wan surge flashes
 The levell'd beam of its fiery ray.

But the storm will be well overblown to-morrow,
 And slowly will sink all the swollen waves,
 The new morn's verdure and breath will borrow
 A wild, fresh charm from this gust that raves:
 The sky and the heart from this day forth
 Will brighten in spite of the blustering north,
 For the joy of the young spring soothes all sorrow,
 As daisies overgrow last year's graves.

The iron winter is past and over,
 And mad March revels in glorious glee,
 And the golden king-cup and purple clover
 Will soon embroider the deep-grass'd lea:
 The primrose buds under holt and hedge,
 And forget-me-not amid sheltering sedge,
 And the cool, full freshet, a singing rover,
 Gushes along through the vales to sea.

So step out well over bent and heather,
 And set your face to the keen wind's bite,
 With locks blown back in the bracing weather,
 And eye as the fledgeling eaglet's bright ;
 For in cheek and limb the sharp-stung blood
 Flies like the mettlesome March-wind rude—
 Grey Winter is conquer'd altogether,
 And Spring exults in his infant might.

W. W.

From the Persian.

"I'VE lost my child," a father cries ;
 "Where is my babe? Ah, tell me where?"
 The child, close nestled to his breast,
 Slept noiseless and forgotten there.
 So some there be that roam the waste,
 And leave the home and leave the mart,
 To seek at distant shrines that God
 Who makes His dwelling-place the heart.

E. R.

The Bridge of Sighs.*

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death ;
 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair.
 Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements,
 While the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.
 Touch her not scornfully,
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
 Not of the stains of her ;
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.
 Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful ;
 Past all dishonour,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful ;

* The translation of the first twenty lines of the Bridge of Sighs is here republished with slight changes from Kottabos, Vol. i., page 101. The rest now appears for the first time.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.

AH, misera sortis
 Pondere fessa !
 Ah, temere mortis
 Viam ingressa !
 Tollite facile
 Onus tam bellum,
 Onus tam gracile,
 Tamque tenellum.
 Funus elatum
 Pallae ceu cingunt,
 Corpus gravatum
 Panni astringunt
 Vndam stillantes
 Heu ! irremeabilem ;
 Statis ?—amantes
 Ferte amabilem.
 Ne fastidientes
 Cadaver attingite,
 Sed flebilem flentes
 Animo fingite ;
 Quod fecerit male
 Donate tam bellae ;
 Nil restat ni quale
 Decorum puellae.
 Lapsa 'st procacia
 Heu ! puellari,
 Sed facta audacia
 Piget scrutari.
 Labes abivit,
 Et maculae cunctae ;
 Forma sed vivit
 Superstes defunctae !

Still for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family ;
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammily ;
 Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,
 Her fair auburn tresses,
 While wonderment guesses,
 Where was her home ?
 Who was her father ?
 Who was her mother ?
 Had she a sister ?
 Had she a brother ?
 Or was there a nearer one
 Still, and a 'dearer one
 Yet than all other ?
 Oh ! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !
 Oh ! it was pitiful,
 Near a whole city-full,
 Home she had none.
 Fatherly, motherly,
 Sisterly, brotherly,
 Feelings had changed ;
 Love by harsh evidence
 Thrown from his eminence.
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged !

Hood.

Lapsa :—sed Evae,
 Vos qui adstatis,
 Matris primaevae
 Genus negatis ?
 Malas abluite
 Tabo imbutas,
 Et comas struite
 Vitta solutas ;
 Rogent stupentes,
 Quam domum coluerit ?
 Quinam parentes ?
 Ecquem habuerit
 Fratrem, sororem ?
 An alter carissimus
 Fuerit horum
 Et adamantissimus ?
 Ah, humanarum
 Quam raro homullos
 Tot miseriarum
 Miseret ullos !
 Eheu, quam flebilis,
 Vrbe tam plena
 Iacuit debilis,
 Tecti egena !
 Pater et mater
 Amorem debuerant,
 Soror et frater,
 Sed omnem exuerant ;
 Amor violenter
 Profundo mersari,
 Et ipsi videntur
 Di nunc aversari !

T.

The Vampire.

IT is true ! It is true ! It is true !
 I have seen the horrible thing ;
 Its lips are red, and its eyes are blue,
 And oh how its fingers cling !

I had heard of it times and again,
 And I thought it an idle tale ;—
 But I tell you it's true, I have felt the pain,
 Or why should I look so pale ?

It fix'd itself over my heart,
 I had not the power to shrink,—
 It seem'd to search for the tenderest part,
 To draw off its terrible drink.

Night, as the poets sing,
 Is the time for quiet and rest,
 But who could sleep with the horrible thing,
 The Vampire, over his breast ?

But the worst of it all was this,
 That now and then, as it quaff'd,
 It raised its head from its deadly kiss,
 And it laugh'd—the creature laugh'd.

For here the stories have err'd ;
 It has not the wings of a bat ;
 It has not the beak nor the claws of a bird ;
 It's a hundred times worse than that.

Its skin was smooth and fair,
 And its lips, though steep'd in gore,
 Were like some lips I know, and I swear
 I had seen those eyes before.

But whatever the creature be,
 The fearfulest, cruelest part
 Is this, that it fixes its eyes on me,
 And smiles, as it drains my heart.

I hope that death will bring
 The comfort of quiet rest,
 But who could sleep with the horrible thing,
 The Vampire, over his breast?

R. H. M.

I.

To Stella.

*Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς, ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἶθε γενοίμην
 οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.*

ANTH.

MY Star, when thus I mark thee raise
 To yonder stars thy kindred gaze,
 I long that happy heaven to be,
 And bend a thousand eyes on thee.

G.

II.

To Stella dead.

*Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῶος,
 νῦν δὲ θνήσκων λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.*

ANTH.

THOU wast a Star to living eyes,
 The Phosphor once of morning skies ;
 But now in death thy light is fled
 To be the Hesper of the dead.

G.

“ This King of Smiles, this Bolingbroke.”

ΟΖΟΠΥΡΟΣ.

Ἄλλ' εὖ δίδωσι · τὸν δ' ἄνακτ' ἔγνωχ' ὅτι
 τὸ μὲν προτείνειν ἐκτελεῖν δ' ἐπίσταται
 καιρῷ τὰ δῶρ' · ἔγνωκα δ' ὡς τοῦμοῦ πατρός,
 πατὴρ δ' ἀδελφοῦ δόντος, ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ' ἐμοῦ,
 τὸ σκῆπτρον ἔλαβε τοῦθ' ὅπερ ταυῖν νέμει.
 οὐπω δ' ἐγείραντ' ἐκτὸν ἄνδρ' ἐπ' εἴκοσι,
 (ἦν γὰρ πένης καὶ φαῦλος, ἡσθένει δ' ἅμα
 τὴν ἀξίωσιν, ἐκ φυγῆς δ' ἔχρηζέ πως
 λάθρα κατελθεῖν) πτωχὸν ἀπότιμον τότε
 οὐ' ἵς πατὴρ ἐδέξατ' ἐς δόμους πρόφρων.
 λὺν δ' ἔνορκον πρὸς θεῶν ἢ μὴν μόνον
 τι πατρώαν καὶ γέρας τὸ πρόσφορον
 ζητῶν ὥσπερ εὐμενοῦς φίλου,
 κίχην οἷς λιπαροῦντα δάκρυσιν,
 ὡς δῆθεν εὖνον καὶ δίκαιον, εἴτ' ἐμὸς
 πατὴρ φίλοικτος τὰς λιτὰς αἰδούμενος
 ὁμνυσι σῶζειν, κατέβηχ' ὅρκων τέλος.
 οἱ δ' οὖν ἀριστεῖς τῆσδε γῆς οἱ δ' ἐν τέλει
 ἐπεὶ τάχιστ' ἐπεῖδον ὡς Νορθύμβριος
 σταίη πρὸς αὐτοῦ, βαιὸς ὁ μὲν ὁ δ' αὖ πολὺς,
 ἤκουσι, γονυπετεῖς τε καὶ ψιλὸν κᾶρα
 ἔχοντες · ἐν δήμοισι καὶ κώμας κατὰ
 πόλεις τ' ἀπαντῶσ'. ἐν στενωποῖσιν πυκνοὶ
 κὰν ταῖς γεφύραις προσδοκῶντες ἕστασαν,
 εἴ που παρέλθοι · δῶρ' ἀνέθεσαν, ὀρκίων
 πίστιν παρεῖχον · ἄνθος ὥπασαν γένους,
 καὶ πᾶς τις αὐτῷ, λάτρις ὡς, συνέσπετο
 ὀπισθε, χρυσοῦ πληθὸς ἄξιον συχνοῦ ·
 ὁ δ' ὡς μέγας σύνοιδεν, οἶα γίγνεται,
 ἀρθείς, ὑπὲρ ταύτ' ἐξέβη τῶμῳ πατρὶ
 ἅπερ συνήνεσ', εὐτελής τις ὢν τότε,
 γυμναῖς ἐν ἀκταῖς τῆς Κορωνείας χθονός.

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the commonwealth :
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

SHAKSPEARE.

Among the flowers.

SHE took my flowers with simple grace,
 And then I breath'd the truth she knew ;
 No flush, the while, was on her face ;
 I ceased, and she was silent, too.
 At length she speaks, with heaving breast,
 Of duty owed to adverse powers ;
 She hints at feelings long suppress'd,
 And hides her face among the flowers.

Blest garland ! fleeting years have sped ;
 Your bliss is past ; your bloom is o'er ;
 Fades, too, this cheek, this bosom dead,
 These lips that sue and sigh no more ;
 Lives, lives relentless Fate alone ;
 Still Hope is born in leafy bowers,
 But when the blushing buds have blown,
 Still finds her grave among the flowers.

J. M.

κἀνταῦθα δῆπου κάρτα θαρσήςας τινὰς
 νόμους ἀνώρθου καὶ τὰ πικρὰ θεσμίων,
 ὥς δῆτ' ἐπαχθῇ τῇ πόλει · καὶ τοὺς κακῶς
 ἄρχοντας ἐξήλεγε, καδόμεναι πόλιν
 θρηνεῖν κακῶς πάσχουσιν · ὄμματ' οὖν τάδε
 δείξας τε καὶ πρόσωπον ἔνδικον, τέλος
 θήραν ὅσῃν ἤγρευσεν, ἄφθονον χάριν,
 λαβὼν ἀπ' αὐτῆς · τῶνδε καὶ περαιτέρω,
 ἔκοψεν ἡμῖν ἀνχένας τῶν φιλτάτων
 ὅσους ὑπάρχουσιν ἔλιπεν ἀποδημῶν ἀναξ
 ἵν' αὐτὸς ἄρχοι τοῦ πρὸς Ἱέρνῃν στόλου.

J. F. D.

Catet Anguis in Herbis.

NON inopinatas molli bibit aure loquellas,
 Nativā ut cepit simplicitate rosas ;
 Virginis interea solitus color occupat ora ;
 Mox taceo ; at nullos lingua dat illa sonos ;
 Denique pauca refert tremefacti conscia cordis,
 “ Vota parum facili debita nostra deo,”
 Et vix fassa premi veteres sub pectore curas,
 Contegit obductis ora puella rosis.
 O nimium laeti quibus irrevocabile flores
 Tempus laetitiam corripuitque decus !
 Hae quoque nempe genae pallent, haec corda quiescunt,
 Et mihi languenti iam prece labra vacant ;
 Haec pereunt ; vos, vos tamen improba Fata vigetis ;
 Spem loca nascentem semper amaena foveant ;
 Sed non ante rubet flos primo indutus honore,
 Spes nova quam nato flore sepulta iacet.

J. M.

*

The Two Echoes.

UNDER a windmill, old and weather-beaten,
 Whose naked giant arms repose mid-air ;
 The whispering breeze toys with a stray leaf floating
 Down to its grave, and yellowing trees foretell
 A larger fall. The mist veils the horizon
 And softens holt and hollow and hamlet brown.
 Without, within, 'tis Autumn and I sigh.

Long, long ago, forth from a younger world
 I came—a world where every dawn was born
 A new poetic rapture: for, therein
 The passion of lusty life, the growing thought,
 The spell of dear companionship, love's charm,
 The godlikeness of kindness, and the reverence
 For Beauty lived and working wonders ruled.
 A world where every eve the soul saw visions
 And dream'd those Dreams which told of bliss and peace,
 Beautiful Peace in the untrodden future.
 Out from this world I came alone, and closed
 The door and as it closed I heard it echo sadly—
 “Nevermore.”

Now out in the cold grey world
 The bird in my heart is mute, is dead.
 All songs are hush'd through the land ;
 The visions of golden youth have vanish'd,
 Only phantoms gliding through the barr'd door
 Haunt and vex this troubled yearning spirit.
 Out in the glooming wild, my cross and I.
 But at times when these temples throb, a Dew of Heaven
 Falls cool on the fever'd brain ;
 At times a Hand gives me to drink
 And weariness is forgotten ;

At times a Heart beats beside mine

And a foot falls beside mine

And I am strong.

There in the dim distance a beautiful crown

Glimmers and is lost in shades.

That is all, while I struggle on, my cross and I,

But always the echo of the word "Nevermore"

Made by the closing door, and coming after me,

Is caught up and answered by an echo that rings out

From the happy stars in the welkin blue

And the glimmering crown of light in the distant dim,

"Evermore," "Evermore."

R. W. B.

On "Songs of the Sierras."

SWEET song-flowers of the western wood,
The glinting gold of summer seas

That pout against the wooing breeze,

The madden'd flash of mountain flood,

The war-cry of the warrior pines,

When on their dark-plumed battle lines

Sweeps down the Northwind's onset rude,

Soft summer's smile, rough winter's rage,

Throb strongly through your wild-wood strains ;

Like beating blood in violet veins

They gleam, they glow in every page,

Sweet surge of bees in clover seas,

Glad Southwind songs in tamarack trees,

The poet's happy heritage.

You lead me where the torrent's fall

Spreads a light veil of silver spray,

Soft-shimmering through the drowsy day,

Athwart some cañon's rugged wall ;

The stately red-woods sleep below,
 Toss'd o'er the rock's brown forehead flow
 Thick curls of tangled chaparral.

Yon light gold gleams how swift they pass,
 Close-chased along the mountain side
 By phantom shadows dun and wide,
 O'er ruffled folds of velvet grass,
 Now darkest emerald deeply green,
 Now fed by floods of sun-born sheen,
 Warm waves of liquid chrysopras.

I catch far murmurs of the sea.
 His deep surge-songs repeat, repeat,
 Like measured tramp of martial feet,
 Yet pass all mortal minstrelsy ;
 For you may list the same sad tale,
 Now soft in calm, now wild in gale,
 And learn new truths at every sigh.

There love is god—true, trusting love ;
 No taint of lust has dared to wrong
 The sweet, sad tenor of his song,
 But soft as coo of mated dove,
 And pure as gold fire-freed from dross,
 He counts not gain, he fears not loss,
 In life, in death all gods above.

Oh ! might I press at noon of night,
 When summer's dreamy breath of balm
 Faints to a witching trance of calm,
 Some moss couch bathed in moony light
 With one all love and soul, to make
 The sweet songs sweeter for her sake—
 Through life's long gloom that hour were bright.

J. V.

“Diri.”

CAN Time recover
 The days long over,
 When lover and lover
 With limbs more fleet
 Trod round the measure,
 And pour'd the treasure
 Of Love's own giving at Love's own feet.

When each day-breaking
 Found us forsaking
 Bright dreams of waking
 For joys more true;
 And happier hours
 Brought fairer flowers
 To cast upon us as past they flew.

For all our sighing
 The hours are flying,
 And some are dying
 That seem'd so fair,
 And each day's morrow
 Brings newer sorrow
 And faded flowers to braid our hair.

Pleasure is sweeter
 To those who greet her,
 And time is fleeter,
 And Love is bliss.
 Then cull Love's roses
 Ere summer closes,
 For where are flowers so fair as his?

T. W. R.

Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave ;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft, as ease or health retire
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail ;
 Or tears which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail ?

Yet, lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year !

COLLINS.

Fungar inani Munere.

HOC tumulo alterius conduntur Arionis ossa
Lentus ubi curvis labitur amnis aquis.

Huic pius assurgens suavissima deferat annus
(Annus enim huic clirae) munera vatis humo.

Inter arundineos stabit suffulta susurros

Barbitos, aethereos inde datura modos ;

Ut petat umbrosi solatia tegminis, imo

Infandum si quis pectore vulnus alat.

Hic, sonus attentae dum clarior ingruit auri,

Saepe puer nectet saepe puella moras,

Si desiderio percussi plangier illum,

Qui peregre in silvis vixerat ante, putent.

Vos ripae memores estote, utcunque, peracto

Vere, coronatis Thammesis ibit aquis ;

Et facite hoc spiret, remorum oblita, phaselus ;

“ Sit, precor, innocuis manibus alta quies ! ”

Et quoties refici quaerens vacuusque latebris

Restituar saltus frigoribusque mei,

Si candens lapis iste tuus videatur, amico

Sectanti nemorum devia flendus eris !

Te tamen, exigui cui sufficit area busti,

Naenia quid toties te repetita iuvat ?

Quid lacrimae, rapiunt celerem dum carbasa lintrem,

Si lacrima in fatum fallat oborta tuum ?

Sin oculo superest incuria tanta profano,

Ut nullo pallens imbuat urna metu,

Huic uni redeat, precor, illactabilis aestas !

Hanc mens hunc fugiat, care poëta, lepor !

R. W. W.

Spring.

PUT forth thy leaves, thou lofty plane,
 East wind and frost are safely gone :
 With gentle change of breeze and rain
 The summer comes serenely on.
 All things in earth, air, sea, combine
 To welcome in the golden year ;
 But thou, O human heart of mine,
 Be still—contain thyself, and bear !

INCERT.

The Tax Collector.

HERE comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
 The only man living who gets all he *axes* :
 Come, down with the dust : he'll have none of your flummery,
 Though Winter's his name, his proceedings are summary.

THEODORE HOOK.

To one married to an old Peer.

SINCE thou would'st needs (bewitch'd with some ill charms)
 Be bury'd in those monumental arms :
 All we can wish, is, May that earth lie light
 Upon thy tender limbs ! and so, good night !

EDMUND WALLER.

Obstinata mente perfer, obdura.

FUGIT hiemps, fugere nives et inertior annus,
 Iam platano frondes explicuisse licet.
 Herba madescit aquis, Zephyrus iam spirat odores,
 Incipit et gratas ver aperire vices.
 Ridet ager, ridet pontus, nitet aureus aether;
 Incessuque aestas it reserata suo :
 Tu tamen, humanae mea mens ah conscia sortis,
 Obdura : impositum prosit amasse iugum.

H. C.

“ Inexorabilis acer.”

ECCE venit Gelidus, qui publica colligit aera,
 Solusque ad assem quod poposcit accipit :
 Eia age ! da nummos, neque enim dare verba licebit,
 In exigendo Gelidus hic multum calet.

B.

Prodit (et effertur) veteri nova nupta sepulcro.

QVOM libet et debes, aliquo devota maligno
 Carmine, fumosis nubere imaginibus,
 “ Sic positae situs iste,” precor, “ per membra tenella
 Sit levis,” et, “ felix utitor,” atque, “ vale !”

J. F. D.

A Year.

WE kiss'd, and clung close, love, together,
 And the young year lay close in the bud ;
 Then full was the beat of the pulses,
 And swift was the rush of the blood.

We kiss'd, and clung close, love, together,
 And the June-sun look'd small in the sky ;
 Then said I, "'Tis the glory of heaven
 To once love a woman, and die."

We kiss'd, and clung close, love, together,
 And all things were ripe to the fall ;
 Then again I laugh'd out, saying, " Look, love,
 Our love is as ripe as they all."

But 'twas then she grew pale-like and weary,
 Yet still she press'd close when I kiss'd ;
 But the soft lip seem'd touch'd with a chillness,
 And the blue eye look'd out through a mist.

Yet still we loved on—O my darling !
 In blindness of passion and pain,
 Still I kiss'd you, in agony crying,
 But you press'd not, you kiss'd not again.

So the old year went down to its cerements,
 And the West-sky loom'd angry and red,
 And the young loves that leap'd in the springtime
 Lay silent for ever, and dead.

P. S. P.

Un Sentiment Francais.

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir,
 Si je la trouve favorable :
 Je mourrai de trop de désir,
 Si je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurai guérir
 De la douleur qui me possède :
 Je suis assuré de périr
 Par le mal ou par le remède.

ANON.

An Irish Grievance.

NORAH gives me her consint,
 Wid pure consate I'll get me death :
 An' av I find she won't relint,
 Wid sighs, av coorse, I'll loss my breath.

I'm bate teetot'lly, av I thrive
 This heart-disordher to appaise :
 Death has me now, as I'm alive :
 The cure's as bad as the disaise.

T. J. C.

A Yankee Notion.

WAL, ef that Maine gal likes me sum,
 I guess, I'll die of joy up thar :
 But ef she'd rayther stay to hum,
 I'm dern'd, ef I ken go elsewhar.

The orkard fix I'm in, sirec,
 I reckin, kinder does me brown :
 For this yer coon is up a tree,
 Ken't live above, nor ken't kum down.

T. J. C.

Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me;
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender;
 All earth can give or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
 Of pleasure unembitter'd;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power!
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh! who hath power of charming?
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it;
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.

BYRON.

MATAIOTHΣ MATAIOTHTON.

DOCTRINAE famaeque expertus praemia quondam
Rex ego et incolumi robore amator eram.

Cuncta rubescebat pateris vindemia nostris,
Inque manus molles membra fovenda dabam.

Saepe mihi intuitu, medio ceu sole, puellae
Leniter incaluit pectus, abitque rigor ;
Quicquid Terra tulit, quot honorem regibus augent,
Quicquid avent homines, cuncta fuere mea !

Saepe dies actos memori de corde revolve,
Si quos e multis laetius isse dies
Inveniam, quales, quavis mercede repensos,
Vincar ut anteactos nunc iterare velim.

Sed frustra ; quoniam sensi miser omnibus horis
Semper amari aliquid demere laetitiam.

Vrebant torques, magni gestamina regis,
Ceu diro amplexae colla nitore faces.

Letifera in silvis quae tecta fefellerat anguis,
Sunt quibus est nulli docta nocere modis ;

Sed qui se sinuat circum praecordia, verbis
Queis fiet, quali mitior arte dolor ?

Non hic attentas praeceptis praebuit aures ;
Attonitus nullis vocibus obstupuit !

Haeret in aeternum, stimulisque infixus adurget
Corda, quibus tutae stat via nulla fugae.

R. W. W.

Macaulay's Newzealander on Tennyson.

FRAGMENT OF A KRITICK, TRANSLATED FROM THE MAORI OF
PROFESSOR ROPENUF TOHANGU, A.D. 2975.

AMONG other valuable contributions to the archives of the Ancient English, I notice a ballad in an incomplete state recently discovered by my respected colleague, Professor Mus-Tee Rus-tee, among the remains of the British Museum Library,* which has been printed in full elsewhere.

The ballad is evidently a portion of the Royal Chronicle, as written by the state scribe, Alf Te-nesun, (or Teneyson,) who flourished about the middle of the 19th century. It refers to the public appearance, or "Show," of a certain well-known cotemporary personage, whom the chronicler styles "Sir Lancelot," and whom I conclude to have been the *Lormaire* or (*Lordmayor*) of London; as I have ascertained that the prænomen "Sir" was given to the holders of that office at the Court of St. James. My learned collaborateur rather inclines to the opinion that he was one of those "conductors," or professional musicians, who were attached for some obscure purpose to the "omnibi" of the period. This view he would support by the lines—

"He *rode* down to Camelot."

and—

" 'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
Sang Sir Lancelot."

It seems to me, however, that these lines bear much more strongly in favour of my position: as every schoolboy knows that processions by water, with music, formed a principal part of the pageants of the *Lormaires*. (For one of these processions the interesting "Water Musick" was composed by Haendel.) In accordance, then, with this view, the line first quoted should stand—

"He *rowed* down to Camelot."

* A building provided by the English "Parliament" for the concealment of literary treasures: as the "National Galeree" was for those of art.

and I have no doubt that the true reading of the latter passage is—

“ ‘Tooral looral,’ by the river,” &c.,

as being the more classical form of the popular refrain, and that probably used by Te-Nesun in the original.* The only difficulty that seems to present itself is that neither form of refrain occurs in the “Water Music” referred to. The connection between the man in armour of the ballad, and the *Lormaire’s* “Show,” cannot be too strongly insisted on.

In addition to the above readings, I may suggest the following notes and emendations :—

(1.) For—

“The shallop flitteth silken-sailed.”

read—

“The shallop flitteth milken-pailed.”

This is rendered necessary by the use, at the commencement of the next line, of the words “skimming down;” as we know that all the milk consumed in the towns was carefully skimmed down, and then brought to its destination by water.

(2.) For—

“She knows not what the curse may be,”

the American fragment has—

“She knows not who the cuss may be.”

This reading, however, I do not prefer.

(3.) The introduction of—

“A funeral with plumes and lights,”

and of—

“Two young lovers lately wed,”

into a public procession of rejoicing may appear strange. Still it is easily accounted for on the supposition that the former (according to the custom of the age) represented “the Honorable Company of Undertakers and Cremators,” and the latter that of the Goldsmiths, being symbolical of *spoons*.

* Compare the ballad entitled “The Cork Leg,” or “La Morte de Mynheer Von Clam,” usually attributed to this scribe : with its refrain—

“Tooral looral, ri tol looral,” &c.

(4.) For— “She made three paces through the room.”
 read— “She made three faces through the gloom,”
 or— “She made three faces at the groom.”

These readings, suggested by Professor Mus-Tee Rus-Tee, seem to me strained. I much prefer to read the line—

“She took three skips across the room,”

as the phrase “three skips” was used by both the English and Continentals in describing distressing situations: compare the line—

“Not that I value the money *three skips* of a louse,”

in “The Lament of Francis Harris,” by one Swift, a Dane.

(5.)

“Down she came, and *found* a boat.”

Compare—

“*Convey*, the wise call it,”

in Shayxpeire.

This is a noteworthy instance of the effect of the Drama on the general literature of the age: as in the “Morality Plays,” (or “Pantomimes,”) the phrase—

“Mister Policeman, see what I’ve *found*!”

is of common occurrence.

(6.) For—

“He said, ‘She has a lovely face,’”

read—

“Says he, ‘She has a scrumptious face.’”

or—

“He said, ‘That’s just my style of face.’”

The former is, perhaps, a trifle vulgar, but not on that account inappropriate to a *Lormaire*. Still, I am strongly in favour of the latter, in which is preserved the colloquial idiom of the aristocracy of the day; and in support of which I might cite numerous instances from the historians Bra Don and Edmundyates.

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A. B. O.



A Garden Party in the Reign of Nero.

(TEMPORIBUS DIRIS IUSSUQUE NERONIS.)

BY Pollux! no time to wait, for the gathering crowds are
roll'd

From Phaon's ivory gate to CAESAR's house of gold ;
For this eve a new delight, new pleasure the good gods send—
If away from the feast to night, thou art not CAESAR's friend !
Gay with shouting and song are the wide illumined ways,
Each house to the passing throng a festival wreath displays,
From forum and temple gates behold how the torches rise—
Fair as the Emperor's Fates and bright as are Acte's eyes—
How the living stream is swollen from streets in many a line
By greedy Rome new stolen from ribs of the Apennine—
New crowds from mart and camp, new swarms by the Tiber's
side !

Sublime with many a lamp SUBURRA lights the tide ;
No time for the laggard who waits as the festal wave is whirl'd
To Sabina's garden gates, where CAESAR shall feast the world.

The gods give us stars for light, but CAESAR, a god below,
Giving us day for night, bids all to the banquet go,
Spread in the gardens fair where the stately gates stand wide,
And for all men is room and to spare, and never is guest denied.
Virtue is welcome and vice—each class-distinction, that springs
From Old World notions, too nice for the stage when CAESAR
sings—

Patrician ladies in state on the necks of slaves upborne—
And brides of the Arch who wait where bride-veil never was
worn—

All Rome's pride and her pests, her glory, and greed and shame,
To-night shall be CAESAR's guests, "Circenses and bread" may
claim!

Never were seen such sights as the Emperor's gardens shew,
All the world's delights outspread wherever you go!
Tables are set for all, and couches for whoso will,
Slave-girls come at your call, and the cooks have a royal skill—
Bakers that roast and knead, and cunning women that toil,
Mixing sweet poppies' seed, fresh honey, and flawless oil—
Fish from the Lucrine track, and boar from Umbria's plains,
Of skylarks' tongues no lack, and store of nightingales' brains,
And of all wines men know, whose cost is beyond compare—
Flowing in streams below, or fountain-toss'd in the air,
Or sail'd on in mimic seas by vessels of pearl that hold
Pilots who give to the breeze their tresses and zones of gold.

The gods give us stars for light, but CAESAR, a god below,
With lamps that are living to-night illumines the goodly show;
Lo! where in order meet, like statues on either hand,
Ranged in a fiery street, the torches of CAESAR stand,
Each made firm in his place to a pillar of steel throat-fast—
Pitch-smear'd from foot-sole to face, like a form in bitumen
cast!

So the imperial might let Rome and the world discern—
Greeting his gods to-night such torches shall CAESAR burn!

Lo! when he comes, behold the flush of the chariot-race
Under the diadem's gold, on the cruel, beautiful face,
Crown'd with rose and with bay, and watching with godlike
scorn

The flight of the flames that play on the path of the purple-
born—

At his side the slave of slaves that rules earth's lord for a day,
 Spurning like Venus the waves of her footward-fallen array,
 With lovely large eyes, whose dream far-thoughted of new
 desires,
 Heeds little the shapes that scream and writhe from a thousand
 fires.

Thou art conquer'd now, Galilean, we have made thy sepulchre
 sure!

Shall your Creed and Cross plebeian in spite of NERO endure?
 How like ye the Senate's decree "*against superstition increased*"?
 Lights of the world are ye, ye shall light our revels at least.
 In your catacomb crypts will ye wait? will ye gather your
 priests anew,

Singing the MASS we hate, to your God whom Pilate slew?
 But keen is the eye of the State, and the arm of the State is
 strong,

And the Cross and the Creed we hate shall be food for the
 flames ere long,

Now fit food for the flames as for the lions before,
 Light we the next year's games with a thousand Christians
 more!

C. P. M.

Magna est Veritas.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

THO', like the bat's, some feeble sight
 Cannot endure the blaze of day,
 Shall that bright sun, the sire of light,
 Be darken'd by a single ray?

No! if the truth thou truly prize,
 Before one beam of it shall fade
 For thee, a hundred thousand eyes
 May perish in eternal shade.

E. R.

Pope's First Pastoral.

STREPHON.

ME gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen :
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies.
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves :
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves :
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
 Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers ;
 If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

A Tenson.

STREPHON.

DELIA me nutu medio stans provocat horto,
 Abdita mox tenebris avidum deludit amantem ;
 Sed risum simulat quum me videt undique frustra
 Quaerere, et est proprio male tristis prodita risu.

DAPHNIS.

Et levis exultim per gramina Silvia ludit :
 Me fugit, at fugiens sese cupit ante videri
 Iam vultu molli respectat pone sequentem
 Quantum oculos interque pedes disconvenit illos !

STREPHON.

Auratas dives Pactolus lambat arenas,
 Succinaque Eridani ripis fleat Helias arbor :
 His Tamesis ripae nimium dulcedine praestant ;
 Hic mihi pascite, oves, nam sordent cetera rura.

DAPHNIS.

Idaliae lucos proles colit alma Diones,
 Flava Ceres Hyblam, Cynthum Latonia virgo ;
 Haec nostrae placeant formosae prata puellae,
 His pratis cedent Cynthi iuga, cedet et Hybla.

STREPHON.

Omnia iam lugent ; iam fletu solvitur aër ;
 Conticuere et aves ; cessant se pandere flores :
 Delia si ridet, cito se flos explicat, aër
 Incipit effulgere, et aves renovare canorem.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
 If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove ;
 But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
 E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here,
 But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
 A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears ;
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And giye the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The thistle springs, to which the lily yields :
 And then a nobler prize I will resign,
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

POPE.

DAPHNIS.

Omnia iam rident ; lucus viret et nitet herba ;
 Vitales auras modico Sol temperat aestu :
 Silvia si ridet, decorat venus altera campos ;
 Victa iacet, nec iam natura habet ipsa lepores.

STREPHON.

Vere ager, auctumno ventosa cacumina montis,
 Mane placent campi, mediisque ardoribus antrum :
 Delia grata aderit semper ; sin absit, acerbus
 Et campus mane est, mediisque ardoribus antrum.

DAPHNIS.

Maius habet flores, Auctumnus poma, calores
 Sol medius, roremque recens lux orta tenellum :
 Silvia habet pulchri quodcunque est ; displicet ipsum
 Ver si quando abeat ; redeat, redit assiduum ver.

STREPHON.

Dic quae sit tellus tam laeta ut, Daphni, timendos
 Mira ferat reges ramis felicibus arbor ;
 Hoc modo si doceas agnum tibi cedimus ultro,
 Eximiaeque feret primas tua Silvia formae.

DAPHNIS.

Immo age dic ubi sit tanto felicius arvum
 Vt tribulos pariat quales non lilia vincant,
 Dic, tibi enim longe pulcherrima praemia cedam,
 Virgineumque decus te Silvia nostra sequetur.

J. F. D.

Thou hast sent Sleep, and stricken Sleep with
Dreams.

CRUEL thou art, O Sleep! when thou comest with mocking
eyes,

Seemingly bearing with thee rest for the weary at heart;
Bitterest woes dost thou bring, and thy wings are feather'd
with lies,

And with these come shades of the past and remembrance
with rankling dart.

And mix'd with thy throng comes Love with arrows long
since shot,

And griefs long since forgotten, and the misty forms of the
dead.

High hopes of what is not to be, and attainment of what is
not,

And sighs for a passing face and bitter tears long shed.

Why have the gods thus cast on man such sadness and woe,

All the day must he toil with labour of brain and of hands,
Yet when the night with her wings has cover'd the evening
glow,

Still must he labour and toil, inhabiting shadowy lands.

Again must he mourn a form which he fain would ever forget,

Again must he gaze on a face marr'd by the fingers of Death,

Again must he look on eyes with rivers of weeping wet,

And again feel fanning his cheeks the sweets of a breathless
breath.

Surely a terrible gift did the Titan bear to man,

When he gave him fire from heaven, and forethought placed
in his mind;

Better far would he be to fulfil his earthly span,

Only knowing what is, not looking before or behind.

H. J. C.

Lottie.

(A RECOLLECTION OF HOR. CARM. I. 5.)

WELL, who is this youth you have lured to his doom,
 Your latest poor victim and minion?
 For whom are you powder'd and perfumed, for whom
 Have you mounted your very best chignon?
 Your dress is, of course, in most elegant taste,
 (I know what it cost—to my sorrow,)
 The lad feels in Eden when clasping your waist—
 He'll find out his error to-morrow.

But now he imagines you constant, poor boy!
 Is a prisoner adoring his prison,
 Thinks pressing your hand is the acmè of joy,
 And fancies you Gretchen re-risen.
 I picture him shortly in jealous despair,
 His rage vainly striving to master;
 For, Lottie, you're much like the sea, now so fair,
 Yet anon bringing death and disaster.

Yes—"Quibus ignota nites miseri!"
 Said a poet I studied at college,
 Let them pay your bill at the milliner's, I
 Have gained a more practical knowledge.
 I feel like a man who has all but been drown'd,
 But now reclines safe and contented,
 And thanks his good luck, as he views strewn around
 The garments that BOYTON invented.

C. W. D.

In Love.

(AS YOU LIKE IT. ACT III. SC. 1.)

PHOEBE.

THINK not I love him, tho' I ask for him ;
 'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
 But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
 But, sure, he's proud : and yet his pride becomes him ;
 He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
 Is his complexion : and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
 His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
 A little riper, and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

SHAKESPEARE.

ΚΡΥΠΤΕΙ ΓΑΡ ΗΔΕ ΠΗΜΑ ΚΟΥ ΦΙΗΣΙΝ ΝΟΣΕΙΝ.

Εἰ δ' ἰστορῶ ταῦτ', ἀλλὰ μὴ δόξης ἐμέ
 πόθου δι' ἐλθεῖν · οὐ γὰρ ἀλλὰ δύσκολος
 παῖς ἐστίν · ἡδύς γ' ἐν λόγοισιν · ἀλλ' ἵτω
 τοιαῦτα · καίτοι κτῆμα τίμιον στόμα
 ὅτῳ τις ἂν παροῦσαν εὐφραίνῃ παρών ·
 ὁρᾶν μὲν οὐ φαῦλός τις, οὐδ' ὅποιον ἂν
 περισσὸν εἴποις · ἀλλ' ἄρ' οὐ σμικρὸν φρονεῖ ·
 προσίεται δὲ καὶ τόδ' · ἐξανδρούμενος
 πρέψει καλός τις · ὦν δ' ἔνεστι τῷδ', ὁ χρώς
 τᾶριστον · εἰ δ' ἔδηξεν ὄξυνθὲν στόμα,
 ἔφθῃ πρὶν ἀλγεῖν ὄμμα νώδυνον βλέπον ·
 ἀλλ' ἐστὶν οὔτοι κάρτα τὴν φυὴν μέγας ·
 ἀλλ' ὥς καθ' ἥβην · κεῖ τι μὴ τοῖος σκέλη,
 ἀλλ' ὥς τις ὁμαλός · ἄνθος ἦν ἐν χεῖλεσιν
 πεπαίτερον παρῆδος οἰνωπὸν χρῶα,
 ὥς χρῶμ' ἐρυθρὸν ποικίλῃν νικᾷ βαφήν ·
 οὐ πλῆθος ὀλίγον ἐστὶ παρθένων, φίλε,
 αἱ ταῦθ' ὀρώσαι πάντα δι' ἔρωτος σχεδὸν
 ἂν ἦλθον · ἀλλὰ τοῦμὸν ὥς φράσαι πάθος,
 οὐδὲ στυγῶ νιν, οὐδὲ μὴν στέρξας' ἔχω ·
 ἀλλ' ἐστὶ γὰρ δὴ τοι'π' ἐμ' ἄξιος στύγους
 τυχεῖν ἔρωτος μᾶλλον · ὥς τί δὴ μαθὼν
 ἐλοιδόρησέ μ'; οὐδὲ λανθάνει μ' ὅπως
 γέλων μ' ἔθηκεν ὥς κόρας τε καὶ τρίχας
 εἶην μέλαινα · τοῦτο θαυμάσας' ἔχω,
 τὸ μῆδ' ἔπος με πρὸς τὰδ' ἀντειρηκέναι.
 ἵτω δ' · ἐπεὶ παρέντες οὐκ ἀφίεμεν.

T.

Evening.*

IN the West the winking Eve
 Smiles and takes her drowsy leave,
 For her task is duly done.
 Flowers are folded every one,
 And her dews are sprinkled round
 By every herb that grows in ground.
 But o'er yonder heathy hill
 Her fading lamp is peeping still.
 Come forth, my love, come forth and share
 The golden gleam and fresh'ning air.
 Come and hear the poor corn-crake
 In the meadow merry make;
 Wish the simple creature blest,
 May the mower spare her nest!
 Come and hear the cuckoo clear
 Calling to his distant dear,
 And wish, poor bird, I know you will,
 His winter's sleep be calm and still.
 Be they, like ourselves, content,
 Who are poor and innocent.
 Yet the fresh'ning breeze is ours,
 Falling dew and opening flowers,
 And Eve, that all these blessings sent,
 Her own golden lamp hath lent.
 When did lamp so richly fed
 Light Ambition to his bed?

W. H. B.

* Sent by Mr. H. J. De Burgh, who states that the verses were found among the papers of the Right Hon. Walter Hussey Burgh, bearing his initials, and dated 1773.

Verso Pollice.

(SUGGESTED BY GEROME'S PICTURE.)

THE sworders crowd up to the Imperial throne,
 And raise the choral shout "Hail, Caesar, hail!
 The doom'd salute thee"—save a dying groan,
 The last sound those throats utter. Round the pale
 Speeds the light netter. After him has flown
 The huge secutor in his glittering mail.
 The netter wheels—throws up the net, and catches him—
 A show of hands—thumbs down*—so he despatches him.

Another follows—falls—and now a third
 Chases the lad along the trampled sand;
 He waxes weak—he pants as pants a bird
 New-ta'en—the trident trembles in his hand.—
 He falls—he hears the HABET, hideous word;
 He sees the towering Victor o'er him stand.
 Poor boy, thou lift'st th' appealing arm in vain;
 Thumbs down, the sword descends—"Remove the slain!"

This eve, amid her halls, some Roman dame,
 Who loved this dead boy with exceeding love,
 Deep, sweet love, all the sweeter for its shame,
 Shall weep hot tears his mangled corse above.
 His the one glance that could her fierce eyes tame;
 His the one voice that could her hard heart move;
 But now the blood dries on that oft-kiss'd brow,
 And that loved voice is hush'd for ever now.

H. J. DE B.

* This view of the meaning of the phrase *verso pollice* seems to be the view taken by Gérôme in his famous picture, but can hardly be reconciled with the testimony of antiquity.—ED.

Night's Harmonies.

AS the moon's soft splendour
 O'er the faint pale starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So thy voice most tender
 To the strings without soul has given
 Its own.
 The stars will awaken
 Though the moon sleep a full hour later
 To-night ;
 No leaf will be shaken
 While the dews of your melody scatter
 Delight.
 Though the sound overpowers,
 Sing again ; with your dear voice revealing
 A tone
 Of some world far from our's
 Where music and moonlight and feeling
 Are one !

SHELLEY.

Caliban.

Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not ake
 Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock,
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

SHAKESPEARE.

Musæa Mele.

CYNTHIA mulcentem diffundit in aethera lucem,
 Sidereae pallent frigida signa faces ;
 Sic tua vox inter blandas blandissima chordas
 Mente sua donat, vivaque chorda sonat.
 Dormiat ipsa licet nocturnam luna per horam,
 Astra tamen solitis ignibus orta trement,
 Nullaque frons usquam spirante movebitur aura
 Dum tua ceu rores carmina molle fluunt.
 Me penetrant captum nimia dulcedine voces,
 Nunc cane ! nunc iterum rara puella cane !
 Prata novo sub sole mihi felicia pandis,
 Qua veneres sociant Cynthia, cantus, amor.

J. V.

ΑΝΙΑΤΩΣ ΚΑΚΟΣ.

Ω δοῦλον ἦθος, ὦ καταπτυστὸν κάρα,
 ἀρετῆς ἄθικτος καὶ κακῶν ἄπληστος ὢν,
 ἐγὼ δι' οἴκτου μὲν σ' ἔχων πάλαι, μόλις
 λέγειν διδάσκω, νήπιον πεφυκότα,
 καθ' ἡμέραν σόφισμά σοι δείξας νέον.
 θηρὸς δὲ θῆρ' ὄντ' ἐν τρόποις, ὦ βάρβαρε,
 ἵεντα κλαγγὰς δυσκρίτους γνώμης ἄτερ,
 ἐννοῦν σ' ἔθηκα καὶ λόγων ἐπήβολον.
 ἀλλ' ἦν τὸ σὸν γάρ πως ἀπάνθρωπον γένος,
 καίπερ μαθόντος, οὐχ ὁμιλητὸν βροτοῖς,
 δόμων πετραίων τωνδ' ἔσω, μείζω πάθους
 δεδρακόθ', εἵργω σ', ἀξιωτάτην δίκην.

H. C.

The Bride is Dead.

THE bride is dead ! the bride is dead !
 Cold and fair and frail she lieth ;
 Wrapt is she in sullen lead ;
 And a flower is at her head ;
 And the breeze above her sigheth,
 Through the night and through the day,
 “ Fled away ! fled away ! ”

Once—but what can that avail ?—
 Once she wore within her bosom
 Pity which did never fail ;
 A hue that dash'd the lily pale ;
 And upon her cheek a blossom
 Such as yet was never known :—
 All is past and overthrown !

Mourn ! the sweetest bride is dead ;
 And her knight is sick with sorrow
 That her bloom is lapp'd in lead ;
 Yet he hopeth, fancy fed,
 He may kiss his love to-morrow.
 But the breezes—what say they ?
 “ Fled away ! fled away ! ”

BARRY CORNWALL.

Constancy.

BY your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true; as wives of yore :
 And her “ Yes ” once said to you
 Shall be “ Yes ” for evermore.

E. B. BROWNING.

Lugete O Veneres Cupidinesque.

MORS rapuit nuptam, rapuit mors ferrea nuptam ;
 Frigidulis membris forma tenella iacet ;
 Constringit miseram non exorabilis arca,
 Floreaque exornat rite corolla caput ;
 Et circumvolitans nocturna diurnaue, " Fugit,"
 " Fugit," flebilibus murmurat aura sonis.
 Quid prodest miserae miseris succurrere quondam
 Quod solita est, cura sedula, larga manu ?
 Pectora quid prosunt, superans quid lilia candor ?
 Quid flos non alio qualis in ore fuit ?
 Heu ! quidquid pulchri ridebat, amabile quidquid,
 Abstulit atra dies, heu ! decus omne fuit.
 Lugete O Veneres ! rapuit mors aspera nuptam,
 Heu ! rapuit qua non dulcior ulla fuit ;
 Insolabiliter dolet aegro corde maritus
 Lurida delicias quod tenet arca suas ;
 Spem tamen ille foveat, " Quum crastina fulserit eos,
 Basia dilectae basia mille dabo."
 A spem fallacem ! quid murmurat aura susurrans ?
 " Fugit" flebilibus murmurat aura sonis.

B.

" Concordia Fata Duorum."

ILLA quidem coniux fido tibi fida manebit,
 Laudatur qualis Penelopea fides ;
 Quumque in verba semel iuraverit illa mariti
 Vox ea perpetui pignus amoris erit.

B.

Brougham's Castle.

ARMOUR rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls :
 "Quell the Scot," exclaims the lance ;
 "Bear me to the heart of France"
 Is the longing of the shield.
 "Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory !
 Happy day, and mighty hour,
 When our Shepherd in his power,
 Mail'd and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored,
 Like a reappearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war."

WORDSWORTH.

 Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse, Partant de Calais
 pour Londres.

ADIEU, plaisant pays de France,
 O ma patrie la plus chérie
 Que as norri ma jeune enfance,
 Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jours.
 La nef qui déjoint nos amours
 N'a cy de moy que la moistié :
 Une parte te reste, elle est tienne ;
 Je la fie à ton amitié,
 Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

ΑΥΤΟΣ ΓΑΡ ΕΦΕΛΚΕΤΑΙ ΑΝΔΡΑ ΣΙΔΗΡΟΣ.

DESIDEM poscunt sobolem Metelli
 Arma se segni statione promat,
 Iam situ foedo nimiumque longa
 Pace peresa.
 “Provoca Pictos!” anus hasta clamat:
 “Meque Gallorum medium in tumultum
 Inferas!” inquit veteri vieta
 Parma duello.
 “Nuncupa campum” repetunt minaci
 Ore “Vbi in rixam trepidam ruamus:
 “Redde quae fuso citius cruore
 “Rura rubescant.
 “O dies pulcher, venias! avito
 “Ense quum cinctus galeaque tectus
 “Pastor heroum velit aemulari
 “Pristina gesta
 “Tot ducum! quum vel reducis cometae,
 “Fulminisve instar procul audiendi,
 “Prodeat, ducatque gregem sequacem
 “Martis in ignes!”

L. W. K.

Formosa, Vale, Vale.

AMOENA tellus Franciae
 O mi solum dulcissimum,
 Altrix meae puertiae,
 Vale! valet, almi dies!
 Quae cymba disiungit faces
 Nostras, mei tantum tenet
 Partem; una pars tecum, tuis
 Confisa amoribus, manet,
 Alterius ut tu memineris.

J. F. D.

From Heine.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
 Upon my mouth lay lead,
 With heart and brain stark-frozen
 I lay in my graveyard bed.

I cannot say what ages
 That sleep to my senses clave ;
 I woke at last and listen'd,
 One knock'd upon my grave.

" Wilt thou not rise, my Heinrich,
 Now breaks eternal day ;
 The dead have all arisen,
 Joy dawneth to last for aye."

" My Love, yet rise I cannot,
 For blind, still blind am I :
 Mine eyes through constant weeping
 Are quenched utterly."

" I'll kiss thee, O my Heinrich,
 The night from out thine eyes ;
 Thou shalt behold the angels
 And splendour of Paradise."

" My Love, yet rise I cannot,
 It bleeds, still bleeds, deep-gored—
 My heart, where thou didst stab me
 With one sharp-pointed word."

" I'll lay so light, my Heinrich,
 My hand upon thy heart ;
 'T will bleed no more for ever,
 And heal'd will be all its smart."

“ My Love, yet rise I cannot,
 My head bleeds also—see
 Where, through and through I shot it
 When I was robb’d of thee.”

“ With my own locks, my Heinrich,
 That wound will I stanch full fain,
 And back will I press the blood-stream,
 Thy head to make whole again.”

So soft it pleaded, so tender,
 The will to resist was gone ;
 I strove to upheave my gravestone,
 And go to this Dearest One.

Then out my wounds burst newly,
 Then furiously outbrake
 From head and breast the blood-stream,
 And lo ! I am awake.

J. T.

Vox Humana.

LIFE changes, and joy shall alter,
 And Love shall die,
 When the steps of the swift years falter
 As they go by.
 But the rose though it fade so fast
 Hath scent in its leaves to the last,
 So mem’ry shall point to the past,
 And smile, with a sigh.

I have said "I am weary of earth
 And her ways ; I am fain
 To know neither mourning nor mirth,
 Nor pleasure nor pain."
 I have said to my soul " Give o'er,
 Strive not with thy life as before,
 Nor love nor be loved any more,
 For all is in vain.

" And Time is the lord and the master
 We own from birth,
 And the Fates mix good with disaster,
 Give sorrow for mirth ;
 I will flee from the tyrannous reign
 Of Pleasure and Passion and Pain,
 Who fetter men's souls with the chain
 They have forged for the Earth."

So my thoughts were as clouds in a heaven
 Of sunless skies,
 Till colour and passion were given
 From thy soft eyes,
 And I felt it was better to know
 The deepest and widest of woe,
 Than a heart never thrill'd with the glow
 Of Love's sunrise.

Our Love shall fade flower-fashion
 As others before,
 When the nightingale-notes of his passion
 Shall throb no more ;
 But their lingering echoes shall seem
 Like the faded delight of a dream,
 And lighten our lives with a gleam
 Of joys that are o'er.

For the fancies and feelings we cherish
 We shall not hold,
 But memory never shall perish
 Though Love grow cold,
 And the light of the happy to-day
 Though it fade to the evening's gray,
 Shall leave on our desolate way
 A gleam of its gold.

Though Love grow rapid but rootless,
 My Love, what care?
 Though the flowers of passion be fruitless,
 Yet when more fair?
 It is well to have loved as a man,
 Though Love but live for a span,
 For the blessing is more than the ban,
 And both are there.

T. W. H. R.

La Barbe de Mademoiselle.*

Dédié (sans permission) à Monsieur Edmond About.

I.

SIR JOHN THOMSON était anglais jusqu' à la moelle des os, millionnaire comme un alderman de Londres et bizarre comme un aristocrate du pays des excentriques. Avec cent mille livres sterling par an, qui vaut deux millions et demi de nôtre monnaie cosmopolite et mesquine, il n'avait qu'une seule fois de sa vie connu ce que c'était que de renoncer à sa moindre caprice. Né d'une famille de l'aristocratie du commerce, lui son père et son aïeul avaient été Lords-maires de Londres, son père avait siégé

* A lady answering to the description of the heroine of this tale was actually seen by the present Kottabist in an omnibus in London not very long since.

au Parlement comme membre pour Cheapside, et lui-même y avait entré en qualité de représentant de Shoreditch, et à l'époque de notre histoire aspirait à représenter à la prochaine vacance les Tower Hamlet, comme on appelle le Faubourg salé mais important de la Tour de Londres. Il avait un château en Oxfordshire, un *hunting box* dans le pays Quorn-Pytchley, un hotel tout près de Kensington Gardens, une forêt à la chasse du cerf en Ecosse, et un *yacht* à Cowes, qu'il n'entrait jamais, tout Anglais qu'il était, sans un mal de mer affreux. Il faisait tant bien que mal ce que fait tout *gentleman* Anglais. Il avait été *gentleman commoner* d'Oxford, et il savait que Grec est Grec, et Latin est Latin. Il parlait Français avec un forte accent de "Stratford atte Bowe," mais il n'avait pas en France un besoin absolu du courrier polyglotte sans lequel il ne voyageait jamais. Il allait toutes les saisons à la chasse du renard. Il tuait au fusil un assez grand gibier de faisans et de perdrix. Il avait une grande bibliothèque, et ne lisait que le *Times* avec son café matinale. Il faisait écrire ses billets et lettres (autre que celles de son commerce) par un pauvre diable qu'il gardait comme secrétaire à raison de cent livres sterling par an. Il donnait les mêmes gages à son valet, qui avait les habits usés pardessus le marché. Il donnait cinq cents livres sterling à son chef de cuisine, et six jours sur sept il mangeait une cotelette de mouton à son Club. Il jouait médiocrement au *whist*, perdant un peu plus qu'il ne gagnait. Il n'avait pas de goûts, encore moins avait il des passions. Cependant, il avait un chagrin, que toutes ses richesses ne sauraient lui ôter.

Tout petit enfant, il jouait seul dans le salon de l'hotel de Kensington Garden, où un feu de houille brûlait dans la cheminée. S'approchant trop près, il chancela et tomba, le menton appuyé sur la barre de fer qui soutenait le feu. Ce n'était qu'un moment, et la plaie avait été, comme on pensait à la fois, parfaitement guérie ; mais la peau avait été cauterisée, et il y restait une assez forte cicatrice. Néanmoins ce n'était qu'à l'époque où Sir Thomson approchait à la maturité, qu'on commençait à apercevoir qu'il ne lui pousserait de toute sa vie la

moindre imperiale. Ses favoris étaient touffus et bien frisés, il avait une belle moustache, et sous le menton ses cheveux poussaient dans la forme que les Anglais appellent le collier de Newgate ; mais pas d'imperiale. Or, c'était la seule ambition de Sir Thomson de posséder cet ornement. Quelqu'un lui avait dit qu'il ressemblait à l'Empereur Napoléon III., et il aspirait à achever cette ressemblance en faisant sa barbe comme Sa Majesté. Il rasait ses favoris et sa sous-barbe ; il pointait sa moustache en y appliquant force cire et pommade de Hongrie—il frottait l'infortuné menton de toutes les parfumeries affichées dans toutes les journaux et sur toutes les murailles de Londres et de Westminster. Il consultait non seulement tous les parfumeurs, mais quelques médecins de distinction. L'un de ceux-ci, homme de coeur mais de manières brusques, lui dit

—Milord je suis medecin et non pas barbier. C'est mon métier de guerir les malades et non pas de servir a une absurde vanité, et je n'ai pas le temps de vous écouter. Allez vous en, donnez votre or aux pauvres, et priez Dieu pour qu'il vous envoie un peu plus de bon sens.—

—Sir Thomson ne se mariait pas. Il avait quarante ans, et il était assez bel homme, et depuis sa majorité il aurait pu épouser la plus belle fille de Londres et de Westminster, y compris les huit arrondissements postales dans le cercle de dixhuit kilomètres qui a Charing Cross pour centre. Mais il ne demandait la main d'aucune. Il se disait

—Qui sait si j'aurai un fils ? et si je l'ai, il sera né imberbe, et je ne saurai peut être jamais s'il pourra faire pousser son imperiale. Mieux vaut mourir dans le célibat que devenir l'ancêtre d'une race semiberbe.—

Mais depuis l'épisode du Docteur, il parlait tres peu de ce qu'il appelait sa difformité. Il avait laissé pousser ses favoris, et la nudité de son menton lui donnait un peu l'air d'un militaire ; car on sait que les militaires Anglais laissent pousser la pleine barbe quand ils sont dans les chaleurs de l'Inde, mais dès leur arrivée dans leur pays de brume et de brouillard, ils se donnent bien de peine à exposer le menton et la gorge. Aussi,

quand notre baronet se promenait dans un endroit où il n'était pas connu, les balayeurs de la rue lui faisaient le compliment de "mon Colonel." Mais les conducteurs des omnibus de Kensington a Holborn le connaissaient parfaitement, et le saluaient chapeau bas en disant, "Bon jour, milord !" Car Sir John, fidèle aux traditions de sa jeunesse, allait toujours a la Cité en omnibus.

II.

Un jour pluvieux, Sir Thomson monta dans l'omnibus pour se rendre à sa maison de commerce. La voiture s'arrêta comme d'habitude près de Tottenham Court Road, qui est la borne Orientale du quartier fashionable. Ici vint de prendre sa place une jeune personne que le baronet ne regarda pas d'abord avec attention. Elle était très simplement vetue d'une robe noire un peu usée, et d'un chapeau conforme. Elle ne portait autre ornement qu'un noeud de ruban bleu au cou. Elle ne trouva pas d'autre place dans l'omnibus que droite en face du baronet, qui ainsi ne pouvait pas s'empêcher de la regarder, mais sans beaucoup s'inquiéter d'elle. Néanmoins il regarda de temps en temps son visage. Elle portait un voile d'une étoffe diaphane, qui laissait voir sa figure jusqu'à la bouche. Elle était assez jolie ; des cheveux blonds, des yeux gris, non pas très grands mais bien formés et d'un brillant spirituel, le nez petit et ciselé, la bouche rose et fraîche—mais son visage était entrecoupé par une espèce de bordure dont son voile était doublé. Depuis la lèvre inférieure jusqu'au bout du menton, on ne voyait rien que cette bordure.

Nous avons dit qu'il faisait mauvais temps. Les rues de Londres sont toujours sales, mais dans le temps de pluie, elles ont une boue toute particulière. Notre omnibus avait roulé quelques moments sans incident, quand la demoiselle se pencha par la portière pour parler au conducteur. Dans ce moment une voiture passa, et la roue lui jeta une masse de boue en plein visage. En tâchant de l'essuyer elle déranger pour un

instant son voile ; et le baronet, qui par hasard regardait de son côté, devint stupefié.

Cette demoiselle portait une barbe ! De la fossette jusqu'à la pointe, son menton était marqué d'une sorte de tache brune, dont sortaient des poils un peu roux, le tout formant une imperiale qui aurait été l'envie d'un lycéen de vingt ans. Il semblait que ce duvet avait été coupé, mais sans autre effet que de faire pousser des cheveux plus forts. Il va sans dire que la doublure du voile avait pour but de cacher cette bizarre conformation.

Quand la demoiselle s'aperçut que le baronet la regardait d'un air hébété, elle baissa son voile, dit au conducteur d'arrêter, paya et quitta brusquement la voiture. Sir John la suivit, mais avec un tel empressement qu'il oublia de payer, et fut rappelé par le conducteur, qui, lui, pensait que milord devenait fou. Il avait voyagé dans cet omnibus vingt ans, et jamais n'avait il mis pied à terre avant d'arriver à Chancery Lane. Mais cette fois il tira un *schilling* de son gilet, et le jeta au conducteur en l'envoyant au diable ; et il se mit à courir à toutes jambes du côté où l'inconnue avait disparu. Mais elle s'était glissée dans quelque petite allée, et le baronet ne savait plus comment s'y prendre. Il fit ce que fait tout Anglais dans un impasse. Il alla tout droit chercher un sergent de ville. Il en trouva un tout près de l'endroit où il avait quitté l'omnibus.

—Avez vous vu passer une demoiselle qui a une barbe ?—

—Une demoiselle qui a une barbe ? Est-ce qu'il y a des demoiselles barbues ?—

—Ah ! pardon ; c'est vrai. Elle était voilée. Son voile avait une large bordure et elle portait au cou un grand noeud bleu. L'avez vous vu ?—

—Je crois que oui. Vous a-t-elle volé quelque chose ?—

Et le *policeman* fit un petit signe à un homme habillé en bourgeois, qui stationnait à quelques pas, et qui était un agent de la police secrète.

—Connais tu quelque voleuse d'ici qui porte une barbe ?—

Le *detective* prit un air d'embarras ; mais le baronet lui coupa la parole.

—Elle ne m'a rien volé, et ce n'est pas pour cela que je la cherche.—

—Alors, monsieur,— fit le *policeman* —ce n'est pas nôtre affaire, et nous avons l'honneur de vous saluer. —

Et il s'en alla en grommelant a son compagnon

—Quel drôle de gout ! Voici un bon gros bourgeois qui s'avise d'être amoureux d'une fille barbue !—

Enfourché pour la deuxième fois dans un dilemme, Sir Thomson ne tarda pas de faire acte de constatation de sa naissance Britannique. Il sauta dans un *handsomcab*, et se fit conduire en toute hâte chez son avoué. Mais la, il trouva peu de consolation. Le bon *attorney* le croya fou. Mais il lui donna conseil en bonne foi.

—Si vous tenez beaucoup à trouver ce *lusus naturae*, faites mettre un avis dans le *Times*. Mais gardez vous bien de donner rendez-vous à votre barbue dans nôtre étude. Nous ne nous mêlons pas de pareilles intrigues.—

—Mais il n'y a la moindre intrigue. Je désire seulement faire connaissance avec cette demoiselle ; et je lui donnerai rendez-vous où vous voudrez.—

—Et pourquoi pas à votre hôtel ?—

—Parce que—enfin, qu'en dira-t-on ?—

—Eh bien ; à votre maison de commerce.—

—Parfaitement ; j'y vais tout de suite.—

Et il se jeta dans un autre *hansomcab*, et mit pied a terre a son bureau on il redigea l'avis suivant.

LA DEMOISELLE A LA BARBE, qui se trouva hier le — de — a onze heures dans un omnibus pres de Tottenham Court Road, est instamment priée de donner son adresse à J. T., No. — Holborn, qui a une communication avantageuse à lui faire.

LA SUITE AU PROCHAIN NUMÉRO.

E. R.



ΕΥΔΟΜΕΣ ΕΤ ΜΑΛΑ ΜΑΚΡΟΝ ΑΤΕΡΜΟΝΑ ΝΗΡΡΕΤΟΝ
ΥΙΙΝΟΝ.

BEYOND death's lampless portal
Or soon or late
For every world-worn mortal
What secrets wait?
Shall the tired heart find quiet
From earth's vain toil and riot,
Or shall the gods deny it
Rest in their hate?

There stillest, softest dreaming
May soothe a sleep
Sweet beyond mortal seeming,
Where no cares reap
The flowers, and leave the hollow
Rank hemlock stalks to follow,
When parts the summer swallow,
When wild winds weep.

Far in the hid hereafter,
Beyond the veil,
Shall song be there and laughter,
Or woe and wail?
Shall memory's blight empoison
The grave-flowers' gloomy foison,
Shall love and all its joys on
Take flight or fail?

Shall nought live on but sorrow
 And undelight ?
 Shall neither day nor morrow
 Tell time's slow flight ?
 Shall lorn lips moan and mutter
 Mournings they may not utter,
 Pain's fever'd pulses flutter,
 The long, long night ?

Or shall the spirit quicken
 To lovelier life,
 There where no sorrows sicken,
 Where stirs no strife,
 Far from earth's storms and showers,
 Earth's weeds and poison-flowers,
 In fair eternal bowers
 With roses rife ?

We know not. Of that region
 Is one thing sure—
 The dead, a lengthening legion,
 Its depths immure ;
 There, sin and sorrow over,
 The same dark doom doth cover
 The hater and the lover,
 The foul, the pure.

Who is in love with living,
 Do pleasures stay ?
 Are hurrying hours not giving
 Poor hope away ?
 From dark day darker morrow
 Is forced by fate to borrow
 A heavier debt of sorrow
 That joy must pay.

Since death to life is neighbour,
 And life is woe,
 Woe-woof and warp of labour,
 Let grey life go.
 Shall the sad soul in dying
 Pour prayer, and sob, and sighing
 To grim gods unreplying?
 Make answer—No!

Then oh! for dreamless slumber,
 Sweet, soft, and deep,
 Where ages without number
 Their watches keep.
 Earth has no chosen treasure,
 No passing pulse of pleasure,
 No bitter sweet to measure
 With endless sleep!

J. V.

A Reminiscence.

KISSING wan olive into red rose—
 Black earrings, black eyes, and white teeth
 Flashing about like pearls and sloes,
 As you laughed and struggled my lips beneath—
 Little slim body so clear and fine,
 And little weak hands held fast by mine—
 Little bright face as keen as wine,
 Do you remember?—I shall till death.

Kissing wan olive into red rose,
 Like April flushing at once to June—
 Kisses commencing on kisses' close,
 And laughter on laughter abounding boon.
 You played me a trick by the garden ferry;
 But paid me a forfeit sweet and merry,
 One sunny morning last January—
 Have you forgotten, my dear, so soon?

W. W.

The Bowre of Blisse.

AND fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Amongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay.
 The wearie Traveiler wand'ring that way
 Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 While creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is to *Olympick Jove*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
 In Nemea gayned goodly victoree.
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie,
 And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
 That quick'ned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

SPENSER.

Song.

WHEN Zephyr waves his balmy wings,
 To kiss the sweets of May :
 When the soft melodies of spring
 Resound from every spray ;
 With thee, sweet maid, I'll rove along,
 And tread the morning dews,
 To hear the wood-lark's early song,
 Or court the laughing Muse.

F. HEMANS.

Vitreæ Circe.

NEC procul unda levi destillans leniter amne
 Garrula praeludens dat multo in pumice murmur
 Somniferum, ripas prope si quis membra reponit.
 Qua post longum iter exhaustus persaepe viator
 Ad latices ardente sitim pellebat in aestu.
 Deinde, fatigatos dum somnus repit in artus
 Lethaeus, sudorem abolet proiectus ad undas.
 At nemus e latere adverso pandebat amoenum
 Arboribus celsis caput auræ, qualibus ipse
 Iupiter, ut sacris, rector decoratur Olympi,
 Natus et Alciden nomen mentitus, ubi olim
 Alma illi arrisit Nemeaeis gloria campis.
 Quinetian foliis hilarum genus omne volucrum
 Guttur vernabant plenos dulcedine cantus,
 Atque, alternantes inter se suavia, curae
 Concentu musæa gravi solacia præbent.

C.

“O qui me.”

MYRRHEOS librans Zephyrus volatus
 Spiritum et Floræ rosea ora libet;
 Personet frondes ubicunque lenis
 Naenia veris,

Phylli, quum mecum, mea, visis herbas
 Mane gemmantes, vigilisque alaudæ
 Carmen audire est, fruimurque Musa
 Dulce iocanti.

J. F. D.

Willie and Winnie.

(AN IDYLL.)

BY chandler Chawkins at the shop abode
 Willie and Winnie. Willie was a man,
 And she a woman; and the moon was full.
 Now Willie loved this woman, heart and soul
 From chignon to shoe-leather, and full fain
 Had wedded Winnie; but the girl, because
 She had so often seen him in the shop,
 Thought not of Willie.

Then there came a day,
 When Willie called her sire, and said: "O sire,
 A fourpence and a groat are near akin,
 But love is nearer to your daughter's heart,
 Being her whole sole fortune. Listen to me.
 I love your daughter Winnie. I do think
 (For I have watched her close these many days),
 That she loves me a little in return.
 Therefore, an so you grant us leave to wed,
 And look upon mine asking favourably,
 We two might live together as one life,
 In bonds of holiest love until we die.
 You look astonished, Sire: you dream me fool,
 Ass, idiot, goose; but such is not the fact.
 Goose, idiot, ass? Here on my bended knees,
 And in the presence of these empty chairs,
 Kissing my thumb, I swear that it is true."
 The like-suspecting Chawkins smiled, and replied:
 "Well-spoken, 'sdeath: a right-well-suited match."
 Then suddenly remembering that a price

Jumped at, on the first offer, makes a ware
 Appear less goodly in the buyer's eye,
 Drew back his chair, eyed him askance, and so
 Head-haughty, in mock-grandeur, answered sharply :
 " My daughter, and with you, sir ; you, sir ; you ;
 You and my daughter, Winnie ? what a match,
 Preposterous (for he meant to practise on him),
 Base, scandalous."

For many a year before,
 While yet an early-rising April sun
 Shot through the shattered shutters of the room,
 Javelling the folded dusk with spikes of fire,
 Suddenly from a deep dream Chawkins awoke.
 Well-nigh at first the light had blazed him blind,
 But that he closed his eyes ; but afterward
 Rising, he drew his night-cap down, and so
 All in the mellow middle of the room,
 Stood in his long night-shirt, meditating.
 Then, when his thought was thought, and he had stood
 Stock-still in his sock-soles for half-an-hour,
 Musing, he turned, doffed cap, shut eyes, crept close,
 Raised thumb, prest spring, and softly with all care
 Sundered the shutters, and let in the day.
 Then down he sat, and up he rose, and jerked
 The red bell-rope that blushed against the wall.
 The bell rang. " Hark !" said Mary, " my lord calls."
 It rang again. " The master's in a hurry."
 Down came the rope. Up sprang the dame, and dinned
 Loud at the door. But Chawkins questioning her,
 And roughly shouting, " Menial, is it thee ?"
 (He never was a scholar), and again,
 " What kept thee, girl ?" amazed her, and she had
 Scarce any breath to answer, and yet gasped
 Falteringly, " Me, lord : what is thy will ?"
 And Chawkins could have wept for pity of her.
 For harsh in tongue was he, but tender in heart,

And well he knew, or ought to know, the dame,
 Being but human, was not inerrable ;
 Moreover, too, he held the dame so dear,
 That ill to her was ill to him ; yea, more ;
 Before his life was linkt in love with hers
 Who now proclaimed him husband, all his heart
 Went after her with longing ; for the dame
 Had served him well for half-a-hundred years,
 And oft, of old, while yet his youth was young,
 Had dandled him a baby in her arms.
 Then softly adding : " Mary, is it thee ?"
 And, " Is it thee, O Mary ?" and again,
 " O Mary, is it thee ?" he raised the latch,
 And gently told the dame to tell the boots
 To tell the pantry-boy to tell the cook
 That the calf's head, which she had heated twice,
 Or thrice, who knows ? or may be three times thrice,
 And served her lord at luncheon and at tea,
 Not ever should be heated any more.
 " For an she serve it to her lord again,
 And strive (for cooks are creatures of a month)
 With her calf's head to break my appetite,
 By heavens !" said Chawkins, " I shall break her head."*
 He ended in a passion, and jumpt into bed again.

S. K. C.

*(To be continued.)** Cf. *Last Tournament*:—

" Save for that broken music in thy brains,
 Sir fool," said Tristram, " I should break thy head."

A Small Sweet Idyll.

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height ;
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang :)
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
 But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine—
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come !
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him : by the happy threshold he,
 Or hand and hand with plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
 Or fox-like in the vine ; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the silver horns ;
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
 But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley. Let the wild
 Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That, like a broken purpose, waste in air :
 So waste not thou ; but come, for all the vales
 Await thee : azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee : the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound ;
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet :
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

Cantando rigidam deducit monte puellam.

QVIN ades huc, virgo, quin deseris ardua montis ?
 (Incipit upilio) ; quid enim te summa morantem
 Frigora delectant tantum, candorque iugorum ?
 Desine cunctari caelo vicinior, exstas
 Seu delapsa velut pinus iubar inter obustas,
 Vertice seu stellae ntu subnixa corusco.
 Tolle moras ; invade viam ; si quaeris amorem,
 Incola vallis amor ; fert laeta ad limina gressum,
 Vel divae iunctus dextrae ditantis aristas
 It comes, elisove rubescit sanguine prelis,
 Vel sub vite latet ceu vulpes. Nulla per albas
 Mortis et Aurorae sequitur vestigia cautes ;
 Non tibi in anfractu niveo captandus agenti,
 Aequora non sidit supra glacialia, sulcis
 Concretum trudunt quae per declivia pondus
 Certatim, ut luteis effundant faucibus amnem.
 At sequere, ut rivus te desiliente sequacem
 Vortice corripiat ; pete gaudia vallis, et ales
 Regia det macro sine raucos gutture questus
 Sola sibi ; proni quum strata immania montis
 Vellera defundant pendentia mille vaporum,
 Quae mox vanescent, ceu mens infracta, per auras ;
 Tu ne vanescas ; cito sed delabere, nam te
 Exspectant valles ; tibi surgit caerula fumo
 Quaeque columna focus ; te clamat cuncta iuventus ;
 Te mea pastoris suspirat fistula ; circum
 Omnia dulce sonant, sed vox tua dulcior omni—
 Plurimus hos properat per saltus rivus, et ulmos
 Assiduo annosas complent maerore palumbes,
 Innumeraeque apium miscentur murmure gentes.

Tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse.

THE flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow dies :
 All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts and then flies ;
 What is this world's delight ?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
 Friendship too rare !
 Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair.
 But we, though soon they fall,
 Survive their joy and all
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
 Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day ;
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

SHELLEY.

Quidquid agunt Homines.

TOUTE la science de l'observation se réduit pour moi à deux
 points : écouter parler les riches, et faire parler les pauvres.

L'HERMITE DE LA CHAUSSÉE-D'ANTINS.

ΨΕΥΔΗ ΤΑ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΑΠΡ' ΟΥΔΕ ΜΟΙ ΜΕΛΕΙ.

Ὁ γελᾷ σήμερον ἄνθος χλιδανῶς
 αὔριον ὄλλυσ' αἰῶνα βραχύν·
 κοῦδὲν μόνιμον πλὴν ὥς δόξαι
 καὶ δόξαν ἅπαξ αἶψ' ἀποκλῖναι·
 τί βίος; τί πέλει τάνθάδε τερπνά;
 στεροπὴ δνόφον ἢ νυκτὸς ὑβρίζει,
 τάχα δ' αἰφνίδιον φλόγ' ἀμαυροῖ.
 ὥς σωφροσύνης τέλος ἄκραντον,
 καὶ φιλότητος σπανία πίστις,
 πόθος ὥς δῶρων ἀντ' Ἀφροδίτης
 στερρὸν ἀδῶρων πένθος ἀμείβει·
 τούτων δὲ χαρᾶς, καίπερ ἁώρως
 μάλ' ἀποικομένων, περιλειπόμεθ' ὦν
 τά γε πρόσθ' ἠύχουμέν ἔχοντες.
 σὺ δ'—ἕως λάμπει φοίβαισι βολαῖς
 ἥλιος αὔξων ἀταλὰς κάλυκας,
 κῆμαρ ἀγάλλει φαιδρὰ πρὸ νυκτὸς
 φάος ἀλλάξοντ' ὄμματα λυπρὸν,
 πρὸς ἀκασκαῖαι δ' ἔρπουσ' ὦραι—
 βαιὸν γ' ὀδυνῶν ὄναρ ἀμπνεύσης,
 τέγγε δ' ἐγερθεῖς
 δακρύων λιβάδας πολυκλαύστους.

T.

La Science de l'Observation.

§ PONTE sua dives, pauper mihi garriat ultro :
 Sic quid agant homines alterutrimque patet.

J. F. D.

Half Hours with the Classics.

(By a young lady who has been reading "Classics for English Readers.")

AH! those hours when by-gone sages
 Led our thoughts through Learning's ways,
 When the wit of sunnier ages
 Called once more to earth the days
 When rang through Athens' vine-hung lanes
 Thy wild laugh, Aristophanes!

Pensive through the land of Lotus
 Sauntered we by Nilus' side;
 Garrulous old Herodotus
 Still our Mentor—still our guide,
 Prating of the mystic bliss
 Of Isis and of Osiris.

All the learned ones trooped before us,
 All the wise of Hellas' land,
 Down from mythic Pythagoras
 To the hemlock-drinker grand;
 Dark the hour that closed the gates
 Of gloomy Dis on thee, Socrates!

Ah! those hours of tend'rest study,
 When Electra's poet told
 Of Love's cheek, once warm and ruddy,
 Pale with grief, with death-chill cold;—
 Sobbing low, like summer tides,
 Flow thy verses, Euripides!

High our hearts beat when Cicero
 Shook the Capitolian dome.
 How we shudder'd, watching Nero,
 Mid the glare of blazing Rome;
 How those records still affright us,
 On thy gloomy page, Tacitus!

Back to youth I seem to glide, as
 I recall those by-gone scenes,
 When we conned o'er Thucydides,
 Or recited Demosthenes.

L'ENVOI.

*(Ancient sages ! pardon these
 Somewhat doubtful quantities !)*

H. J. DE B.

The Valley of Shanganagh.

(WRITTEN FOR THE AIR, "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.")

IN the Valley of Shanganagh, where the songs of skylarks teem,
 And the rose perfumes the ocean-breeze, as love the hero's
 dream :

'Twas there I wooed my Maggie. In her dark eyes there did dwell
 A secret that the billows knew, but yet could never tell.

Oh! light as fairy tread, her voice fell on my bounding heart ;
 And like the wild bee to the flower still clinging we would part,
 " Sweet Valley of Shanganagh ! " then I murmur'd, " tho' I die,"
 " My soul will never leave thee for the heaven that's in the sky."

In the Valley of Shanganagh where the sullen sea-gulls gleam,
 And the pine-scent fills the sighing breeze, as death the lover's
 dream :

'Twas there I lost my Maggie. Why that fate upon us fell,
 The powers above us knew, perhaps, if only they would tell.

Oh! like the tread of mournful feet, it fell upon my heart,
 When, as the wild bee leaves the rose, her spirit did depart.
 In the Valley still I linger, though it's fain I am to die,
 But it's hard to find a far-off heaven, when clouds are in the sky.

J. M.

Katherine and Petruchio.

(TAMING OF THE SHREW, ACT IV., SCENE 5.)

Pet. COME on, i' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An' if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But the sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΜΦΕΡΟΥΣ' ΙΑΣΟΝΙ.

- Π. Πρὸς θεῶν σπεύδωμεν ἐγκονῶμεν ἐς πατρὸς δόμον.
ὦ φίλε Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, τὸ χρῆμα τῆς Μήνης ὅσον.
- Κ. ἦν ἰδοῦ Μήνης · τί Μήνης ; ἥλιος μὲν οὖν ὅδε.
- Π. φημ' ἐγώ γε τήνδε Μήνην ἀργυροῦν φαίνειν σέλας.
- Κ. φημ' ἐγὼ μάλ' αὖθις εἶναι Φοῖβον οὐκ ἄλλον τινα.
- Π. ἀλλ' ἐμῆς πρὸς μητρὸς υἱοῦ τοῦδ', ἐμὸν λέγω κára,
ὡς δοκῇ μοι καλεῖς πρὶν εἶτε Μήνην εἶτε που
ἀστέρων τιν' ἢ προελθεῖν πρὸς πατρῶα δώματα.
πρόσπολοι ταχ' ἀπάγετ' ἵππους οἴκαδ' ἐς φάτνας πάλιν
ὡς αἰεὶ τις ἀντερεῖ μοι μυριάκις ἢ καὶ πλέον.
- Ο. σὺν δὲ διδάσκου πρὶν γε νοστεῖν, ὁμολόγει δέ πᾶν πόσει.
- Κ. ἄγετ' ἴωμεν, ὡς ἐμοῦ γε πάντα συμφάσης λόγον,
εἶτε Μήνην εἶτε Φοῖβον φησὶν οὐρανοῦ κρατεῖν,
ὄντιν οὖν εἴτ' ἀστερ' ἄλλον εἶτε που λύχρον φιλεῖ
ἀποκαλεῖν νιν, πάντ' ἀρέσκει ταῦτα, κοῦκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ.
- Π. τήνδ' ἐγὼ Μήνην λέγοιμ' ἄν.
- Κ. ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς.
- Π. φῆς, ἀναιδες ; ἡλίου γὰρ θεῖον ὄμμα δέρκομαι.
- Κ. ἔστιν ἀμέλει θεῖον ὄμμα, καὶ θεοῖς ἔχω χάριν,
σοῦ δέ μὴ συναινέσαντος, οὐχι, κἀξαρμεῖβεται
σαῖσιν ἀντίστοιχος ἀστάτοισιν Ἄρτεμις φρεσίν.
ὅτι καλῆς, τοῦτ' οὖν κέκλήσθω, σὴ δὲ πᾶν στέρξει γυνή.

W. G. T.

In a Garden.

WHY, Damon, with the forward day
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,
 From tree to tree with doubtful cheer
 Pursue the progress of the year,
 What winds arise, what rains descend—
 When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
 To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
 Then wantonly to death decree
 An insect usefuller than thee?
 Thou and the worm are brother kind,
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
 The downy peach make court to thee?
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet
 The bean-flower's deep embosom'd sweet
 Exhaling with an evening blast?
 Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
 (For vanity's in little seen,)
 All must be left when Death appears,
 In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
 Nor one of all thy plants that grow
 But rosemary shall with thee go.

SEWELL.

Vitae Summa brevis.

NOTO quid horti redderis angulo,
 Vergente Phaebo, Postume? Quid iuvat
 His flore vestitis et illis
 Arboribus numerare menses,
 Quis forte ventis, quove Diespiter
 Descendat imbri quaerere? Gaudia
 Cur vana sectaris, supremus
 Hic tibi si properatur annus?
 Quidve ambulantis profuerit labor,
 Frondis voracem si cochleam novae
 Calcaris avolsam proterva
 Dignior ipse perire planta?
 Fraterna caecum conditio tenet
 Vtrumque; eodem pulvere conditi
 Sordetis. Expectasne demens,
 Pruna tibi domino rependens
 Dum iactet arbor mitia? Num tuis
 Halare odores naribus intimos,
 Sub noctis adventum, fabarum
 Flos quoties recreatur aura,
 Optas? Supremum condideris diem,
 Fastusque et horti dulce reliqueris
 Solamen augusti, superbus
 Scilicet exigno colonus.
 Non vota tecum non lacrimae valent
 Auferre in Orcum quae misero tibi
 Arbusta florescunt, marini
 Fonde brevi comitande roris!

R. W. W.

Verso Pollice.

DARK tresses enrich'd with all treasures,
 Earth's gold dust, and pearls of the sea ;
 She is splendid as Rome that was Caesar's,
 And cruel as Rome that was free.

Let me paint her but once as I found her :
 From the porphyry couch let her lean,
 With the reek of the circus around her
 Who was centre and soul of the scene.

Grey eyes, with glance keen as the eagle
 As he stoops to his prey from on high ;
 Bold arms, which the red gold makes regal ;
 Fair heart never vex'd by a sigh.

Unabash'd in her beauty of figure !
 Heavy limbs, and thick tresses uncurl'd,
 To our gaze give the grace and the vigour
 Of the race that has conquer'd the world.

And haughty her mien as of any,
 Whose war-cry the foeman knew well,
 As they rode through the grey mist at Canae,
 Ere Consul with Consular fell.

And fierce with the blood of their heroes,
 In their vice as their virtue sublime,
 Sits the queen of the world that is Nero's,
 Unsurpass'd at a kiss or a crime.

But the game that amuses her leisure
 Loses zest as the vanquish'd gives way ;
 And the victor looks up for her pleasure,
 Shall he spare with the sword-point or slay ?

Half grieving, she gathers her tresses,
 Now the hour for the games has gone by,
 And these soft arms, so sweet for caresses,
 Point prone* as she signs, "let him die."

C. P. M.

* See a note on a poem on the same subject by H. J. DE B., in Kottabos,

A Storm Song.

TOSS, tight boat, by the foam-cover'd bar;
 Dip déep down in the jaws of the brine.
 Fly dark rack across moon and star,
 Fly, and fly past.—My love is mine.
 Storm-stricken cedars reel on the height;
 Hurl'd back shudder, and pitch to the wind.
 Swept by the beam of the moon's pale light,
 Lash, and loom grandly.—My love is kind.

Burst, O sea, on the sand of the shore;
 Scream aloud. Fling up your wild arms white.
 Grovel, and shriek to the strong wind's roar;
 Peal up your cry through the pitiless night.
 Blow, vast gale, over field and bay;
 Over holt and hill drive the rain and brine.
 Ruin and wreck till returns the day;
 Break, and be broken.—My love is mine.

W. W.

Schubert.

STRANGE cadences from out his song arise,—
 Wistful and weird they seem to glide and float,
 And seek and question in each dreamy note,
 Then to the master-chord each, shudd'ring, flies;—
 As maidens wand'ring through a forest grove,
 Startled by some dread sound, with quick, sharp, cries
 Fly, panting,—till the sunlight reach their eyes,—
 And fall in peace upon the breast they love.
 So when my soul is weary of her ways,
 And sick, and sadden'd with the heat and strife,
 And bitterness that filleth up our days,
 And darkness that o'ershadoweth our life,
 To thee, sweet Love, flies back my heart again,
 As to its key-note falls his wild and wandering strain.

W. C. K. W.

The Good Great Man.

“**H**OW seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honour and wealth, with all his work and pains !
 It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits that which he obtains.”
 For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain !
 What would'st thou have a good great man obtain ?
 Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
 Or heaps of corpses which his sword had slain ?
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man ? Three treasures—love, and light,
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

INCERT.

King Richard. Duchess.

Duchess. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duchess. Hear me a word ;
 For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duchess. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
 Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Idem Stoice.

†**I**NCOLVMIS virtus quam raro sumit honores
 Vel modicum victum! Numa sanctus spondeat auctor
 Fortunam similem meritis, huic credere noli.”
 Cui tu verba miser? Mendose colligis, amens;
 Divitias fascēs molitos strage triumphos,
 Quae tu summa putes, virtus num curat habere?
 At se propter non aliud sunt ipsa petenda
 Iustitia et virtus: virtuti suppetit usu
 Vera dies communis amor tranquilla sereni
 Ingenii lux: virtutem non deserit unquam
 Ipsa deusque parens et mors quae liberet aequa.

T. M.

ΑΝΑΞ. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣ.

B. Ἄκουσον, ὦναξ.

A. πικρὰ γὰρ λίαν λέγεις.

B. βραχύν τιν' αἰτῶ μῦθον, ὥς λέξουσα νῦν
 πανύστατον δὴ πρὸς σε.

A. συγχωρῶ, φράσον.

B. ἦτοι θανει σύ, θεῶν δικαζόντων τάδε,
 νικηφόρον πρὶν νόστιμον μολεῖν πόδα,
 ἢ πένθεσιν φθίνουσα καὶ γήρα μακρῶ
 οὐ μήποτ' αἰθις εἰς τὸ σὸν βλέψω κάρα.
 σὺ δ' οὖν ἄπερρε τήνδε συλλαβὼν ἄραν
 βαρεῖαν εἴ τις, ἢ σέ γ' ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !
 My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
 And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
 And promise them success and victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

SHAKESPEARE.

Geraint.

AND in a moment after, wild Limours,
 Borne on a black horse, like a thunder cloud
 Whose skirts are loosened by the breaking storm,
 Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,
 And all in passion, uttering a dry shriek,
 Dashed on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore
 Down by the length of lance and arm beyond
 The crupper, and so left him stunned or dead ;
 And overthrew the next that followed him,
 And blindly rushed on all the rout behind.
 But at the flash and motion of the man,
 They vanished panic stricken, like a shoal
 Of darting fish, that on a Summer morn,
 Adown the crystal dykes of Camelot
 Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand ;
 But if a man who stands upon the brink
 But lift a shining hand against the sun,
 There is not left the twinkle of a fin
 Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;
 So, scared but at the motion of the man,
 Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
 And left him lying in the public way ;
 So vanish friendships only made in wine.

TENNYSON.

πάσης βαρύνουι τῆς πανοπλίας πλέον.
 ἐπεύχομαι δὲ τοὺς ἐναντίους κρατεῖν·
 ἐκεῖ δὲ παῖδοιν τοῖν κάκιστ' ὀλωλότοιιν
 ψυχαὶ, λαθραίοις χρώμεναι κελεύσασιν,
 νίκην ἐπαγγέλλοιντο πολεμίῳ στρατῷ.
 αὐτὸς φονεὺς ὢν ἐν φόνῳ κείσει πεσών,
 κακῶς δ' ἀκούσει ζῶν τε καὶ θνήσκων ὁμῶς.

B.

Aeneas.

QVALIS per caelum prorupto turbine densus
 Volvitur interdum nimbus glomeratque procellas,
 Haud mora, Turnus adest;—campo niger ecce! furemtem
 Ipse furens sonipes vehit, et vix audit habenas;—
 Sic ruit, et pro voce sonus fugit aridus ore:
 Illum autem Aeneas venientem excepit, et, hastam
 Porrecta quantum potuit protendere dextra,
 In tantum proturbat equo, exanimemque relinquit;
 Inde, ducem sequitur qui proximus, Actora fortem
 Sternit, et in medium caeco ruit impete volgus.
 At quale interdum aestivo sub sole videmus
 Leni per vitreas incessu labier undas
 Squamigerum genus; at notat imas sup̄ter harenas
 Vmbra quisque sua pingens, luduntque natantes;
 Tum si forte astans aliquis de margine ripae
 Porrigat elatam dextram, ut videre trementes
 Vt fugere illi; nusquam lucere videres
 Vel minimam squamam de tot modo millibus unam,
 Floribus albentes qua lymp̄ha interluit ulvas—
 Haud secus, experti rueret quo turbine, campo
 Diffugere omnes quos secum in bella sodales
 Duxerat infelix Turnus, lincuntque iacentem.
 Tantum quippe valet pactum inter pocula foedus.

W. E. G.

La Barbe de Mademoiselle.

Dédié (sans permission) à Monsieur Edmond About.

III.

Le lendemain, Sir John déjeûnait. Le *Times* était sur la table à portée de sa main, et il avait constaté la publication de son annonce. On frappa à la porte; il ordonna d'entrer; et Monsieur Tom Smith, son secrétaire, se présenta. Il tenait, lui aussi, un journal, qui était en effet le *Times* des gens de service.

—Milord, dit-il, j'ai à demander pardon si je vous dérange; mais je le crois mon devoir de vous avertir que quelqu'un s'abuse de votre confiance.—

—En quoi?—

—Je ne me mêle pas d'ordinaire de votre maison de commerce. Mais il me semble qu'on n'a pas le droit de publier une annonce comme celle-ci.—

Et il mit son doigt sur la seconde colonne du *Times*; celle qu'on appelle dans l'argot des journalistes *la colonne aux agonies*.

Le baronet lut l'affiche de la *Demoiselle à la Barbe*.

—Il n'y a pas d'abus, dit-il.

—Cette annonce a donc votre autorité, milord?—demanda le secrétaire.

—Je ne sais pas, Monsieur Tom Smith, par quel droit vous m'interrogez; mais si l'annonce était publiée par moi-même qu'est-ce que cela vous fait?—

—Cela fait, milord, que si l'avis est de vous, ou autorisé par vous, je ne puis plus rester dans votre service, et je vous prie d'agréer ma démission.—

—Mais je ne vous conçois pas. Quel intérêt pouvez-vous avoir à cette personne?—

—Milord,—fit le secrétaire, d'un air grave, je suis fâché de vous contrarier, et je sais combien je vous dois; mais je ne puis ni m'expliquer, ni rester dans votre service si vous persistez à la recherche de cette demoiselle.—

—Mais il faut absolument que vous vous expliquiez ; car si je ne trouve pas cette demoiselle au moyen de cette affiche, je vais recourir à la police secrète. Je ferai fonctionner Pollaky.—

Le jeune homme se jeta aux pieds de son maître.

—De grâce, milord, épargnez-nous cette humiliation. C'est ma sœur !—

—Votre sœur ! mais il n'y a pas d'humiliation. Je la cherche pour l'épouser.—

Le secrétaire se redressa, et fit un pas vers le cordon de la sonnette. Son maître l'arrêta.

—Ne vous donnez pas la peine de sonner, dit-il. Je ne suis pas fou, quoi que vous en pensiez. Ecoutez. Je veux agir envers vous sérieusement et de bonne foi ; et si elle est libre, j'ai l'honneur de demander la main de votre sœur, Mademoiselle—

—Polly,— suppléa le secrétaire.

—Mademoiselle Polly Smith.—

—Mais c'est inouï. Elle est—elle a—

—Elle a une impériale, que vous croyez une difformité. Dans mes yeux, cette difformité, c'est le plus séduisant des charmes, et je vous répète que si votre sœur est libre, je désire l'épouser.—

—Mais il y a notre mère !—

—Eh bien, allons chercher votre mère pour demander son consentement.—

Cette fois, c'était le maître qui sonna, pour faire atteler son phaéton ; et dans une demi-heure, Sir John et son secrétaire étaient en route pour l'humble logis de Madame Smith.

IV.

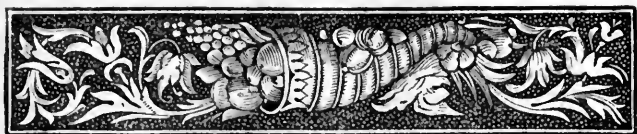
Le père de Tom Smith et de Polly avait été commis dans la maison Thomson. Il avait donné à son fils et à sa fille une instruction convenable à leur état ; mais l'impériale de la pauvre Polly lui ôtait toute espérance de se marier, et Tom n'avait aucun talent pour les affaires. Le bon père se trouva heureux d'assurer l'avenir de son fils en le faisant entrer en qualité de secrétaire chez Sir John, où il passait ses journées à écrire des

réponses aux invitations à dîner. Quand le père Smith mourut, il laissa sa veuve et sa fille dans une pauvreté qui manquait peu de la misère. Le baronet, en grand seigneur de commerce, ne s'était jamais informé des affaires de famille de son pauvre serviteur. Il donna un billet de banque à Tom pour acheter son deuil, et ne se soucia plus de la famille Smith. Tom était trop fier pour demander un secours qui aurait été une aumône. D'ailleurs, il se serait bien gardé de laisser soupçonner l'existence de cette sœur barbue, dont on s'efforçait de cacher la difformité à tout le monde. Il aidait comme il pouvait sa mère et sa sœur, qui gagnaient leur pain au travail d'aiguille, à copier des papiers, enfin à faire ce qu'il plut à Dieu de leur envoyer, et qui, même avec le secours de Tom, mangeaient assez souvent le pain sec. Polly aurait pu donner des leçons, mais elle craignait d'exposer sa difformité. Sans cette maudite impériale elle était belle; mais une belle fille barbue est plus que laide, elle est ridicule.

Il est donc inutile de dire comme quoi le mariage de Sir John eut lieu. On ne repousse pas les prétendants qui ont 100,000 livres sterling de rente, surtout quand on n'a pas l'espérance de se marier, même à un simple particulier. D'ailleurs, le baronet était un bel homme. Et puis la pauvre Polly sentait en elle-même le besoin d'aimer et d'être aimée, et c'était Sir John qui éveilla en elle pour la première fois de sa vie cette douce espérance. Dans un mot, le baronet aima Polly d'abord pour son impériale, et Polly l'aima pour sa fortune; mais dans quelques jours ils commençaient à s'aimer pour eux-mêmes.

La cérémonie eut lieu dans je ne sais quelle petite chapelle des terres de Sir John. Il n'y eut pas fête de noces. Les mœurs Britanniques rejettent sur la famille de la demoiselle tous les frais de cette fête, et exigent que les convives soient pour la plupart les amis de la nouvelle mariée. Or, la famille Smith n'avait ni argent ni amis; donc il était convenu que la cérémonie ne serait pas publique. Mais le mari se promit qu'à la fin de la lune de miel il ferait donner dans leur ménage une succession de fêtes des plus éclatantes.

E. R.



After Study.

FOUR men, in a place of note,
Read all a great man wrote.

The first man rose, and said :
“This is Greek which I have read.”

One made this memo : “ Nearly sound :
Treat this man well : he will come round.”

The second man of the four men cried :
“This great man’s thoughts and mine coincide.”

One called for paper, and wrote thus :
“Number two—strait jacket—dangerous.”

The third man of the four men sigh’d :
“I can’t understand it—I have tried.”

One wrote thus : “ Harmless : let him alone :
If he ask for bread, give him a stone.”

The fourth of the four men answered bland :
“I’ve glanced through it : there’s nothing to understand.”

The surgeon to the keeper turn’d about :
“This man is quite sane. Let him out.”

S. K. C.

R. J. P.

STREW on her roses, roses,
 But never a spray of yew ;
 In silence she reposes—
 Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required,
 She bathed them in smiles and glee ;
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of light and sound ;
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit
 Panted and strove for breath ;
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty halls of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Alas ! What boots it ?

ALAS ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
 (That last infirmity of noble mind,)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days.
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorr'd shears
 And slits the thin-spun life.

MILTON.

ΕΥΡΕΝ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΗΝ.

Ζηνοφιλη ρόδ' ἐμῇ, ρόδ' ἐμῇ καταχεῖτε θανούσῃ,
 μηδὲ λυγρὰν μήτις σμίλακ' ἐπιστορέσῃ·
 πρῆνυν ἐν ἡρεμίῃ εὔδει μάλα νήγρετον ὕπνον—
 εὔδει—κάμ' ὕπνος ὥς ὥφελε τοῖος ἔχειν.
 νάμασιν εὐφροσύνης ἐτάρους ὑπέβρεξε συνόντας,
 δίψαον οὐ πασῶν ὧν ἔφερεν χαρίτων·
 ἀλλὰ κόπος κραδίην, κραδίην κόπος αἰὲν ἔτειρε,
 νῦν δὲ πόνους κείται πάντας ἀπειπαμένη.
 στρομβηδὸν δίνευε βίος, δίνευεν, ἀπάσαις
 ἐν δάδων αἴγλαις καὶ κιθαρῶν ἐνοπαῖς·
 ἡσυχίης δὲ τυχεῖν λίην ἐλλιπαίετο θυμὸς,
 καὶ νῦν ἡσυχίῃ πάντοθεν ἡμφίασεν.
 ὥσπερ ἐν ἐρκταῖς ἡσπαιρεν καὶ ἐποίπνυεν ἐντός
 σκηνεῖ κῆρ κλησθὲν δαψιλὲς εἰν ὀλίγῳ,
 νῦν δὲ γαληναίης, νῦν εὐρέος εὐρέσι χώρου
 ἐν τοῖς Περσεφόνης κληρονομεῖ θαλάμοις.

T.

Aufer abhinc lacrimas, barathro, et compesce querelas.

QUID iuvat aerumnis fessum curaque perenni
 Irrisam vilemque sequi pastoris opellam,
 Fortiter ingenio macram meditante Camenam?
 Nonne foret melius, solita est quod cetera pubes,
 Tecum delicias, Amarylli, agitare sub umbris,
 Effusosve tuos crines mulcere, Neaera?
 Credula enim menti sinceræ Gloria calcar
 Subiectat, (mireque sagaces ultimus error
 Fallit,) ut assiduos luxus ferat orba labores.
 At quum iam merces prope adesse videtur opima,
 Et famæ tandem iam iam prorumpere fulgor,
 Ecce tibi dea caeca! intervenit Atropos, atque
 Deductam tenui præcidit stamine vitam.

J. F. D.

Willie and Winnie.

(AN IDYLL.)

AND in those days he bought a pair of dogs—
 Cæsar and Pompey—each so like to each,
 That not one single man in the whole world
 Could tell the difference. And he made a song,
 And sang it: strangely could he make and sing.

Like is my Cæsar, so they say, they say :
 But Pompey is as like him any day :
 I know not which is liker, he or him.

He, art thou like? Then liker him must be :
 He, thou art liker : like is him to he :
 He, him, if him were liker, he were him.

Two eyes have each, and each possess two tails :
 Neither are feminine, for both are males :
 Neither can climb a tree, and both can swim.

Well-bred are each, for I am sure of that :
 And his nose is like him's, for both are flat :
 And both are fleet of feet, and lithe of limb.

Well-train'd is he ; I never use a switch ;
 But him is train'd as well : but tell me, which
 Did we refer the "he" to ; which the "him?"

The "he" of course refers,—but nay, I am wrong :
 The "him"—I quite forget now ; but as long
 As him and he are happy, what's the odds?

So, on that later morn,
 When William called her sire, and said, ' O sire,

A fourpence and a groat are near akin,
 But love is nearer to your daughter's heart,
 Being her whole sole fortune,' in his chair
 Chawkins (for still the ruth was working in him),
 Slow-stiffening, spoke : ' Young men, whose funds are low,
 Should be content to wed with lowly maids.
 Since you would wed my daughter, state your means—
 Aye, state your means, since you would wed my child,'
 And ever like a burthen, ' state your means.'
 To whom the other : ' Means, sire : said you means ?
 Means, said you ? Truth, and I shall tell thee true.
 If what you mean by means be wealth alone,
 And only wealth is to be rated so,
 Mean were your daughter, then, to wed with me,
 Not wedding with your wish : seeing a child
 In every thing at every time in every way
 Should work her parent's will, and bear it thro.'
 And you were meanest man of meanest men,
 An you were mean enough to ask it of her.
 But if by means you mean that wealth of mind—
 (Mind, *if* you mean ; but *if* you do not mean—
 But all is jest and joke among ourselves—
 It doth not maim a tittle of the fact,)
 That wealth of mind, I say, that makes a man
 Lord over all of lesser mind than he,
 Then are there none but few wealthier than I.
 For wealth is power. And I have power to see
 (Altho' I see her never but seldom now,)
 The exquisite beauty of your innocent child,
 Which never man on earth had power to see,
 Else, surely she had wedded years ago,
 Whereto her age bears witness. But if means
 Be wealth of money, and not wealth of mind,
 Then wealth of mind and money are the same.
 For as the mind directs the hand to work—
 (I speak of manual labour)—so the hand

Without the mind has power to work no more,
 Or work without an aim. Therefore, O sire,
 An so your daughter's fortune fled my hands,
 And the wolf howl'd and prowld about our door,
 I could apply my mind to practical use,
 Like soul with body, working to one end,
 To win the golden goal of love and life,
 Beyond all riches. But if means be money,
 Myself am not unmean'd ; for my good father,
 (For dead-in-life to word and work is he,
 Nor knows, nor sees, nor feels, nor smells, nor hears,)
 Hath will'd me in his latest testimony
 Full sixty shares in some Peruvian mines,
 And half-a-league of hills of steel and brass
 In his broad lands beyond the narrow seas,
 Under deep mortgage. Such, sire, are my means,
 Since you would have me state them ; which, I trow,
 Stated, will please you, as I trow they must,
 Seeing in whatsoever sense you take them,
 Well-mean'd am I, yet not one-third so mean
 As you yourself are mean to think me mean.'

Then answer'd Chawkins, reddening as in wrath :
 ' I like your little verbal paradoxes,
 Told in quaint Saxon, with a quibble in it.
 For jest is good, when jest is seasonable ;
 But surely jest is not in season now,
 When I and you, in cash and calmness, here
 Prate for my daughter's fate. Let be your brains,
 Let be too long already ; since, I vow,
 When you have need to use them, like a wheel
 Worn with long rust, you find them, past repair,
 Used by disuse. I rate your chance with her
 At nothing. Let me tell thee now a tale.'

S. K. C.

(*To be continued.*)

“Don't Let Poor Nelly Starve.”

I STOOD upon the deck where Nelson died,
 While round him wept the bravest of the brave.
 The fleet they conquer'd crimson'd still the wave.
 To his last words they listened eager-eyed,
 While Hardy kiss'd the hero: “Ere the tide
 Can change, prepare to anchor”: so, to save
 The ships that day for England: then “I leave
 “My Lady Hamilton to England's care.”
 What answer did those sacred words receive?
 How did the lone love of the hero fare?
 Did England “do her duty” to the man
 Whose world-famed signal fired Trafalgar's van.
 She his one first last love—and shall we grieve
 If God and man alike reject the prayer?

C. P. M.

Sonnet after a Lucky Day at a Bazaar.

A MAN must have two hats; even two umbrellas
 Are not amiss, when we have friends unwary;
 Of purses, too, when travelling, a pair I
 Much like to use, mindful of those glib fellows,
 Who by the sight of gold are made too jealous;
 We've each two names at least, (though maidens drolly
 Preserve their first from vulgar custom holy);
 Our bows must have two strings, wise people tell us;
 Two heads must work to bring two ends together,
 Lest from “the bush” two birds with false hopes flatter;
 “Two words” may make two hours of stormy weather,
 Though “two opinions can't be on the matter;”
 But Gemini above! what tale discloses
 That mortal e'er possess'd *two tea-pot cosies*?

J. M.

The Golden Year.

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn :
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far ;
 A new Peneus rolls its fountains
 Against the morning star.
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize ;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.

SHELLEY.

Pitt.

HIS powerful intellect was ill supplied with knowledge. Of this he had no more than a man can acquire while he is a student at college. The stock of general information which he brought with him from Cambridge, extraordinary for a boy, was far inferior to what Fox possessed, and beggarly when compared with the massy, the splendid, the various treasures laid up in the large mind of Burke. He had no leisure to learn more than was necessary for the purposes of the day which was passing over him.

MACAULAY.

Nobis Rerum Ordo.

AETAS iam redit integra
 Confectae senio tempus et aureum
 Terrae. Iam, positis velut
 Post brumam exuviis, terra micat recens.
 Caelo fausta redit dies,
 Exilesque simul regum apices fugat,
 Pallentesque patrum deos,
 Discussas veluti noctis imagines,
 Hellasque altera fluctibus
 E diis potior ducit origines
 Lympharum. Raptit obviam
 Peneus latices Lucifero suos ;
 Iam iam Cycladas alteras
 Primaevi requies alta tenet maris,
 Instaurata virent ubi
 Tempe. Findit aquas altera grandior
 Argo, praemia posterae
 Virtutis rapiens. Altera flebilem
 Aufert Orphea mors novum.
 Iam Laertiades alter Atlantide
 Mutat litora patriae.

R. W. W.

Rem Populi tractas ? Quo fretus ?

INGENIO validus, doctrina impar ; nec plura tenuit quam
 Quivis adolescens tirocinium apud philosophos emeritus.
 Sal. ea rerum peritia quam Rhodo reportavit, quamvis in puero
 memorabilis, vel a Lucullo longe superata est ; eadem mera
 inopia esse videbitur, si cum ampla et multiplici et lautissima
 ubertate conferatur, quam immensae Varronis facultates con-
 tinuere. Nempe non erat otium ad plura discenda quam quae
 in diem opus essent.

G. A. M.

I.

Yesterday.

WHEN by the hand of memory her form
 Limn'd lovely, lives before my tear-dimm'd eyes,
 Longings long-pent o'erflow in breathless sighs,
 That shake and break the weak-grown soul—a storm
 Shivering sere elder-boughs—to see her, warm
 Dusk beauty, as when stooping in surprise
 At the forced calm of passion-choked replies
 She laid upon my neck a questioning arm.
 Ah God! that these now love-lorn lips had told
 The pain that makes this heart as grey and old
 As in the wild wood fallen leaves of December;
 Yet Love burns on though but a dying ember
 Is left for fuel: till life's knell is knolled
 I shall her love lost—lost for a word remember.

II.

To-day.

WHAT better gift can the earth-mother give
 Than love—though love's sweet is a bitter sweet,
 Though the present transport all too fast may fleet,
 Though the after pain through weary years may live;
 For goodlier guerdon would I seek nor strive
 Than the delight that smites in the blood's beat,
 The happy anguish, and the aching sweet,
 That slay the stricken soul, and slain revive,
 When pity-pleading to those dark-grey eyes,
 A shudder thrills me through electrical,
 Saddens and gladdens like music's dying fall,
 To glowing glance an equal glance replies;
 And ah! the clinging lips, the sobs, the sighs,
 The mingled breath, the sweet fleet end of all.

III.

A MAI DAME.

LOVE! let me gazing on your flower-like face,
 Warm snow pink-tinged, like o'er-blown blooms of May,
 To their heart-source the tender meanings trace,
 That from those long-lash'd lids so sweetly stray;
 They wind their magic mesh, with amorous art,
 Of smiles and wiles around my helpless heart—
 In vain that tangled thrall would shake their subtle sway.

As on a little late-blown violet
 The gentle dew by night-airs drifted down
 Its purple petals lightly brightly wet,
 By noontide's garish gleams at lip burnt brown:
 So on my heart your low-lisp'd accents fall
 More pure, more passion-fraught, more musical,
 Than wood-doves' lays of love from lime-leaves softly strown.

Once more, once more, those twilight tresses spread
 Curtain the hurrying hours of happy night—
 On your lips' nectar my hot lips are fed—
 Till drunk with joy dim wax both sense and sight,
 In that deep dream our souls dissolved away,
 Were life but one sun-smitten summer-day,
 Might love and linger on, and part with parting light;

Part from grief-storms, that sweep the bare waste world,
 To shelter of the silent halls of Death;
 There in one narrow chamber like upcurl'd
 Late autumn roses chill'd by winter's breath,
 Head laid by dreamless head to softlier rest
 Than pillow'd erst on your love-panting breast,
 Untroubled by high God, by gloom, or God beneath.

The Plague of a Serving Man.

A PLAGUE of my master to send me out this dreadful dark night to bring the news of his victory to my lady? and was I not bewitched for going on his errand without a convoy for the safeguard of my person? How am I melted into sweat with fear! I am diminished of my natural weight above two stone. I shall not bring half myself home again to my poor wife and family. I have been in ague fit ever since shut of evening, what with the fright of trees by the highway, which looked maliciously like thieves by moonshine, and with bulrushes by the river-side that shaked like spears and lances at me. Well, the greatest plague of a servingman is to be hired to some great lord! They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy limbs.

DRYDEN.

The Morning Dream.

I WAS in the glad season of spring,
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,
 I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
 I dream'd that, on ocean afloat,
 Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
 While the billows high lifted the boat,
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
 Such at least was the form that she wore,
 Whose beauty impress'd me with awe
 Ne'er taught me by woman before.
 She sat, and a shield at her side
 Shed light like a sun on the waves;
 And, smiling divinely, she cried—
 “ I go to make freemen of slaves.”

Nuntius.

DI maxumo, ere, te mactent infortunio,
 Qui tenebricosa hac noctu me emîsti foras,
 Tuas res bene gestas nuntiatum erae domum.
 Nae ego hodie infelix Dis meis iratissimis
 Sine ullo praesidio, qui me praestaret fore
 Incolumem, foras exhibam. Di bene me adiuvent
 Vt in sudorem solvor prae formidine ;
 Sum ecastor libris levior praeut dudum fui
 Viginti pondo ; vix equidem ad proprios Lares
 Referam me dimidiatum ; hanc noctem perpetem,
 Quom Vesperugo exortast, quartana horruï,
 Ita arbores ad lunam ob viam obsitae,
 Quasi fures essent, miserum iniecerunt metum,
 Et tragularum ad exemplum motae arundines.
 Mecastor pestis nulla adaeque est atque ubi
 Servit quis servitutem apud opulentum erum ;
 Nam illi quidem lecto malaco malaci obdormiunt,
 Nec curant quod servo exhibeant negotium.

T.

ΤΗΡΑ ΕΞ ΟΝΕΙΡΟΥ.

VOX alacris Zephyri mulcebat tempora veris,
 Carpebam somnos exoriente die,
 Somnia quum vidi gratum poscentia carmen,
 Visus erat somnis tantus inesse lepor.
 Caerula enim rapidis vectabar in aequora ventis,
 Linteaque Hesperiae per freta longa dabam ;
 Indefessa ratis sublata tumentibus undis
 Pergit iter ; nunquam desinit aura sequi.
 Interea in puppi virgo est mihi visa sedere,
 (Sive deae vultus virgineusve fuit ;)
 Vnde meos sensus tam perculit alma venustas
 Quantum non species perculit ulla prius :
 Virgineo lateri clipeus Spartanus adhaesit,
 Fulgidus in speculo, sol velut ipse, maris.
 Mox ea, divinum subridens, ore locuta est,
 “ Vt servis praestem libera iura feror.”

Then raising her voice to a strain
 The sweetest that ear ever heard,
 She sung of the slave's broken chain
 Wherever her glory appeared.
 Some clouds, which had over us hung,
 Fled, chased by her melody clear,
 And methought while she liberty sung,
 'Twas liberty only to hear.

COWPER.

The Fly.

LITTLE fly,
 Thy summer's play
 My thoughtless hand
 Has brush'd away.

Am not I
 A fly like thee ?
 Or art not thou
 A man like me ?

For I dance,
 And drink, and sing,
 Till some blind hand
 Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life,
 And strength, and breath,
 And the want
 Of thought is death,

Then am I
 A happy fly,
 If I live,
 Or if I die.

BLAKE.

Tum liquida teneros intendit voce canores
 Queis equidem excepi dulcius aure nihil;
 Vincula enim cecinit servis casura soluta
 Vndique qua, visu splendida, ferret iter.
 Nubila, quae cymbae rara imminuere per auras,
 Fugerunt magicis exsuperata modis;
 Et rebar mecum, dum iura aequanda canebat,
 Audiat haec quisquis carmina, liber erit.

L. W. K.

Carpe Diem.

AH nuper volitans, misella musca,
 Per solem, temeraria peristi
 Nostra rapta manu, nec hoc putavi
 Nostri vivere more te modoque,
 Me vestri simul impedire fatum.
 Sic convivia cum choris frequento,
 Donec caeca manus recidat alas.
 At si mens anima est vigorque vivi,
 Hac autem pereunte deperimus,
 Carpam quod spatium supersit aevi,
 Mortemque impavidus morabor atram.

W. G. T.

ΔΗΞΙΘΥΜΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ.

(THE ROSE OF LOVE, AND WITH A ROSE'S THORNS.)

MY limbs are wasted with a flame,
 My feet are sore with travelling,
 For calling on my lady's name
 My lips have now forgot to sing.

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake !
 Strain for my love thy melody ;
 O Lark ! sing louder for love's sake,
 Now my fair lady passeth by.

O almond-flowers ! bend adown
 Until ye reach her drooping head ;
 O twining branches ! weave a crown
 Of apple-blossoms white and red.

She is too fair for any man
 To see and hold his heart's delight ;
 Fairer than queen or courtesan,
 Or moon-lit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,
 (Green leaves upon her golden hair),
 Green grasses through the yellow sheaves
 Of autumn corn are not more fair.

Her little lips, more made to kiss
 Than to cry bitterly for pain,
 Are tremulous as brook-water is,
 Or roses after evening rain.

As a pomegranate cut in twain
 Her open lips and amorous mouth,
 Her cheeks are as the fading stain
 Where the peach reddens at the south.

Her breasts are as white melilote
 Blushing for pleasure of the sun ;
 The throbbing of the linnet's throat
 Is not so fair to look upon.

O twining hands ! O delicate
 Fair body made for love and pain ;
 O House of love ! O desolate
 White lily, overdrenched with rain !

God can bring Winter unto May,
 And change the sky to flame and blue,
 Or summer corn to gold from grey :
 One thing alone He cannot do.

He cannot change my love to hate,
 Or make thy face less fair to see,
 Though now He knocketh at the gate
 With life and death—for you and me.

II.

A ring of gold and a milk-white dove
 Are goodly gifts for thee,
 And a hempen rope for your own love
 To hangen upon a tree.

For you a house of ivory,
 (Roses are white in the rose-bower,)
 A narrow bed for me to lie,
 (White, O white, is the hemlock flower.)

Myrtle and jessamine for you,
 (O the red rose is fair to see,)
 For me the cypress and the rue,
 (Fairest of all is rosemary.)

For you three lovers of your hand,
 (Green grass where a man lies dead,)
 For me three paces on the sand,
 (Plant lilies at my head.)

On the receipt of his Mother's Picture.

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
 The meek Intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim,
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here;
 Who bid'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

COWPER.

Uttor adest.

WHICH when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast
 And on him catching hold 'gan loud to crie,
 Not so to leave her, or away to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die.
 With that he drew his sword all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropp'd off her head with scorne,
 In that same place wheras it now doth lie.
 So he my love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here both his and mine own love to mourn.

Non banae redent Sanguis Imagini.

QUI SI cara darent notas haec labra loquellas,
 Queis ego dum careo quam mala multa tuli
 Labra tua haec certe; iamque arridentia cerno,
 Solamen puero quae mihi saepe dabant.
 Voce carent solum, quin nos hortentur aperte,
 "Ne mihi tu doleas, parvule, pone metum."
 Ipse decor gravitasque sedet mitissima fronti,
 Pictori hae laudes, hic tribuendus honor;
 Scilicet aeternat fatis obnoxia victor,
 Aevique arbitrio grata tropaea rapit.
 O minime fallax dilectae matris imago,
 Grataque, et O tectis quam necopina meis!
 Damna prius defleta refers suadesque querellas
 Quas ego nativa simplicitate feram.
 Excitor admonitus, gratumque en! munus obibo,
 Exsequar et verae ceu pietatis onus;
 Dumque pios renovat facies haec visa dolores,
 Fingam quae certis sint medicina malis.
 Vana libens patiar vigilantes ludere sensus,
 Te modo paullisper, mater, adesse putem.

H. M. H.

Dabis improbe Poenas.

AT postquam mulier iam prodita sensit, inhaeret
 Pone sequens dextrae, funditque has ore loquellas:
 "Mene fugis coniunx? mene aversatus abibis?
 Quin peremis dextra? Sic iam iuvat ire sub umbras."
 Ecce! furens animi gladio conixus amantis
 Heu! caput abscisum multa deiecit harena.
 Nunc quoque onus terram visu miserabile foedat,
 Is raptο potitur;—raptο spoliatus amore
 Hanc, illam doleo, sortem miseratus utramque.

“Aread,” quoth he, “which way then did he make?
 And by what marks may he be known again?”
 “To hope,” said he, “him soon to overtake
 That hence so long departed, is but vain:
 But yet he prickéd over yonder plain,
 And, as I mark’d him, bore upon his shield
 (By which it’s easy him to know again)
 A broken sword within a bloody field,
 Expressing well his nature who the same did yield.”

SPENSER.

Men were Deceivers ever.

“**A** WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,
 No more of me you knew,
 My love!
 No more of me you knew.

“This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.”
 He turn’d his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, “Adieu for evermore,
 My love!
 And adieu for evermore.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

“Ast age,” ait, “praedo tum qua regione viarum
 Cesserit; hoc saltem; tum quae sint signa doceto.
 Ille autem, “Si iam tanto superare priorem
 Posse brevi reris, spes, o bone, pascis inanes.
 Sed si tantus amor cursus cognoscere,—campo
 Illuc flexit iter; clipeique insigne cruentum—
 Infractumque ensem, pugnamque, et volnera cruda—
 Quippe sui specimen gerit, inceditques uperbus.”

W. E. G.

ANΔPAZI MEN ΔOΛIAI BOYAAI.

“**T**AEDIA longa tibi, virgo pulcherrima, restant,
 & A! miserae sortis taedia longa tibi:
 Non flores fronti texes, non Massica duces,
 Spina dabit sertum, rutaque pressa merum.
 Te vultus alacres, te cepit crista coruscans,
 Te gestus qualem militis esse decet,
 Te chlamys; haec placuere, manus his victa dedisti,
 Cetera nescibas, qui vir et unde forem.
 Aurea nunc aestas ridet, lepidissimus annus,
 Explicat et gemmas nunc rosa laeta suas;
 At mediis brumae nivibus prius illa rubebit
 Quam mihi reddaris, quam tibi reddar amans.”
 Dixit equique simul flectens spumantis habenas
 Margine flumineo carpere pergit iter;
 Et desolatae venere novissima verba,
 “Cara mihi virgo tempus in omne vale!”

B.

One Night.

OVER the bed she leans and clips
 One long brown lock from the acheless head,
 Leans lower still, and the blood-warm lips
 Press the bloodless spot where the lock was spread.

With the seal of a kiss impressionless,
 A seal of love, unseen, unfelt,
 And yet indelible not the less,
 For worms cannot fret it, nor moist earth melt.

And when the snowier face is hid
 By the snow-white terrible cloth, the calm
 Of duty breaks ice-wise, and tears unbid
 Through the folded kerchief wet each palm.

And the hours slip by unbitter, unsweet,
 Unmark'd by the silent clock . . . Ah, hush :
 The air throbs thick with angels' feet,
 'Tis their crowding wings that rustle and rush.

Surely their errand is twofold . . . See !
 The kneeler has risen and quench'd the light,
 Set shutter and blind and window free,
 Let in the day and out the night ;

Let in on the awfully silent room
 The prattle of birds from the scarlet thorn,
 The scent of lilac and boor-tree bloom,
 The outer light of the young May morn.

Other darkness is smit with other light ;—
 To her that's left some dawn is given ;—
 And her face is sad and very bright
 With the tears of earth and the hopes of heaven.

A. J. H.

The Distant City.

IN our hearts, with many a mystic ditty
 Of the bygone time,
 Sound the bells that from the distant city
 Ever sadly chime.
 Over the dark waters—intervening
 Shores of life and death—
 Pages of weird and wondrous meaning,
 Unto us they breathe.
 Pure thoughts, long vanish'd into distance,
 Back returning there,
 Holier memories, with new assistance,
 Blend in one frail prayer ;
 The past joy that now to us is sorrow,
 The bright yesterday,
 Whose fresh hope no glories of to-morrow
 May restore, or stay.
 There bright eyes of love and deathless beauty
 Watch us, evermore,
 Over that one path of love and duty
 Where they pass'd before.
 And sweet words of sympathy and pity
 To our frailty speak,
 Of that strange land, and undiscover'd city,
 Which, from far, we seek.

C. P. M.

College Carols.

NO. I.—DONE TO DEATH.

OH! dearly I'd love the mountain's breeze,
 And the flash of the sparkling rills,
 I'd love the sobbing sighing trees,
 Were it not for those wretched bills.
 For "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"
 Through the long vacation I stay
 In town, for I can't leave my debts behind,
 And I can't raise the cash to pay.

Oh well for the upper ten!
 For the lower ten times five!
 The upper can pay like men,
 The lower can—keep alive.
 And their burial expenses save
 By eating their wages when made;
 We all must die: how quiet we lie
 When we're put to bed with the spade!

Once there, 'tis little we'll think
 Of gloves or of stockings or shoes,
 Of "Bees" or the skating rink,
 Of "Ulsters" or "long-tail'd blues;"
 We'll no more have to buy new hats,
 Nor for "button-holes" have to pay;
 We'll forget how to tie white cravats—
 No beer at the bars—we'll not care for cigars,
 And we'll get quite enough of *the clay*.

'Tis odd how the items swell
 The already swollen bill;
 The miles we travel we never tell,
 'Tis the pace that 's sure to kill.
 Oh, well for the oysterman's lad!
 (As Tennyson's muse might say)
 The natives are dearish sort of cheer
 When three shillings a dozen you pay.

But enough—I 'll get out of the blues,
 I 'm beginning to feel rather queer,
 So I think I 'll loaf out for a news-
 Paper, some 'baccy, and beer.
 If a troublesome creditor come,
 And seek me, while over the way,
 My dearest, my only chum,
 You 'll give him a rise, with the ghastly surprise,
 "Poor chap, he was buried to-day."

P. O'C. P.

Gone Before.

I SHALL again meet thee, yea, fear thou not,
 The stain of mortal anguish on my brow;
 I shall again meet thee, all grief forgot,
 And love thee more a thousand times than now!
 In that pure love shall be no vain repining,
 But the deep fervour of a ceaseless prayer;
 At morning prime, and holy eve's declining,
 My soul with thine each purer thought shall share.
 When thou art sad, and wearied with the strife
 Of earthly cares, perchance of friends unkind;
 And from the shadows of thy former life,
 A name—my name—comes back upon thy mind,
 Oh! think not thou hast lost me, nearer now
 My spirit dwells, than when, in mortal frame,
 I pressed with human lips thine aching brow,
 And bid thee hope till helpful angels came.

C. P. M.

La Barbe de Mademoiselle.

Dédié (sans permission) à Monsieur Edmond About.

V.

On ne saura peut-être jamais par quels moyens les journalistes parviennent à connaître les moindres détails de la vie privée ; toujours est-il qu'on voit de temps en temps dans les journaux plusieurs contes vrais ou faux, qui ne peuvent avoir leur origine que parmi les domestiques de grandes maisons. C'était probablement quelque clerc de notaire un peu bavard qui avait fourni au *Morning Post* des extraits du contrat de mariage dont il paraissait qu'il était convenu entre Sir Thomson et son épouse, que ladite épouse ne couperait, ni ne raserait, ni n'enlèverait par moyen quelconque les poils et cheveux de son menton, ni du vivant de son époux ni en cas de veuvage ; et que si, étant veuve, ladite Polly Smith, par mariage Milady Thomson, contrarierait à cet article, elle ferait forfait de la moitié de son douaire, qui fut constitué à dix mille livres sterling de rente. Inutile de dire que tout Londres riait dix jours apropos de cet article, et que les grandes dames de May Fair, de Hyde Park et de Belgravia s'arrachaient les yeux de la tête pour avoir des billets d'invitation aux dîners de l'Hôtel Thomson.

Dix mois s'étaient écoulés.

Ordinairement le mari Anglais, à l'époque de l'accouchement de sa femme, se trouve dans une situation à la fois ridicule et pénible. Mais notre baronet était trop riche et trop haut placé pour subir les menus troubles que Dickens et Douglas Jerrold ont si bien peints. Il avait néanmoins les sources d'une inquiétude toute personnelle, et sans être gêné ni par la sage-femme ni même par sa belle-mère, il se sentait de jour en jour plus soucieux et plus distrait.

Enfin le jour arriva, où l'on fit appeler le médecin en toute hâte. La sage-femme était là depuis quelques jours ; même par surcroît de précaution avait-on fait retenir une robuste paysanne dans le cas que milady ne saurait donner à son nouveau-né la nutrition naturelle.

Dès le matin Sir John était assis dans son cabinet d'étude. Tom Smith ne remplissait plus les fonctions de secrétaire. Il étudiait à Oxford, afin de se faire *clergyman*, Sir John lui ayant donné un assez riche bénéfice. Le valet du baronet avait coupé et séché le *Times*, mais Sir John ne lisait pas. Il feuilleta de temps en temps les pages du journal, il regarda sa montre, il prit des papiers de son bureau, et les remit sans les lire ; avant l'arrivée du médecin il sonna vingt fois pour savoir s'il était là, et après, il sonna cent fois pour savoir s'il avait besoin de quelque chose. Les valets commençaient à sacrer contre le médecin, contre milord, contre milady, contre l'enfant futur, enfin contre tout, quand on sonna de la chambre de madame.

—Dites à milord que c'est une fille et qu'il vienne l'embrasser.—

Milord se rendit dans l'antichambre en grommelant :

—J'aurais mieux aimé un garçon—mais enfin—

La nourrice entra tenant dans ses bras l'enfant emmaillotté.

Le père se pencha pour l'embrasser, et recula avec une expression de profond dégoût.

La petite avait au menton une grande tache brune, dont sortaient *trois poils roux*.

Sir John franchit l'escalier d'un bond, et courut droit à son cabinet d'étude, où il se jeta dans son fauteuil en tenant sa tête dans ses mains.

—Mon Dieu !— fit-il. —Une fille qui sera barbue comme sa mère ! Est-ce que dans ma famille les barbes seraient héréditaires par une loi anti-Salique ? Si c'eût été un garçon, serait-il semiberbe comme moi ? Et moi qui me suis marié dans l'espoir de corriger mon défaut, au moins dans mes fils !—

Il prit dans un tiroir un petit pistolet, et le chargea avec beau-

coup de délibération. Dans ce moment, quelqu'un frappa à la porte. Il remit l'arme dans son tiroir, et admit le docteur.

—Milord, je viens pour vous avertir que milady sent encore ses douleurs, et qu'il y a à espérer un autre enfant.—

—Alors c'est des jumeaux.—

—Oui, milord ; et je vais remplir mes devoirs auprès de milady.—

Le médecin sortit. Sir John se jeta de nouveau dans son fauteuil. Il resta quelques moments dans une rêverie profonde ; puis il se leva, prit du papier, et se mit à écrire avec une espèce de fureur. Il traçait quelques lignes qui commençaient, —*Trompé dans mes espérances les plus chéries, j'ai résolu de terminer*,— quand on frappa encore à la porte.

Cette fois, c'était la nourrice. Elle portait quelque chose dans ses bras, caché derrière son châle, et elle parlait à moitié à elle-même.

—Ton papa n'a pas voulu embrasser ta petite sœur—méchant papa ! Voyons s'il fera meilleur accueil à un gros petit garçon.—

Sir John arracha le châle. C'était en effet un beau garçon, qui portait au menton le grain de beauté dont sortaient **TROIS POILS ROUX**.

Sir John courut à la chambre à coucher, et tomba à genoux près du lit de milady.

* * * * *

Depuis cela, Sir Thomson et Milady Polly ont eu je ne sais combien d'enfants ; mais aucun d'eux ne porte ni grain de beauté ni barbe ; et l'enfant gâté, c'est le gros maître Johnny, avec les *trois poils roux* au menton.

E. R.

FIN.



The Idle Son.

“**A**N’ were you at schule, my son, the day?
Would God you were haif as guid as yer brither!”

“O mither, I heerd the parson say
That God thinks yane as guid as anither,
And I ’m his brither.”

“An’ are ye baith in the selfsame class?
Or is he in yane, and you in anither?”
“O mither, d’ye think yer son’s an ass?
We’re baith in the selfsame class, my mither,
Me and my brither.”

“But maybe yer brither’s yane end of it, son,
An’ ye, you idle loon, are the ither?”
“O mither, but maybe it’s me that yane,
An’ Jock, my eldest brither, the ither,
O dear mither.”

“But maybe yer end of it’s called the fut,
While the top, my son, ’s the name of the ither?”
“Call it the top, or call it the fut,
It does nae alter the place, dear mither,
Of me and my brither.”

“But how do you count, my son, at yer ends?
 Don’t you count least, and the highest yer brither?”
 “O mither, that ailtogither depends
 On the end ye begin to reckon frae, whither
 From me or my brither.”

“An’ did the maister scould ye the day,
 And heap all the praise on yer elder brither?”
 “O mither, he did nae scold me the day,
 But praised me—as much as he praised my brither,
 O dear mither!”

“An’ have ye learnt the lessons he set
 My sons to learn, baith ye and yer brither?”
 “O mither, we ’ve learn’d—the lessons he set
 Yer sons to learn. I shud think sae, rither,
 O dear mither!”

“Then let me hear my guid sons say
 The lessons he set, baith ye and yer brither.”
 “O mither, he set us nae lessons the day,
 For baith o’ us mitch’d frae the schule, my mither,
 Me and my brither.”

S. K. C.

Gilliflower.

NEVER a pool by the wayside,
 Never a cloud in the sky,
 Whirling down to the seaside
 Through the dust of July.

Foamy the four bay horses
 Jolting the stale old coach.
 Parch’d were the low grey gorses;
 The meads were sunn’d overmuch.

A ridge that the heat shone hard on
 We cross'd ; and came in view
 Of the shaded house, and the garden
 That treasures its sweets for you.

And eyes half-blinded and weary
 Were turn'd to the water'd green
 The murmuring oakboughs cheery
 The lawns with flowers between.

And I said, I will watch her window
 Let wide to the summer air,
 While my panting spirit will lean to
 The jasmine that clambers there.

You sat in the noontide coolness,
 With midsummer fragrance fed—
 Your muslin'd bosom's fair fulness,
 The ribbon that bound your head,

Your smooth deep locks gather'd neatly,
 A fern in their dark silk nook,
 Your ruby lips parted sweetly,
 Your calm blue eyes on your book.

You look'd from your green-chased bower
 Drawing back that I scarce could see,
 But a hand like a woodbine flower
 Was waved with a kiss for me.

That was all , for lo, my pleasure
 Was gulf'd in the high thick trees :
 But the ocean before spread azure
 And I tasted the rich sea breeze.

W. W.

Drinking Song.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !
 From the pitcher placed between us,
 How the waters laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
 Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
 On his breast his head is sunken ;
 Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;
 Ivy crowns that brow supernal
 As the forehead of Apollo,
 And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
 Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
 Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
 Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
 Bloodless victories, and the farmer
 Bore, as trophies and oblations,
 Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,
 Much this mystic throng expresses :
 Bacchus was the type of vigour,
 And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
 Of a faith long since forsaken ;
 Now the Satyrs changed to devils
 Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

ΙΗΣΙ ΣΕΠΤΟΝ ΝΕΙΑΟΣ ΕΥΠΟΤΟΝ ΡΕΟΣ.

HOSPES, sodalem me veterem, vetus,
Sic stratus audi. Quam micat in cado
Caelata Sileni per ora
Bandusiae liquor et renidet !

Pinguem et madentem capripedes ferunt
(Ipsi madentes non levius) senem ;
Qui vertice in pectus relapso
Vana crepat vacuumque ridet.

Fauni sequantur, non sine Libero ;
Excelsa cui frons, qualis Apollinis,
Vittata lascivis corymbis,
Perpetua fruitur iuventa.

Circa venustae Bistonides choro,
Thyr̄sos ferentes, tympana, tibiae,
Bacchantur ; effusae Zacynthi
Saltibus, uviferaeque Diae.

Sic orbe toto sanguinis incios
Egit triumphos ; cultor ubi ferox
Nec signa traduxit nec arma,
Vomere palmitibusque onustus.

Haec non iniquus si reputaveris,
Multum docebit te thiasus sacer ;
Monstrante Sileno nocentem
Luxuriam, Bromioque vires.

Mutata cultum saecula pristinum,
Et tot furores destituunt diu :
Faunosque iam vino petiti
Et Furias pariter pavescunt.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
 Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
 Youth perpetual dwells in fountains—
 Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons,
 And huge tankards fill'd with Rhenish,
 From that fiery blood of dragons
 Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
 Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
 Never drank the wine he vaunted
 In his dythyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher,
 Wreath'd about with classic fables ;
 Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend ! sit down and listen !
 As it passes thus between us,
 How its wavelets laugh and glisten
 In the head of old Silenus !

LONGFELLOW.

Nursery Rhyme.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
 Fa la la la lal de :
 One flew away, and then there was one,
 Fa la la la lal de :
 The other flew after, and then there was none,
 Fa la la la lal de :
 And so the poor stone was left all alone,
 Fa la la la lal de.

GAMMER GURTON.

Potanda monstrat iam radio magus
Delapsa rivi flumina montibus.

Hebe colit fontes, perosa
Horreaque et cyathos cadosque.

Grandes lagenas Claudius ut canat,
Quas vitis explet Rhaetica, ne suos
Cavit coronaret culullos
Ille cruor calidus draconum.

Quin et peritus Reditus Evium
Cantare Tuscis vallibus, hand tamen
Tentator hausit dithyrambi
Vina suo celebrata versu.

Ergo disertis amphora fabulis
Vestita circum sit mihi plena aquae:
Non mensa Luculli refulsit
Purpureo melius Falerno.

Audi, sodalis, sic temere accubans,
Dum nos revisit sic scyphus in vices,
Caelata Sileni per ora
Fluctuat ut liquor et renidet !

J. F. D.

ΑΠ ΟΙΩΝΩΝ ΦΑΤΙΣ.

TRADITVR in saxo par insedissee volucrum ;
(Favete linguis, civium profane grex.)
Nec mora : deserta quin avolet una sorore.
(Felix volucrum nosse qui mentes potest !)
Protinus en rapidis sequitur comes altera peunis,
(Cur, quæris ? heu non scire fas est omnia.)
Quo factum ut scopulus Gabiis desertior esset.
(Narrata vobis fabula est. Iam plaudite.)

H. C.

Willie and Winnie.

(AN IDYLL.—CONTINUED.)

CHAWKINS' TALE.

ALL in the almond-avenues of Ind,
 And orange-bearing orchards of the East,
 There grinn'd upon a certain ash an ape,
 Kimbo by name; Kimbo, of the blue face,
 And man-like features: soon there slipt a swain
 Frank-eyed and fleet of feet and lithe of limb
 With breadth of solid shoulder, like a man,
 Athwart the forest: and the man was mad.
 At length he rested under an oak-tree,
 Desiring to be fed on certain nuts
 That grew beside the tree where Kimbo grinn'd.
 Then, with nor eye upraised, nor sleeve tuckt up,
 But headlong in his youth's impetuousness,
 He kneel'd upon both knees, and with hot hands
 Clutcht a huge crag, and labouring to his feet
 Face-flush'd and forehead-sinew'd, high on head
 Whirl'd and re-whirl'd, and with a swing of the arm
 Hurl'd it among the branches of the ash.
 The ape well nigh for fright leapt from its skin,
 But the huge crag, whirl'd with full force of youth,
 Plunging and surging like a mighty wave
 Among the autumn'd crispness of the leaves,
 And scraggy-scrabby branches of the ash
 Crasht: and the ape grew deathly-pale for fear.
 Beneath its sway boughs splinter'd and twigs smasht,
 Flame shot and thunder stammer'd. Thus it plunged,
 Till now the crag—its force of fury spent,—
 Firm between two boughs, wedged like a vice, stuck.
 But Blobs (for so the youth was named by name,
 His mother's choicc,) when he beheld the crag
 Hang, like an empty purpose, in mid-heaven,

And thinking maybe that the nuts were green,
 Or he was green, or maybe both were green,
 Or partly green, or nothing green at all,
 Rough-reddening in true anger, dasht himself
 Flat down on the damp earth, and cried a cry.
 Then, when his cry was cried, and both eyes wiped,
 Raising his head soon after, he was ware
 How in an ash beside him grinn'd an ape.
 Whom, as he thought, not as he ought, the swain
 Approaching, hail'd : till nearing, flail-in-hand,
 And grinning at him grinning tail-in-jaw,
 The rude boy-urchin question'd Jackanapes :
 ' Come down, O Ape, from yonder ashen height,
 And, an ye can, into this other tree
 Scaling, gather me nuts.' But Jackanapes
 Being right-heavily wroth at the swain's words,
 And ruffled at the boy's imperiousness,
 Brisk'd up his back, and clutching tail in teeth,
 And circling round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Even on the branch for which he sprang the spring,
 Low from the bough, jib-jabbering, swung by the tail.
 Then softly stealing, as a thief that steals
 Who feels the breath of beagles at his back,
 Ready to wake, waiting a sound, the ape
 Kept slowly close, and claspt the crag, and out
 From its firm wedge pull'd it with pain, and back
 Croucht on a crisp ash-branch, cogitating :
 Then rathe he rose, and gliding, crag in paw,
 (The rude youth stood beneath, a rood or less,)
 With a jerk of his jaw out of the ash
 Plopt the huge crag upon him, and squasht him dead.
 So died the bumptious boy that aped at nuts.
 What think you of my story ? Is it fact,
 Or fable—truth or falsehood ? answer ? Then
 That other : ' Fact, sire Chawkins : true enow ;
 But vaster-better manners it had been

If Kimbo had not thrown the stone at all,
 But gather'd him the nuts, and given them to him,'
 So Chawkins told, and William sold, his tale,
 And he perceiving how his tale had turn'd
 All back like his ape's tail in his own teeth,
 And thinking, "Fool, belike and like enow
 I have spoil'd my catch in being overfine
 To catch my spoil," grasping both hands in his,
 Allow'd his former asking formally,
 And kist him for his daughter on both cheeks,
 (Who, hearing her own name, had slipt away,)
 And call'd him his poor boy, his motherless child,
 His man of men, his pet, his best of sons,
 His noblest suitor, and most practicable,
 Truest and most obedient ; and again
 Claspt, kiss'd him, hugg'd : hugg'd, kist, and claspt again ;
 And left him, clasping, all his daughter's love,
 And more ; but what was more than any love
 He left not, cash : for neither he nor she
 For whom he claspt, had any cash to leave,
 And past away.

Then William, like a man
 Who all life-long hath long'd for something sweet,
 And sickens, never found, but being found,
 Sickens, till one could die for mention of it,
 And hearing likewise from a friend in town
 How that the fair mill's credit was breathed upon,
 Writhed from his grasp, and gasping thro' clencht teeth—
 "Fool tho' I am—you call'd me fool—I am
 Not all so neat or so complete a fool
 As you believe me," turn'd, and went his way,
 Nor saw before him lying in the way,
 A peel of orange, random-thrown ; till now,
 Planting his left foot on it carelessly,
 The heel of his boot slipt on the peel, his head
 Descended, and his scull was cleft in twain.

But Chawkins' life was ended differently ;
 For he—but that was afterwards—for so
 The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
 Accepted a free passage to the East.

And he that knew a man, that knew the maid,
 Says that Miss Chawkins married Alfred Smith ;
 But he, that should know better, says John Brown.
 Whether this be the Brown that lived in Bath,
 Or he that scamps among the Scottish hills,
 I never learnt ; but this I know for truth :
 It is not he of martial name and fame,
 The number of whose knapsack no man knows,
 But whose dead corpse lies mouldering in the grave.

S. K. C.

The Young Maiden.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES NODIER.)

§HE was very very pretty in the morning newly-risen,
 GA-gathering the dewy rose just burst from its green prison,
 Watching how the brown bees nestled to the hearts of nectar'd
 flowers,
 And roving with free foot through all her winding blossom'd
 bowers.

She was very, very pretty in the evening at the ball,
 When her tossing ribbon'd ringlets led the gay dance round the
 hall,
 And the lamps flung all their lustre on her brow so purely fair,
 And glow'd upon her jewels and the roses in her hair.

She was very, very pretty, as her veil of misty white
 She flung to float behind her in the scented summer night ;
 And I silently drew nearer to the beauty dimly seen
 To trace its fairy outline in the starlight clear and keen.

She was very, very pretty, moving delicate desires,
 And the tender daily longing that such maidenhood inspires ;
 Love alone could add one charm, could make her loveliness
 more dear—

Peace !—see, across the meadow they are passing with her bier.

She Stoops to Conquer.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

HARDCASTLE—MARLOW.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant.

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside*) What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marl. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. Here, let one of my servants come up. My positive directions were, that, as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

GOLDSMITH.

Ancillaria.

Chremes. Vtrum hac meacne aedis an alienae sient
Nequeo satis decernere, ita turbas dedit
Novus hospes hicce noster; iamdudum ebrii
Sunt servoli eius; vix quiden tolerabilest.
Sed patris honoris causa me reprimam tamen.
Salvere iubeo Pamphilum—

Pamphilus. Salve senex—
Quid sit novi demiror—

Chremes. Adolescens bone,
Vix te animi fallit quam tui natum patris
Hand digniorem oportere esse quempiam
Hospitii apud me.

Pamphilus. Ne tibi dicam dolo,
Non est quod instes, namque mihi patris mei
Cum nato ubiquest hospitalis tessera.

Chremes. Res hercle apparet. Ipse quod agas nil moror,
Sed servolorum flagitia hand ferenda sunt:
Exemplo eorum—sic bibunt—miserrime
Corrumpitur mi familia.

Pamphilus. Pol si res itast,
Ipsos, senex, non me quidem culpaveris,
Namque imperavi cantharis ne parcerent.
Heus Parmenonem huc evoca servom meum—
Namque ita iubebam potaturus ipse nil,
Quom superi sicci madidi ut essent inferi.

Chremes. Tun haec inbebas? sat habeo si res itast,

Pamphilus. Ego vero iussi, ex ipsis audi nunciam.

On Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.'

BRING her no crowns of jewell'd gold—
 Such the Republic may not wear,
 Nor summer flowers whose leaves unfold
 Rich fragrance to the languid air!
 But thou hast woven a coronal
 More meet to deck her brows than all
 That ever rested there;
 Thy wreath of grass is fitter far
 Than fairest flowers or jewels are.

Yet who should offer prayer and praise
 Or who adore her more than thou?
 For lo! the meed of lyric bays
 Her hand has bound upon thy brow!
 'Twas she alone whose name inspired,
 Whose love fulfill'd, whose glory fired
 The songs that teach us now
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Is she whose word is written there!

Songs for the whole wide earth are thine,
 Limitless as the clear sunlight:
 What bridal hymns of love divine!
 What converse with the mystic night!
 What tempests of the woods and seas!
 In passions mightier than these
 What wild and fierce delight
 When through the throng'd exulting street
 Thunder'd the tramp of soldiers' feet!

And thou hast tears to shed for one
 Whose death has darken'd like a pall
 The promise of the peaceful sun
 When he had led the states through all

The night of four distracted years.
 But thoughts of triumph more than tears
 Are thine when heroes fall,
 Like lightning-flashes that illumine
 The fathomless darkness of the tomb.

For is not Death's eternal rest
 Of all the gifts of human life
 The latest and the loveliest?
 Is love with fuller bliss more rife?
 Nay then, for love and death are one,
 And when these angry days are done
 With checks and fears and strife
 Love looks to death with hope and prayer
 To find her consummation there.

And she, the mistress of thy song,
 The hope and love of many lands
 Has heard the cry go up—'How long?'
 For ages past, and still she stands.
 As fair and fearless as of old;
 With eyes expectant, that behold
 The years slip by like sands,
 Yet all their lapse has left no trace
 Of ruin on that peerless face.

And must she wait for ever there?
 No, for thy songs hope for a day
 When she shall rise victorious
 To purge the earth, and shall not stay
 Till all the brood of doubts and fears
 That barr'd her path so many years
 Be wholly cast away
 Before her face, beyond recall,
 And supreme love be all in all.

T. W. H. R.

Weibliches Urtheil.

MÄNNER richten nach Gründen; des Weibes urtheil ist seine
Liebe: wo est nicht liebt hat schon gerichtet das Weib.

SCHILLER.

Non omnis moriar.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

Forum des Weibes.

FRAUEN, richtet mir nie des Mannes einzelne Thaten,
Aber über den mann sprecket das richtende Wort.

SCHILLER.

Ecclesiastusae.

VIN' iudicari, Quinte? vir sententiam
Quid egeris, fert; ipse qui sis, femina.

H. C.

Ω ΘΑΝΑΤΕ ΠΑΙΩΝ.

Σέλας αείζων φλογὸς οὐρανίας
λίπε δὴ λίπε μοι θνητὸν τόδε σῶμ'
εὖελπί τε καὶ τρομερὸν, χρήζον τ'
ἄλλοτε μίμνειν, ἄλλοτ' ἀπελθεῖν;
ὦ μοι θανάτου γλυκύπικρον ἄχος
λῆξον σὺ, Φύσις, λῆξον μαλακῶς
τῆς σῆς ἔριδος, καὶ ἔα μ' ὀδυναῖς
κατατρυχόμενον

βιοτὴν ἀτέλευτον ἀμείβειν.

κλῦθ' ὡς μάκαρες θεοὶ ψιθυρίζουσ'
“ ἴθι δεῦρα ἡμῖν ξύγγον' ἀδελφή.”
τί τόδ' αὖ κατέχει πᾶν δέμας ἄμδν,
ξυγχεῖ τε κέαρ, φρένα τ' ἐκκλέπτει,
κῶμματ' ἀμανροῖ, πνεῦμά τε κλείει;

σὺ δέ μοι, ψυχῇ,

φρασον, εἰ θάνατος τάδ' ἂν εἴη;
καταφεύγει χθὼν ἀφανιζομένη
καὶ μαρμαρόεις πέπταται αἰθὴρ.
ἦλθε δι' ὧτων μέλος ἀμβρόσιον.
πτερά μοι πτερά μοι τάχ' ὀπάζετ', ἄνω
φέρομαι πέτομαι τ' ἀερονηχῆς.
ποῦ δῆτα πέλει, Τάφε, σὴ νίκη;
ποῦ σὸν, Θάνατ', ἐστὶ τὸ κέντρον;

W. W. F.

Publilius Syrus de Feminis.

FONS iudicandi feminis amor; viris
Res ipsa; iudicavit, si qua non amat.

H. C.

ΘΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

(EUR. HEC., 444-483.)

Song sung by captive women of Troy on the sea beach at Aulis, while the Achaeans were there stormbound through the wrath of dishonoured Achilles, and waiting for a fair wind to bring them home.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ.

FAIR wind blowing from the sea !
 Who through the dark and mist dost guide
 The ships that on the billows ride,
 Unto what land, ah, misery !
 Shall I be borne, across what stormy wave,
 Or to whose house a purchased slave ?

O sea-wind blowing fair and fast
 Is it unto the Dorian strand,
 Or to those far and fabled shores,
 Where great Apidanus outpours
 His streams upon the fertile land,
 Or shall I tread the Phthian sand,
 Borne by the swift breath of the blast.

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ

O blowing wind ! you bring my sorrow near,
 For surely borne with splashing of the oar,
 And hidden in some galley-prison drear
 I shall be led unto that distant shore
 Where the tall palm-tree first took root, and made,
 With clustering laurel leaves, a pleasant shade
 For Leto when with travail great she bore
 A god and goddess in Love's bitter fight,
 Her body's anguish, and her soul's delight.

It may be in Delos,
 Encircled of seas,
 I shall sing with some maids
 From the Kyklades,
 Of Artemis goddess
 And queen and maiden,
 Sing of the gold
 In her hair heavy laden.
 Sing of her hunting,
 Her arrows and bow,
 And in singing find solace
 From weeping and woe.

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ Β.

Or it may be my bitter doom
 To stand a handmaid at the loom,
 In distant Athens of supreme renown ;
 And weave some wondrous tapestry,
 Or work in bright embroidery
 Upon the crocus-flower'd robe and saffron-colour'd gown,
 The flying horses wrought in gold,
 The silver chariot onward roll'd
 That bears Athena through the Town ;
 Or the warring giants that strove to climb
 From earth to heaven to reign as kings,
 And Zeus the conquering son of Time
 Borne on the hurricane's eagle wings ;
 And the lightning flame and the bolts that fell
 From the risen cloud at the god's behest,
 And hurl'd the rebels to darkness of hell,
 To a sleep without slumber or waking or rest.

ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ Β.

Alas ! our children's sorrow, and their pain
 In slavery.
 Alas ! our warrior sires nobly slain
 For liberty.

Alas ! our country's glory, and the name
 Of Troy's fair town ;
 By the lances and the fighting and the flame
 Tall Troy is down.

I shall pass with my soul overladen,
 To a land far away and unseen,
 For Asia is slave and handmaiden,
 Europe is Mistress and Queen.
 Without love, or love's holiest treasure,
 I shall pass unto Hades abhorr'd,
 To the grave as my chamber of pleasure,
 To death as my Lover and Lord.

O. O'F. W. W.

Vespers at St. Nicotine's Within.

I CAN'T remember what I thought
 At eighteen years of age
 Of life or fate, of poets' lay,
 Or grave historians' page.
 My early love, I know full well,
 Was beautiful and kind,
 But how she look'd, or what she said,
 I scarce can call to mind.

I can't remember why I flung
 My golden prime away,
 Or why the things I meant to do
 Were shirk'd from day to day.
 I've suffer'd, oh ! a thousand times,
 From New Year to December,
 But very few of all my woes
 Thank heaven ! I now remember.

I know not to what sleeve I pinn'd
 My faith at twenty-three;
 Locke, Moses, Buckle, Pascal, Mill,
 Have had their turns with me.
 Journals I've kept, which now to read
 Somehow I never care,
 They're either lost, or stow'd away,
 I can't remember where.

One cries "I'm not the man I was,"
 When sickness wears the frame.
 But can man truly, while he lives,
 Change all except in name?
 In this Identity of Self
 Does memory weave the chain?
 Then why with thoughtful prayers bring back
 Dead sins to life again?

Perchance the fault's in gazing back;
 A nobler spirit sways,
 When through the mists of crime and grief
 We look for better days.
 Hope whispers "Self-regard must merge
 In love of class and clan,
 The Moral System's but a grand
 Trades' Union, wide as Man."

"All types are embryos that may thrive
 Or perish. Who can say
 If Good be aught but what must win
 O'er Evil in the fray?
 Yield to kind impulse, while your young,
 And when you've got gray hairs,
 Turn to Walt Whitman for your hymns,
 And Darwin for your prayers."

Alas ! I seem a maudlin rake ;
 But, ladies ! frown not so.
 Even if your pastors only guess,
 What do our "thinkers" know ?
 One day I'll quit the Search for Truth,
 And own like any "spoon"
 Some memories, I would not yield
 For all beneath the moon.

Fadeless, beyond the scenes that fade,
 Our childhood's hues remain
 Bright as those tints of early Art,
 We toil for now in vain.
 Far mountains glimmering with the sheen
 Of torrents white as snow,
 Fresh founts of darkening floods that roll
 Resistless far below !

Oh ! who can tell how much we err
 When Reason is our god ?
 Her voice still wavers, as when first
 On faith and love she trod.
 Time mars the tell-tale face. Does he
 The soul's fine curve destroy ?
 Thus Truth *may* quit the wrinkled man,
 To woo the blooming boy.

J. M.

Poetry and Commerce.

MY blood runs cold when I compose
 A poem for the press :
 I am too season'd now to stop :
 I wish to heaven that verse was prose,
 Or rhymes were less.
 I have a brother in a shop :
 And I could wish all rhymes to be
 Slew'd, crude and good, into the Zuyder Zee.

S. K. C.

Two Sonnets—Life and Death.

I.

LIFE,

WHY are we come upon this weary earth?
 Who shall make answer? Shall the piteous prayer
 Of him who bows to gods that have their birth,
 Of his strong cravings, up in empty air?
 Sweet were the olden years, for Love was Lord,
 And glad or sad light-thoughted like the birds
 All had a happy-hearted life; Death's sword
 Smote swifter than to pain, no parting words,
 No sighs, no sickness—like sun-satiate fruit,
 Tired man sank fearless to the last long rest,
 Glad-gather'd to the mighty mother's breast,
 Unheedful that the grave's dark mouth was mute.
 But now Love's reign is 'parted utterly
 To be not is far better than to be.

II.

DEATH.

AND is Death all—is nothing after Death?
 When that short struggle's o'er, away to pass,
 Dust unto dust like winter-wither'd grass?
 Where is the gracious God or sign that saith?
 What profits then, pale priest, your frail fond faith
 When it can offer nought in the to-come,
 Past the blind portals of the voiceless tomb,
 Save bitter iteration of spent breath;
 Ah! better far, life's toils and troubles o'er,
 The sad world-wearied soul to softly steep
 In still sweet slumber on the surfless shore,
 Where Lethe lake lies dreamless, dark, and deep,
 No sound to stir that sleep for evermore,
 No voice of those that laugh or those that weep.

A Horrible Tale.

OH! a horrible tale I have to tell,
 Of sad disasters that befell
 A respectable family that once resided
 Just in the very same thoroughfare as I did.
 They never made the least endeavour
 To make a joke not whatsoever;
 And they never saw no company,
 Though a most respectable family.
 Each of them every day grew sadder,
 And was frighten'd into fits when he saw his own shadder:
 So every boy and every gal
 At last grew hypocondriacal.
 For oh! it's such a horrible tale,
 'Twill make your faces all grow pale,
 Your eyes with tears be overcome—
 Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle, twum.

The father first into the garden did walk,
 And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
 Then the mother an end to herself did put
 By hanging herself in the water-butt.
 Then the daughter went down on her bended knees
 And choked herself with Yankee cheese;
 The son, who was a determined young fellow,
 Kill'd himself by swallowing a borrow'd umbrella;
 Then the little baby in the cradle
 Shot itself dead with a silver ladle;
 The gardener lay down on his own wheelbarrow,
 And stabb'd himself with his vegetable marrow;
 The old ox into the yard did walk,
 And threw himself on the stable fork;

ΚΕΚΟΛΛΗΤΑΙ ΓΕΝΟΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΑΤΑΙ.

RES diras dirae gentis ! Quo, fata, poëtam
 Invitum rapitis ? Cur reticenda refert ?
 Gens mihi communes coluit vicina Carinas
 Qua mage nec Tatiùs nec Numa sanctus erat.
 Illa iocos omnes atque aversata leporem est,
 Non risus ulli, nec placuere sales,
 Non epulas curant, convivia nulla frequentant,
 Magna licet magno stemmate clara domus.
 Demissus sic inque dies demissior exit
 Quisque, metum pavidis inicit umbra sua ;
 Denique desperant omnes, ut vitrea bilis
 Pertentat renes aggrediturque caput.
 Res diras dirae gentis ! Nunc vertere pallor
 Incipiat voltus et maculare genas,
 Nunc manent oculis lacrimae, ceu fonte perenni,
 Guttatimque cadant, guttaque rivus eat.

Ipse pater solus secum spatiatùs in hortis,
 Creta perfosso gutture, primus obit ;
 Mater (iam neque enim specie famave movetur)
 Sub proprio laedit pendula colla lacu ;
 Gnata minor genubus totas male sana placentas
 Advectas sorbens occidit ante diem ;
 Filius umbellam, Furiis agitandus amici,
 Impiger extenta devorat ingluvie ;
 Trulla tunc infans elidit molle cerebrum,
 In cunis referens Amphitryoniaden ;
 Hortorum custor—crates, pyra digna, levabant—
 Transadigit cucumin dura per ossa suam ;
 Illius incumbens tu, bos grandaevae, bidenti
 Aiacem iactas vincere morte tua ;

The faithful cat, by the kitchen fire,
Swallow'd a portion of the fender, and did expire;
But the fly on the ceiling—(this case was the wust un)—
Went and blow'd itself up with spontaneous combustion.

J. L. TOOLE.

An Epitaph.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

HERRICK.

Club Talk.

“YOU’VE heard Brown’s married again?” No! has he?
Stupid ass! He didn’t deserve to lose his first wife.”

Sept. 2, 1876.

PUNCH.

Epitaphe de Richelieu.

GY-GIST, ami, gist, par la mort-bleu!
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et, ce qui cause non ennui,
Ma pension avecque lui.

BENSERADE.

Fida foci felis cultrix epulata batillum
 (Portia sic periit) flebile funus obit ;
 Tum muscam—aerumnae cumulum—flagrare videres
 Sub trabe et interno findier igne suo !

T. M. et T.

Minor Igne Rogus.

HOC infans Rosa dormit in recessu,
 Suci quae modo sanguinisque plena
 Quos iam vix reseraverat tenellos
 Somno clausit in altiore ocellos.
 Spargas lilia, sed levem sepultae
 Pulverem moveas cave, viator.

B.

Sub Basilica.

VXOR, Galle, tibi iam ducitur altera ? Nunquam
 Dignus eras, Stygiam cui prior isset aquam.

H. C.

Ploratur Lacrimis amissa Pecunia beris.

QUID stem ? quid lacrimem ? quia nullus Apicus ?—Immo
 Sportula quod nusquam est, Caeciliane, mea.

H. C.

Ibenir-Soubenir.

THE tall town sleeps from sorrow and folly,
 & Sleeps, crown'd with its dim drear crown of light;
 Nor sound nor voice to mar the holy
 Stern sad repose of the starless night,
 Save a distant wheel, or a scarce-heard shout,
 Or the church chime telling us once again
 How sullenly, slowly, time metes out
 Our dole of pleasure, our wealth of pain.

This death-like city is very dreary,
 These sleeping streets they be very drear,
 And drear this low chill wind, the weary
 Faint-crooning wail of the dying Year.
 They be very dreary, these memories thronging
 To tell of my brave lost days of yore,
 Like strong men's ghosts with their sad eyes longing
 For the life they have lost for evermore.

'Tis a shadow, memory, no shade fainter,
 And Hope was a shadow too—just the same—
 But, ah! friend, Hope was a flattering painter—
 Her tints could put the real to shame.
 In my youth I saw in the light of morning
 My destined path—that morn's hues were rose—
 Now night frowns over me, and time points scorning
 To that trodden path, to my journey's close!

H. J. DE B.



The Last Crysting.

LOVE, thy cheeks are chill and pale
As on the meads the early mist,
Thy tender face and fingers frail
The bleak air hath unkindly kiss'd,
Thy loose dark tresses gleam with dew
Shed over thy sweet shoulders too.

Love, are we met to say farewell?
In this wood's promise-hallow'd halls
Shall these pure lips prove infidel,
Forswearing their true faith as false?
Or is the passing weakness o'er?
Are we true lovers as before?

Look up, thine eyes are very fair;
Look up, love; let me read my lot.
The warm tears break through hands and hair
Clasp'd closely; thou repliest not.
Thou still art mine, these bright tears say.
Alas! thou wavest me away.

Join hands. We shall not meet again;
It is forever that we part.
Good-bye! No bitter words of pain
Shall mock what heart would say to heart.
But all the sadden'd heaven will moan
For grief to think what thou hast done.

W. W.

Vespers at St. Nicotine's Without.

YE winds of Autumn wailing
 With anguish unavailing,
 There's a plaintiveness unfailing
 In your sigh ;
 There is doubt in your complaining,
 There is questioning and straining
 At some mystery remaining
 Undiscover'd yet on high,
 Ye are clamorous for gaining
 A reply.

Ye stars above us thronging
 With keen eyes, whose hungry longing
 Idle centuries are wronging
 As they fly ;
 In the patience of your glaring
 Silent all, yet undespairing,
 There's a listening, a preparing
 For some revelation nigh ;
 Where is he that cometh bearing
 A reply ?

Yon mountains heavenward reaching
 Cling rapt with mute beseeching
 To the cold clouds for the teaching
 They deny ;
 And thou, Sea, dost pine away in
 Whisper'd prayers that thou art saying,
 Till thy hoarse waves, surging, swaying,
 Storm the irresponsive sky,
 Lash the heavens, that hang delaying
 A reply.

Human hearts for ever heaving,
 Doubting still, still half believing,
 Loving, striving, singing, grieving,
 Till ye die,
 In your love's unfathom'd yearning,
 In your fever'd fruitless learning,
 There's a passion for discerning
 What is hid from mortal eye,
 And your matchless zeal is earning
 A reply.

Deep suspense enthralls creation
 'Mid the hush of adoration,
 'Mid the agonized vexation
 Of a cry;
 And the soul divinely planted,
 Deaf and blind as one enchanted,
 Long, long, hath pined and panted—
 Whither? whence? and how? and why?
 Though a quiet voice once granted
 A reply.

When the winds have ceased from wailing,
 And the fires of heaven are paling,
 And men's hearts with terror failing,
 By-and-by,
 When the clouds are rent in sunder,
 And the mountains quake thereunder,
 Mid the thrill of doubt and wonder,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 'Twill be heard at last in thunder
 That reply!

J. M.

Juliet's Wedding-day.

FRIAR. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return ;
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife :—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,
And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's.

SHAKSPEARE.

Old Time is still a-flying.

TRUST not, sweet soul ! those curlèd waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow ;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow ;
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll'd ;
Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold ;
Nor voice whose sound more strange effects doth show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice ;
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ah me ! not spare that spring of yours.

DRUMMOND.

Epitaph on William Maginn.

BARRING drink and the girls I ne'er heard of a sin,
Many worse, better few than bright, broken Maginn.

LOCKHART.

Inferni Matrona Tyranni.

- M. Στείχειν ἄρ' ἐσθ' ἡ μελλόνυμφος εὐτρεπής ;
 Π, Στείχειν μὲν ἔστιν, οὐδ' ὑποστρέφει πάλιν ·
 τῆς εὐφρόνης γὰρ τῶν γάμων πάρος, τέκνον,
 λέκτροισιν Αἴδης σοῖσί σ' ἔφθασεν συνών,
 καρπὸν δ' ἄκαρπον ὠμόφρων ἐδρέψατο.
 Αἴδης ὁ γαμβρός ἐστι κηδεστής τ' ἐμός,
 ἔχει γε γήμας τὴν κόρην · θάνοιμι δῆ,
 κείνῳ τ' ἀφείην πάντα, τόνδ' ἀφείς βίον.

J. F. D.

Fugit Hora, hoc quod loquor inde est.

AVREOLIS, mea lux, nimium ne crede capillis
 Tempora qui circum, mollis ut unda, fluunt ;
 Tempora ne iactes nive candidiora genasque
 Tingit ubi castas purpura mista nives ;
 Lumina nec quorum perii semel igne recepto
 Caeruleo, damnis lumina nata meis :
 Nec tu mellita nimium iam voce superbi,
 Quamvis Orpheos vicerit illa sonos.
 Liliolum languens vaccinia nigra rosasque,
 Picta quibus nuper luxuriabat humus,
 Aspice quam iaceant leto marcentia, cernes
 Separet a cunis quam brevis hora rogos :
 Quae rapuit flores non exorabilis Aetas
 Heu ! rapiet vernum mox tibi, cara, decus.

B.

ΕΠΙΤΥΜΒΙΟΝ.

Πολλὰ παθὼν, καὶ πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ φιλήσας
 κείμαι τῇδ' ἀνδρῶν οὐχ ὁ κάκιστος ἀνὴρ.

T.

Swift on Stella.

“**ONLY** a woman’s hair,”
 Found as such relics are found—
 After long years, when the night
 Closed on what once had been Swift—
 Stella’s, the raven-black tress,
 Swift’s, the inscription, no doubt.

Whereat reporters and critics
 Cast in their Lilliput minds
 What the dead giant might mean :
 Was it the misanthrope’s sneer,
 Mocking himself in his pain,
 Making the love that had died
 Point one last epigram more ?

Only a woman’s hair !
 Read how the day that she died
 Swift sat alone in the dark,
 “Tearless,” “unable to think.”
 Not so, reporters and critics !
 For in these words are the tears,
 And the thoughts that would come not that day
 Were they not somewhat like these ?

Only a woman’s hair ;
 All that remain’d of her now,
 All that was left of a love
 True through the world, through the years,
 Linking his youth to old age,
 Born with his boyhood, to share
 Battle and darkness and need ;
 Glad when the athlete prevail’d,
 Proud when the victor was crown’d,
 True when the dark hour came on—
 Smiling to calm the wild eyes—
 Kissing the lips fierce with scorn.

Only a woman's hair !
 Now he remember'd when first
 Seen, as it curl'd over eyes
 Bent on his own, as they two,
 Under the formal, close-trimm'd,
 High-Dutch dwarf-trees at Moor-Park,
 (Types of the pedant, its lord,)
 Learn'd a new language of soul—
 Breathed a new life that made free
 Genius and hope, love and youth !

Only a woman's hair !
 And he had watch'd it so often
 Blown by the Laracor winds,
 Brighten'd by suns that have set
 Where the stream show'd—(does it show
 Still ?)—the gray Parsonage walls.
 Still the gray walls which that guest,
 Coming and going made glad,
 Graced with the charm of her youth—
 Light laugh from merriest lips,
 Bright glance from kindest eye.

Only a woman's hair !
 Has he not look'd at that tress
 Often at midnight alone,
 After the feverish day
 When amid mean men call'd great
 He, with the sword of his wit,
 Smote, and that dark tress recall'd
 Home and her far over seas ;
 Look'd at it oft as he wrote
 "Journals to Stella" each day,
 Each thought of his, each hope, hers ;
 Soothed with pet names like a child,
 Trusted as soul trusts to soul ;
 Never was true love more true,
 Never were tenderer words.

Only a woman's hair !
 Here in this house—home no more—
 Here where the garden walks wind
 Under the barbarous, grim,
 Gothic cathedral's gray tower—
 Here where the bold words were written,
 Calling the slaves to be free,
 And in dead Ireland's name,
 Fronting defiant her foes—
 Here when denounced and proscribed—
 Then when his Dublin rose 'round him,
 Guarding "the Dean," and the foe
 Felt his fierce scorn, and was foil'd—
 Here was not Stella beside him !
 Loved by his country and her :
 Was it not well with him then !

Only a woman's hair !
 Not of Vanessa, but hers—
 Not of the meteor that, gleaming
 Bright on a frivolous hour,
 Pass'd to its place in the darkness,
 Leaving remorse and dismay,
 But of his star that still shone
 Then when all else was eclipsed,
 Genius and manhood and wit,
 Friendship of statesmen and peers,
 Leaving that wreck of a life
 Only the love of the poor,
 Only his country's regret,
 "Only a woman's hair !"

Ireland ! if yet in the years
 Being made free, thou shalt think
 Then of those great ones, thy sons,

Building the marble to Swift,
 Wilt thou not, also, to Stella
 Build in that day, to his star—
 Star of that great stormy life—
 Star that still shines where he feels
 “Fierce indignation” no more !

C. P. M.

Burd Eglantine.

(HE SINGS.)

THE night is warm, the grass unwet,
 The moon is gone, the stars are here,
 The birds like thee are dreaming yet,
 Save one that singeth clear ;
 Save one that singeth of her love,
 As I would sing of mine and thine,
 If strain as sad as hers might move
 The lily lids of Eglantine,
 Might move the heart of Eglantine.

[*A pause. Day breaks. He sings*

Sweet is the charm in tower and tree
 Of birds that hop from sprig to spray ;
 Awake, O Love, and hear and see,
 It is the dawn of day.
 O quickening East, O Star-bright West,
 O birds that flute from beach and pine,
 The sweetest bird is in her nest,
 Sweet Eglantine, burd Eglantine,
 The queenly star-eyed Eglantine.

A. J. H.

An den Frühling.

WILLKOMMEN, schöner Jüngling!
 Du Wonne der Natur!
 Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen
 Willkommen auf der Flur!

Ei! Ei! da bist ja wieder!
 Und bist so lieb und schön!
 Und freun wir uns so herzlich,
 Entgegen dir zu gehn.

Denkst auch noch an mein Mädchen?
 Ei, Lieber, denke doch!
 Dort liebte mich das Mädchen,
 Und 's Mädchen liebt mich noch!

Fürs Mädchen manches Blümchen
 Erbat ich mir von dir—
 Ich komm und bitte wieder,
 Und du?—du gibst es mir.

Willkommen, schöner Jüngling!
 Du Wonne der Natur!
 Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen
 Willkommen auf der Flur!

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

Epitaph on Dionysius of Tarsus.

Ἐξηκοντούτης Διονύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμει,
 Ταρσεὺς, μὴ γήμας· αἶθε δὲ μηδ' ὁ πατήρ.

ANTHOLOGY.

ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

Κάλλιστε χαίρε παιδῶν,
 φίλον θεῶν ἄθυρμα,
 πολλῶν κανηφόρ' ἀνθέων
 λειμῶνα χαῖρ' ἀγάλλων.
 ἰδοὺ φανείς ἐσαῦθις
 ποθεινὸς εἰ καλὸς τε ·
 ἡμῖν δέ σ' ἀσπάσασθαι
 μολόντα τερπνὸν ἐστίν.
 κνίξει δ' ἔρωτι κούρης ;
 ἐμοῦ γ' ἑκατι κνίζου ·
 ἢ γὰρ φιλοῦσα τὸ πρὶν
 καὶ νῦν φιλεῖ με κούρη ·
 ῥόδ' οὖν σε πολλὰ, κούρην
 στέφειν θέλων, τὸ πρόσθεν
 ἤτουν, πάλιν τέ σ' αἰτῶ ·
 τί δὴ σύ ; πόλλ' ὀπάξεις.
 κάλλιστε χαίρε παιδῶν
 φίλον θεῶν ἄθυρμα
 πολλῶν κανηφόρ' ἀνθέων
 λειμῶνα χαῖρ' ἀγάλλων.

C. H. K.

The Cynic's Epitaph on Himself.

AFTER sixty years of life,
 Of the burden at last I am rid.
 I never took a wife :
 Alas ! that my father did.

T.

A Fragment from the Agamemnon of Aeschylus.

[LINES 1140-1173.]

[The scene is the courtyard of the Palace at Argos. Agamemnon has already entered the House of Doom, and Klytaemnestra has followed close on his heels :—Kasandra is left alone upon the stage. The conscious terror of death, and the burden of prophecy, lie heavy upon her ; terrible signs and visions greet her approach. She sees blood upon the lintel, and the smell of blood scares her, as some bird, from the door. The ghosts of the murdered children come to mourn with her. Her second sight pierces the palace walls ; she sees the fatal bath, the trammelling net, and the axe sharpened for her own ruin and her lord's.

But not even in the hour of her last anguish is Apollo merciful ; her warnings are unheeded ; her prophetic utterances made mock of.

The orchestra is filled with a chorus of old men, weak, foolish, irresolute. They do not believe the weird woman of mystery till the hour for help is past, and the cry of Agamemnon echoes from the house, " Oh me ! I am stricken with a stroke of death."]

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

THY prophecies are but a lying tale,
 For cruel gods have brought thee to this state,
 And of thyself, and thine own wretched fate,
 Sing you this song, and these unhallow'd lays,
 Like the brown bird of grief insatiate
 Crying for sorrow of its dreary days ;
 Crying for Itys, Itys, in the vale—
 The nightingale ! the nightingale !

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ.

Yet I would that to me they had given
 The fate of that singer so clear,
 Fleet wings to fly up into heaven,
 Away from all mourning and fear ;
 For ruin and slaughter await me—the cleaving with
 sword and with spear.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Whence come these crowding fancies on thy brain,
 Sent by some god it may be, yet for nought?
 Why dost thou sing with evil-tongued refrain,—
 Moulding thy terrors to this hideous strain
 With shrill sad cries, as if by death distraught?
 Why dost thou tread that path of prophecy,
 Where, upon either hand,
 Landmarks for ever stand,
 With horrid legend for all men to see?

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ.

O bitter bridegroom, who did'st bear
 Ruin to those that loved thee true!
 O holy stream Skamander, where
 With gentle nurturement I grew
 In the first days, when life and love were new.

And now—and now—it seems that I must lie
 In the dark land that never sees the sun;
 Sing my sad songs of fruitless prophecy,
 By the black stream Kokutos, that doth run
 Through long low hills of dreary Acheron.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Ah, but thy word is clear!
 Even a child among men,
 Even a child, might see
 What is lying hidden here.
 Ah! I am smitten deep
 To the heart with a deadly blow!
 At the evil fate of the maid,
 At the cry of her song of woe;
 Sorrows for her to bear!
 Wonders for me to hear!

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ.

O my poor land, laid waste with flame and fire!

O ruin'd city, overthrown by fate!

Ah, what avail'd the offerings of my Sire

To keep the foreign foemen from the gate!

Ah, what avail'd the herds of pasturing kine

To save my country from the wrath divine!

Ah, neither prayer or priest avail'd aught,

Nor the strong captains that so stoutly fought,

For the tall town lies desolate and low.

And I, the singer of this song of woe,

Know by the fire burning in my brain,

That Death, the healer of all earthly pain,

Is close at hand. I will not shirk the blow.

O. F. O'F. W. W.

The Past.

A SONNET.

HARD by the marge of Time's unquiet sea
 She bends across the wave-ribb'd shifting sands;
 She holds a little ghittern in her hands,
 And sweetest strains, but saddest, singeth she.
 The weary mariner regretfully
 Looks back o'er widening wave to where she stands;
 And lovelier shines the silver of the strands—
 Lovelier through mirage-mists of memory,
 The form and face of her, the peerless Past;
 (Dear dream of waking nights and weary days)
 Till the black storm of death, with eagle frown,
 On his o'er-labour'd bark swoops darkly down,
 And on the 'whelming surge his glazing gaze
 Marks her bright beauty loveliest at the last.

J. V.

The Crescent and Cross.

(AFTER THOMAS OF CELANO.)

PATER noster, rex caelorum,
Miserere miserorum
In quos saevit tantum lorum.

Iuste iudex ultionis,
Iram arceas leonis,
Dolum supera latronis.

Tuam gentem ille frangit,
Atque cruciatu angit
Cuius foetor caelum tangit.

Hanc avare spoliavit ;
Hanc crudele mutilavit ;
Hanc infande violavit.

Termine hunc martem truce,
Tollas altam sanctam crucem,
Barbaris da veram lucem.

Nunquam Lunulae vexillum
Sit victoriae sigillum,
Magis fiat imbecillum.

His te precibus oramus,
Mundi dominum vocamus,
Tibi, tibi laudem damus.

W. F. C.

On my Wife's Watch.

ACCIPE, cara mihi monumentum hoc illius horae
Quum nostram vitam conciliavit Hymen.
Hoc fuerit mensor raptim pereuntibus horis,
Nos liget immensus nec periturus Amor.

V. B.

Timon of Athens.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further : thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΚΕΡΤΟΜΑ ΒΑΖΩΝ.

- Τ.** Φίλοις πολίταις εὐμενῇ μ' εἶναι φράσων ·
ΒΟΤΑ. πρέπει γε ῥῆμα τοῦτ' ἀφείσι χέιλεσιν.
 χῆμῖν δι' ὧτων ἤξεν ὡς πομπαὶ πύλας
 νικηφόροι περῶσ' ὑπ' εὐφήμου βοῆς.
- Τ.** χαίρειν μάλ' εἰπὼν, καὶ λέγ' ὡς ἀλγηδόνων
 πληγῶν τ' ἀφέρτων παῦλαν εὐρήσω φίλοις
 φθορᾶς τ' ἀδαγμοῦ τ' ἦν τ' Ἐρως πολὺς ῥυῆ,
 κῆν που σαλεύῃ, λεπτόν ὡς πλοῖον, φύσις
 βίον τύχαισι · τοιάδ' εὖ δράσω φίλους,
 παῦσαι διδάσκων ὕβρεως τὸν Κλεινίου.
- Β.** καλῶς ἔχει τάδ' · εἰσι δ' ἄψορρος πάλιν.
Τ. ἐμοί τι δένδρον σηκὸς ἀμπέχει δόμου,
 ὃ κέρδος ἔσται πρέμνοθεν τετμηκότι,
 κοῦκ ἐν μακρῷ τάμοιμ' ἄν · ἀγγελίον δ' ἐμοῖς
 φίλοις, πολίταις πλουσίοις πτωχοῖς θ' ἅμα
 κατ' ἀξίαν ἅπασιν, ὡς ἐὰν δύης
 ζητῇ τις εὐρεῖν παῦλαν, ἐν τάχει χρεῶν
 ἐλθόντα δεῦρο τοῦδ' ἀπάγξασθαι ξύλου
 πρὶν ἢ τεμούσης ἀξόνης αἰσθήσεται ·
 στεῖχ' εὐεπείας δῆτ' ἐμῆς βάξιν φέρων.
- ΧΟΡΟΣ.** τοιοῦτον ὄντα μὴ πέρα κώτιλλέ νιν.
Τ. μὴ δεῦρ' ἀνελθῆς, ἀλλὰ τῆμαντοῦ πόλει
 τοσαῦτ' ἰὼν ἀγγελίον, ὡς ἐφ' ἄλμυρᾷ
 ἀκτῇ πετρώδους θινὸς οἰκήτωρ αἰεὶ
 μένοιμ' ἄν ἐνθάδ' ἦν ἅπαξ ὁσημέραι
 κλύζει πολὺν θάλασσα καχλάζουσ' ἀφρόν ·
 μολοῦσι δ' ὑμῖν οὐμὸς ἄν χρήσαι τάφος.

R. W. W.

The Lament of Aídheen .

(LINES FOR AN IRISH AIR.)

THE wan woods are quailing
 In the wind of their sorrow ;
 Their keene they might borrow
 From the voice of my wailing.
 My bed 's the cold stone
 By the dark-flowing river.
 Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
 Thou art gone and forever !

Ah, why did'st thou love me,
 But to leave me despairing,
 My anguish outstaring
 The bleak heavens above me ?
 I lie all alone,
 Where hope's morning comes never,
 Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
 I have lost thee forever !

The dumb grave mocks my raving,
 From the dead comes no token,
 Where thy good sword lies broken,
 Thou art cold to my craving.
 We may lie down and moan,
 But our champion wakes never.
 Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
 We are fallen forever !

J. T.

On the Death of a noble-hearted Slave.

(FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.)

HER Soul was ever free : now It hath fled,
 Her Body too is "free among the dead."

T.

YOMOTΣIA.

(SWINBURNISM.)

TROW, wild friends, God's soul wots well by rote
 My sweet soft strains, and lovely lays of love,
 And all the white ways of her sweet sharp throat,
 Which not right yet I have wax'd weary of.

Nathless I wot of glad such things as these,
 And blent bland lips Christ's blessed kingdom is :
 Like to scorch'd air blown thro' rich grape-branches
 Was the hot balmful breeze that breathed her kiss.

I never left of kissing her, I well think ;
 But, wrapp'd in red rich raiment of her hair,
 Kiss'd her all day, till her lips parch'd for drink,
 As the parch'd often lips of a flute-player.

No maid of a king's blood, but held right high
 In God's sharp sight, from whom no things are hid :
 "You must not tell," she sigh'd and turn'd to cry ;
 "That I should tell your mother, God forbid."

Said so, I kept my word ; I never told her.
 You drink pure water ? I, sir, I drink wine,
 Your cool clear brain must needs yield verse-water,
 But sweet strong drunken maniac-music mine.

S. K. C.

The Force.

MAN in the sable blue,
 To praise you would be to lack words,
 As you pace, day and night, down the Strand,
 Busy bobby—but if I could understand
 What you want, who you are, or what you do,
 I should know—why crabs swim backwards.

S. K. C.

Adonis.

Above his head
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew
 All tendrils green of every bloom and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh:
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
 Shading into Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
 The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush;
 And virgin's bower trailing airily;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
 Stood serene Cupids, watching silently.
 One kneeling to a lyre touch'd the strings,
 * * * * while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

KEATS.

Proverbia.

REM cupis, en! tua erit; non ars tibi deerit agendi.
 Recula non spernenda tibi; res magna sequetur.
 Quae data sunt, teneo; poterunt promissa resolvi.
 Nil—nisi propositum teneas—praestantius edes.
 Inscius es felix; properas cur scire dolorem?
 Quantula pars hominum per iter longum sibi constant.
 Rem differre, precor, noli; mora conterit horas.
 Tres hodie possunt quod cras non mille valebunt.
 Quis taciturnus homo 'st? animo rem condit in alto.
 Ipse malus probrum non recte obieceris ulli.

J. G. M.

Adonis.

DESUPER innexis hinc illinc lilia culmis
 Quatuor efficiunt, capiti decus, alba coronam :
 Germina tum, vario quot sunt distincta lepore,
 Cuncta foveant lentis puerum intertexta flagellis :
 Hic vitis teretes fetus, ederaeque sequaces
 Brachia circumdant nigrescentesque corymbos :
 Puberibus foliis divinus amaracus ecce !
 Amplexu tenet, et commixto bacchare ridet :
 At rubris calicem virgis flos daedalus illic
 Pingit, et Auctumni senserunt vimina soles ;
 Partheniceque comas dedit hic diffundere ventis.
 Nec desunt aliae quas Tellus alma sorores
 Summittit. Iuxta, custodia dulcis, Amores
 Ecce ! astant. Citharam suspenso pollice tangit
 Hic genibus minor ; at fragranti rore madentem
 Hic ramum salicis tenet, aspargitque capillos :
 Ille levis pinna volitat per florea tecta
 Desuper, inque oculos violarum munere ningit.

W. E. G.

ΠΑΡΟΙΜΙΑΙ.

Τῷ δὴ θέλονται ῥᾶστόν ἐστι καὶ κρατεῖν.
 μέρος τις εὐρὼν μᾶλλον εὐρήσει τὸ πᾶν.
 δυοῖν ἀπόντων κρεῖσσον εἰς φίλος παρῶν.
 ὁ μὴ βέβαιος οὐδὲν ἐκπραξεῖ μέγα.
 πίκραν φρόνησιν ἀφροσύνη νικᾷ πολὺ.
 οὐδὲν διετέλεσ' οἶον ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἔφν.
 τὸν μὴ φθάσαντα καιρὸς ἐκφέγγειν φιλεῖ.
 οὐ φαρμάκοισι πῆμα χρώμενον τομᾷ.
 ὁ πλεῖστα σιγῶν πλεῖστα φροντίζειν δοκεῖ.
 οὐ χρὴ κακίους εἰς δίκην ἄγειν κακούς.

J. G. M.

The Palanquin.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LECONTE DE LISLE.)

UNDER a cloud of muslin half bent,
Every Sunday at morn

You came to the town in your palanquin borne
Down the hill in a rapid descent.

The church bell chimed with a frolicsome sound ;
The reeds were rock'd in the breeze ;
With a shower of gold o'er the tips of the trees
Were the sunny savannas crown'd.

On the light air floated the tamarind's scent,
While o'er the illumined surge
The seagulls that flapp'd to the watery verge
Through the mist made a broad wing'd rent ;

Whilst your foot peer'd out with its rosy tip
Slipperless over the edge,
In the shade of the dense black woods and the hedge
Full of fruits not as red as your lip ;

Whilst a butterfly, spread like a flower on the wind,
Tinted with azure and red,
Settled at times on your breast or your head
And left part of its splendour behind ;

I could see through the cloud of your cambric-disguise,
Where your golden tresses reposed,
And, feigning to sleep, 'neath their lids half-closed,
The light of your amethyst eyes.

And thus towards the temple you lazily sped,
In the hour when the mild morn clears,
In your simple grace and your rosy young years
To your Indians' monotonous tread.

Alas! on the sands of our bleak barren shore,
 Under the grass by the sea,
 You rest with the dead who are dearest to me
 And the charm of my dreams of yore!

G. A. G.

A Night Vision.

TWO crownèd kings; and one that stood alone
 With no green weight of laurels round his head,
 But with sad eyes as one uncomforted,
 And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
 For sins that neither prayer or priest atone,
 And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.
 Clothed was he in a garment black and red,
 And at his feet I mark'd a broken stone
 Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees:

Now, at their sight my heart did burn as flame;
 Then she, who lay beside me: "Who are these?"
 And I made answer, knowing well each name,
 "Æschylus, first; the second, Sophokles;
 The last (wide stream of tears!) Euripides."

O. F. O'F. W. W.

The Shaughraun and the Fenian Prisoners.

Quod non dant Proceres dabit Histrio.

Iuv.

Mystes ademptus.

BUT, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn :
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;—
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

MILTON.

If it were done, when 'tis done.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all, here.
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody inventions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor.

SHAKSPEARE.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ΕΒΑΡΡΟΝ.

EV! maestae miseraeque vices, te funere raptō,
 Funere te raptō, nunquam rediture sub auras!
 Te, pastor, saltus muscosaue tegmina rupis,
 Serpyllo bene olente vagmaue obducta labrusca,
 Quaeque refert questus dolet undique vocis imago.
 Nec iam conspiciet, quae quondam, rustica pubes
 Et salices lentas foliis corylosque virentes
 Certatim in numeros motari dulcis avenae.
 Letifera ut nocuit pulchris eruca rosetis,
 Vt putris scabies pecoris pascentis alumno,
 Frigora ceu flori, varios quum textit amictus,
 Pullulat et spinas inter paliurus acutas,
 Sic avidas Musae, Lycida, tu deseris aures.

J. F. D.

Sicarius secum ratiocinatur.

Εἰ τοῦτο ῥεχθὲν καὶ τελευτῶν τότ' ἂν
 σπουδῇ τις ἔρξας τοῦργον εὖ θείῃ τόδε.
 εἴ πῶς τις οἶός τ' ἦν περιστεῖλαι φόνου,
 τῆς ἐλπίδος λαχὼν μέν, ἀστώσας δ' ἄγος·
 εἰ πᾶν δύναιθ' ἢ καιρῖα πληγὴ πέλειν,
 καὶ πᾶν περαίνειν, μηδὲ τὴν ἄτην τεκεῖν·
 χρόνου τις ἐκπεσὼν τόθ' ὥδ' ἐφ' ἔρματι
 ἔρριπτεν ἂν κίνδυνον ὑστέρου βίου.
 ψῆφον δ' ἐκύρως ἢ βροτῶν ἐμπειρία
 ὥς δὴ πέφυκε ταῦτα παράδοσιν φόνω
 ἄγῃ προπέμπειν διαδόχων, ἥπερ νόμῳ
 δεινὴν ἐπάξει τοῖς ἐφευροῦσιν νόσον.

J. F. D.

Picnic.

“NOT by any means pretty.”
 The gainsaying council said
 Of critics come down from the city
 To dine in the green Glen-head ;
 For when lovers went up by the shady
 Moss'd ways to the waterfall top,
 We had got to discussing a lady
 With sherry and ginger pop.

Not rich, nor clever, nor witty,
 The girl in the gipsy hat,
 And, goodness gracious ! not pretty,
 There could be no doubt about that.
 But then the opinions divided,
 And Criticism came to a halt ;
 Disagreeing, deriding, derided—
 Each finding a different fault.

So I left them all squabbling together,
 These wiseacre women and men ;
 More sweet was the midsummer weather,
 More grand the magnificent glen ;
 And strolling from crescent to crescent
 Of river that foam'd from the fall,
 My thoughts were none the less pleasant
 Because of Miss What d' ye call.

I had known the girl from a baby,
 Whose beauty had borne rebuke ;
 We had blotted the self-same copy,
 And spelt from the self-same book.

And as in wild-wood bower,
 Of new-grown greenery,
 Opeth an April flower,
 Even so fair was she !

W. W.

Nellie.

BLANCH'D and pale are the rounded lips—
 Lips I have often unthinkingly kiss'd ;
 No more now over the stage she trips ;
 From among the dancers her form is miss'd.

And yet I scarce can fancy her dead.
 Dead ! Nellie dead ! God, can it be ?
 I fancy each moment she'll raise her head,
 And lisp some coquettish *minauderie*.

I've spent with her hours and hours, I wis,
 In the love not truly a love at all ;
 And that it was cruel to her—'tis this,
 This thought, that weighs on me like a pall.

And my life seems shrouded in darker gloom,
 As I think—Is it true what the prophet sings,
 Of certain coming of terrible doom
 Unto those forgetful of higher things ?

And yet, what harm in that life of hers,
 If the poor child cared for kisses or wine ?
 But, if that be true which the psalm avers—
 O God ! let me suffer—her sins be mine.

Is it true, then, for earth's poor butterflies,
 There is only the broad or the narrow way—
 Only hell's terrors or paradise ?
 Dead darling, good-bye ! I shall know some day.

C. W. D.

On the Bridge.

CALM and silent was the night,
 The stars shone, the moon gleam'd pale and bright,
 All Nature slept,
 Earth's cares lay seeming light.

But hark ! that God-despairing shriek
 Of some life-weary one, wan, worn, and weak,
 Swift to be swept
 To the land she long'd to seek.

A plunge, one swirl in the stream,—
 See in the flood a white, sad face once gleam :
 On the tide crept ;
 She's dreamt life's piteous dream.

Still calm and silent was the night ;
 Methought the stars, the moon shone with a sickening light ;
 Still Nature slept ;
 One soul had taken flight.

S. S.



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